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By

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□

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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FEBRUARY, 1917

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

LONDON, ENG., THE MACLEAN CO. OF GREAT BRITAIN, LTD.,
88 FLEET STREET, E.C.

BRANCH OFFICES: Montreal, 701-702 Eastern Townships Bank Building;
Winnipeg, 22 Royal Bank Building; New York, 115 Broadway; Chicago,
311 Peoples Gas Building; Boston, 733 Old South Building.

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PUBLISHED BY

The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited
TORONTO, ONTARIO

Montreal, Winnipeg, New York, Chicago, Boston, and London, England

A Flight

By A. W. Burt

*With a rush from the aerodrome, upward I fly,
Spurning the earth, speeding fast for the sky.
The droning and throbbing shut out every sound;
In this centre of tumult reigns silence profound.
With grey homes for the living, green graves for the dead,
The dull world below to my view lies outspread;
But I enter a cloud and all fades from my sight.
From a plunge through its gloom I emerge into light,
Light free from all shadows, unsullied, serene,
With the sky's depths of blue and the cloud's pearly sheen;
While lord of this splendor, shines forth the sun's sphere,
Immersed in his beams I'm alone with him here—
Like a spirit unbodied, ecstatic, afire,
Towards realms empyrean I soar higher and higher.*

*But the frailty of flesh makes the wings of my plane,
As his wings failed Icarus, lift me upward in vain;
For oppressed by my impotence, lonely and cold,
I am called back to earth like a sheep to its fold.
In one long spiral sweep I descend from the skies,
And upward to welcome me earth seems to rise.*

Now I rest on her bosom, but long does the thrill
Of the touch of the infinite stir my soul still.



The Open

By H. McK.

*There's a call in my soul that I cannot quell,
It comes through the waning light
Of eventide, like a mystic spell,
On the dusky wings of night;
And it bids me forth
To the rugged North,
Where stars gleam lone and white.*

*And as I sit and watch the day,
At sunset, flare and die,
The distant pines I see them sway,
I hear the zephyr sigh:
And I long again
For a stretch of plain,
And a naked vault of sky.*

*For I'm one of the many haggard men,
Pent up in walls of stone,
Though my soul cries out for moor and fen
And solitudes unknown:
I think for a change
I'll hit the range—
And I'm going to line alone.*





A PAINTING BY ARTHUR HEMING

Canadian artist famous for his pictures of the north country life. In some parts of the country where wild life abounds, prospectors beat on their tin basins as they make their way through the dense woods in order to warn animals from their path. Even the sturdy grizzly has learned to seek fresh cover when he hears the clatter of the prospector's pan. But here Mr. Heming depicts an unusual situation. The bear has not had time to get away! The picture shows Mr. Heming at his best and is representative of his art.

MACLEAN'S

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ MAGAZINE ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Volume XXX

FEBRUARY, 1917

Number 4



John
McEntee
Bowman

The Greatest Hotel Man in the World

The Story of a Canadian Boy Who is the
Controlling Power of a Huge
Hotel System

By W. A. Craick

his forty-second year. The metamorphosis has been rapid. Within a comparatively few years this remarkable genius in modern hotel-dom has emerged from a dim Canadian obscurity into the effulgent glare of an international Broadway of renown.

It is such contrasts in life that attract and hold the interest of the multitude. Children are fascinated by fairy tales, in which strange

and wonderful powers are exercised by the gift of magic. Grown-ups are still child-like in their fondness for hearing of achievements, which in their results

often border on the verge of fairy-land. The story of any boy, born in humble circumstances and reared in commonplace surroundings, who now dwells in a palace, wears fine raiment and commands all the luxuries which wealth bestows, never fails to win the attention of a large section of the public.

John McEntee Bowman, president of the companies owning and operating the famous Biltmore, the scarcely less famous Manhattan and the fashionable Ansonia Hotels in New York; promoter and designer of the immense new Hotel Commodore, which when completed will be the largest and most modernly equipped hotel in the world; a man who is taking a direct personal interest in the approaching construction of the fine new Hotel Devonshire in his old home town, Toronto, may scarcely be regarded as having started on quite so low a rung of the success-ladder as some notabilities who might be mentioned. Yet in comparison with his present position, his start was humble enough.

The Bowmans are an old Toronto family, not in the sense of being prominent society folk, but in perhaps the better sense of being honest, hardworking citizens. John Bowman, grandfather of the famous hotelman, came to Canada from Derry in Ireland during the thirties of the last century and settled in Toronto. He is remembered by old-timers as the owner of a livery and cartage business on Temperance Street. His son, A. M. Bowman, father of John McEntee Bowman, who is still living, also engaged in the same line of business, being for some time associated with Bond, whose establishment was once quite famous in the Queen City. Mr. A. M. Bowman also had some experience in the management of hotels, for at one time he ran the Victoria Hotel in Montreal and at another, the Queen's, in Barrie.

The hero of this latest success-romance was born on July 20, 1875, in a small house on Nelson Street. Nelson Street has degenerated badly since then, being now a poor, down-in-the-heel sort of place, inhabited for the most part by people of foreign origin, but in those days it was a well-to-do street, lying near the old Parliament Buildings, Government House and Upper Canada College and in the vicinity of Simcoe and Wellington Streets, both of which were then the acme of fashion. Young Jack, the only child of his parents, attended John Street School, a landmark of Toronto wiped out when the Canadian Pacific Railway Company built their freight sheds on the old Government House property; and there are ex-pupils of the school to be found, who have a recollection of the lad in those fast-receding school boy days. He is recalled as a good-looking, clean-cut youngster, small and active, smart at his lessons, quick at games and with the best-natured disposition in the world.

Jack Bowman was obviously born either with a silver spoon in his mouth or a

RARELY has a more remarkable drama of human success been enacted than that of the latest star in the firmament of international celebrities — John McEntee Bowman, proclaimed, not without warrant, the greatest hotelman in the world.

Consider the circumstances. Yesterday, to all seeming, an ordinary, everyday lad in the City of Toronto, living in an ordinary, everyday house, in an ordinary everyday neighborhood, attending an ordinary, every day public school and doubtless leading an ordinary, every day sort of boyish existence. To-day, transported as if by the magic of an Aladdin's lamp into the midst of all the luxury and super-magnificence of New York's most palatial hotel system, monarch of all he surveys, ruler over many servants, entertainer of millionaires, a sovereign more potent than many a mediæval king.

The contrast is striking. It is all the more extraordinary when one considers that the fairy prince has not yet completed

golden key in his fist. The spoon or the key, whichever it chanced to be, was in his case a passion for horses. He came by his liking naturally; it was an inherited characteristic and in his youth he had many opportunities to indulge his fancy. He learned to ride when a mere slip of a lad; he became an accomplished horseman before he was in his teens and, as the sequel will abundantly prove, it was through his love for horses that he has reached the pinnacle of fame, which he now occupies.

From public school, Jack Bowman gravitated to business college and from business college to the office of a wholesale merchant. Here he served for a short time in the capacity of bookkeeper. But the lad was restless. He was not just engaged in the kind of work he fancied. Probably he did not know what career would be best suited to his talents, but any rate it was not ordinary wholesale business. At the critical moment, the hand of fate intervened, picked him up like a pawn in a game of chess and transported him to Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks. Here, behold him at nineteen years of age, blossoming forth as steward of the famous old summer hotel, the Waumbeck.

Business college taught him the theory of accounting; the wholesale warehouse gave him practical experience in the keeping of accounts; at the Waumbeck he gained an intimate knowledge of those most important departments of hotel management, catering and the buying of supplies. In those earlier days assistant stewards were regarded as superfluous and Jack Bowman was obliged to store for future requisition all of the supplies required by the big summer hotel.

The summer season over and the Waumbeck closed, its proprietor, Uriah Welsh by name, sent Bowman down to Thomasville, Georgia, where he owned a winter hotel known as the Mitchell House. At this hostelry, the young man performed similar functions to those he had exercised at the hotel on Saranac Lake, increasing his knowledge of hotel management and strengthening his hold on the hotel business generally.

WHEN the southern season was over, the youthful steward returned north and landed in New York. Not unnaturally he went to pay a visit to Proctor Welsh, son of the proprietor of the Waumbeck and the Mitchell House, with whom he had become acquainted the previous summer in the Adirondacks. Proctor Welsh happened to be filling the position of bookkeeper at Durland's Riding Academy, which was located on Columbus Circle at the entrance to Central Park. He intimated that he was about to throw up his job and suggested that Bowman could take it, if he wanted it. Delighted to be near his favorite horses again, the young man jumped at the opportunity, and in jumping—made his fortune.

It was inevitable that Bowman, the bookkeeper, and Bowman, the accomplished rider, could not exist together. Bookkeeping was a waste of time for a man who could handle a horse as superbly as he. This, Mr. Durland soon discovered. He promptly hired another bookkeeper and, to the great joy of the young horseman, transferred him to the Academy, where he was employed in the training and exhibiting of horses.

At this juncture, with the stage all

set for great events, enter the magician, who was destined to pour into the lap of the fairy prince the gifts which were soon to make him rich and renowned. This was Gustav Baumann, owner of one of Gotham's famous old hostels, the Holland House, a man of wealth and prestige in the hotel world. Baumann wanted a horse, came to Durland's Academy for it, struck up an acquaintance with the good-looking young Canadian, who rode so superbly, took a decided fancy to him and presently offered him a position as his private secretary.

Likeableness has always been a winning trait in Mr. Bowman's composition. He was popular as a boy at school in Toronto. Since then his geniality and good-heartedness have proved important factors in his success, gaining for him the loyal friendship and support of the thousands of men and women with whom he has been thrown in contact, a friendship that includes in its circle many of America's biggest financiers and captains of industry. Small wonder, therefore, that Gustav Baumann should have succumbed rapidly to the fascination of his sunny nature.

Association with Baumann involved a return to hotel work; but circumstances were different. He was now the confidential secretary of one of the leading hotelmen of the day, which meant that he was virtually in charge of the big establishment owned by the latter. More and more did the management of his patron's interests devolve on him as the days went by. Stronger and stronger did the bond of friendship between the two grow. At length the relationship became rather that of father and son than of master and servant, and Jack Bowman was practically adopted into the family of the rich New Yorker. But he did not abuse his great good fortune. He was a worker then as now and fully justified every confidence that his patron reposed in him.

Not a great many years ago the Holland House patronage outgrew the hotel's capacity to accommodate it and Mr. Baumann began to consider the erection of a new hotel. His attention was directed to a site at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street, which was at the time regarded as pretty well up-town. Many of his friends favored this location and urged him to build there, but Bowman was dead against it. His bump of foresight warned him that Twenty-fifth Street would soon be left far behind in the rapid movement of business northward. He had already seized upon the fact that the Grand Central terminal zone was the strategic point for large hotel developments and in the end he was able to persuade Mr. Baumann to the same belief.

OUT OF these deliberations there evolved the Biltmore and with the building of the Biltmore, John McEntee Bowman's name began to be heard around town as that of a coming man. The Biltmore, which first opened its doors on December 31, 1913, was the last word in hotel design and service. It crystallized all the daringly progressive ideas in hotel construction, equipment and management that had flashed through the brain of Jack Bowman, during the years he had managed the Holland House. In it were incorporated features that would have been regarded but a few years before as entirely outside the scope of hotel practice. Yet it caught on. It became im-



A vista in one of the immaculate and superbly-equipped kitchens of the Biltmore, with a view of the splendid swimming-tank provided for the delectation of guests.



mensely popular and with its success, the way opened up for greater developments.

While Mr. Bowman had been largely instrumental in working out the details of the Biltmore enterprise and had become its manager when the big hotel was opened, it was nevertheless Gustav Baumann who had stood sponsor for the undertaking. Baumann was president of the Beau Site Hotel Company, which was organized to erect the Biltmore, and it was on the security of his long experience in hotel management that the project was financed. Mr. Bowman held office as vice-president and general manager of the company.

IN OCTOBER, 1914, Gustav Baumann died. Immediately, his *protégé* stepped into his shoes. There was no other alternative. No one had the intimate knowledge of the older man's interests that he possessed and, when it became necessary to elect a new president of the Biltmore, there was no question as to the identity of his successor. Up to this point, the young Canadian hotelman's personality had been overshadowed by that of his patron. Now he was at last to come into his own.

Developments followed rapidly. The first was the formation during the latter part of 1915 of the Bowman Hotel Corporation, a company which will lease and operate, when completed, the new Hotel Commodore, now being erected at Lexington Avenue and Forty-second Street, alongside the Grand Central Depot. This enormous hotel, containing 2,500 rooms and representing an investment of ten millions, is being built by the New York Central Railway Company for the Bowman Hotel Corporation and will be leased to the latter for a term of forty years. It will be twenty-six stories high and, when opened this fall, will be the largest and most modernly equipped hotel in the world.

But even with the Biltmore and the Commodore on his hands, the young Napoleon of hoteldom was not content. He craved new worlds to conquer. Last summer, following up his scheme of walling in the Grand Central with hotels, he secured the lease of the Manhattan Hotel, lying to the west of the Terminal. This hotel had been in operation for many years and had enjoyed a good class of patronage. A complete rejuvenation of the property was decreed and something like five million dollars was expended on its restoration to the standing and style of its big neighbors. The Manhattan, leased, it is said, for twenty years at a quarter of a million a year, is believed to be Mr. Bowman's personal enterprise.

THE YOUNG man's next achievement was consummated last September, when he became president of the Hotel Ansonia on Broadway. The Ansonia was once regarded as decidedly an up-town hotel. It is to-day in the heart of the city's activities on the north and in consequence occupies a foremost position among New York's larger and more fashionable establishments. The Ansonia was being managed by two of Mr. Bowman's former associates in the Holland House. These men were anxious to gain for their hotel, the prestige which the association of Mr. Bowman with the organization would impart and they finally prevailed on him to accept the office of president. His accession to the presidency of the An-

sonia gave a substantial impetus to the business.

Though he has lived more than half his life in the United States, Mr. Bowman is still at heart a good Canadian, and when the new hotel enterprise for Toronto was brought to his attention recently, he gladly consented to join the directorate and give to the promoters of the undertaking the advantage of his intimate knowledge of the hotel business. If his interest in the Hotel Devonshire is attended with anything like the success which has followed his association with the Bowman string of hotels in New York, it will be a fortunate thing for Toronto — a city that has long been handicapped by the lack of modern hotel accommodation.

So much for Mr. Bowman's career to date. Now for a brief investigation of the reasons for his success and an examination of some of the methods he has employed in bringing it about.

It will probably be said of him by nine persons out of ten that his pleasing personality has had more than any other one thing to do with his triumph. He is one of those rare beings whose geniality is contagious. It permeates his entire staff and imparts an "atmosphere" to the hotels he manages. There is a get-together spirit among his employees, a desire to please the proprietor and show an appreciation of his kindness and consideration. For he is indeed considerate and many a story is told of the generous way in which he has treated members of the staff who have been ill or in trouble.

It is surely a man of breadth of view, of generosity and of kindly spirit, who would pen such a message as that which Mr. Bowman sent to the employees of the Biltmore on the occasion of the annual staff entertainment a year ago. This is how the message read:—

"To the staff of the Biltmore: I extend to you my compliments, congratulations and best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year. It is unnecessary to tell you that we have had a wonderful year and that the hotel has been a great success. You all know it because you have all helped to make it so. It is all due to the sincere and happy co-operation of each and every one of you from the high-

est to the lowest; the patience you have shown each other and your appreciation of each other's problems.

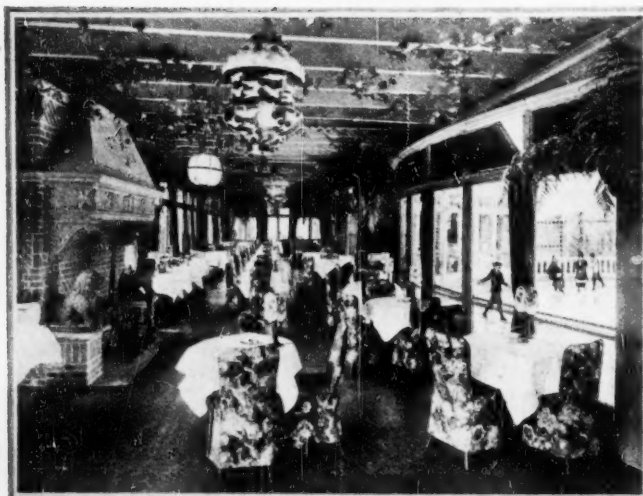
"We have been through a lot together in the last two years, and our troubles—some great, some small—have brought us closer together, until to-day I feel that we are one large family in which loyalty and confidence reign supreme. I am very proud of you all."

This is a message from the heart and it is quoted here as showing why it is that all his employees esteem him and give him the best service that is in their power. Through them the public are efficiently served, the reputation of the hotels is enhanced and the success of the management is guaranteed, so that quite obviously the personality of Mr. Bowman is a very important factor in the progress of his hotel system.

ASTRONG and exuberant vitality must be regarded as another element in Mr. Bowman's success. It takes work, and much hard work, to accomplish all that he has done in the past year or two. Without a sound physique, energy and enthusiasm he would have failed. These advantages he enjoys as a result of participation in sport, particularly his fav-

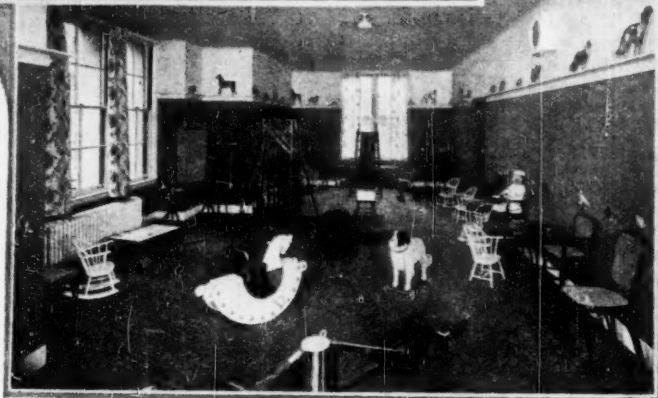


Above — the lofty front of the famous Hotel Biltmore; below — the new Hotel Commodore, as it will appear when completed.



One of several charming tea rooms in the Biltmore, this one overlooking the skating rink on the roof.

One of the playrooms where the children of guests find plenty of amusement during their sojourn at the hotel.



orite horse-back riding, and a love of out-of-door life. He is to-day a man of medium height, with a poise and carriage which suggest extraordinary suppleness and muscular development. Invariably well-groomed and fastidious in his dress, his figure gives an idea of force and energy kept in constant readiness for action.

ORGANIZING ability is a third powerful element in Mr. Bowman's makeup. He is credited with having introduced a brand new system of hotel management into the operation of the Biltmore and this plan of his has been copied quite generally by the managers of other hotels throughout the country. Instead of trying to handle the bulk of the work with one or two assistants, he has surrounded himself with what might be called a "cabinet" of assistants, each one of whom, as manager, is responsible for some one department of the hotel organization. These men are chosen for their particular fitness for their work, with the result that the entire system runs smoothly and efficiently, each department standing on its own bottom, its head being responsible to the chief himself.

Supplementing the "cabinet" is the efficiency board, another innovation of Mr. Bowman's invention. The efficiency board is made up of men from every department in the hotel. The membership is changed from time to time, in order to give new men a chance to make suggestions, but meetings are held regularly. In these meetings, which are of the round-table variety, all questions of improvement in operation, of efficiency in personnel, of ways and means for better service, are thoroughly discussed. The findings of the board are reported direct to Mr. Bowman, who considers them of great value and puts such of them as appeal to him into operation.

FORESIGHT must be included as yet another of Mr. Bowman's success-compelling characteristics. In the Biltmore it has been said, practically no feature was omitted. He had prepared for every possible contingency. The diversity of entertainment services provided in this palatial hostelry, as a result of his genius for evolving novelties is amazing. The number, the variety and the size of the dining and tea rooms in the building, including such attractions as the Grecian

Foyer, the Cascades, the Ice Garden and the Midnight Supper Room, are matters of wonderment. There are libraries, containing thousands of real books; playrooms for the children of guests; a hospital and a Turkish bath establishment, to name a few of the outstanding features of this mammoth institution. And through it all runs the genius of its versatile originator.

Mr. Bowman belongs to a new race of hotel managers. Time was when a hotel-keeper, while often a very worthy citizen, was looked down upon by the better classes in the community. Hotelkeeping was not exactly a genteel business. To-day the profession, if such it may be called, is being raised to a dignity and importance more in keeping with its standing in the business world. The management of such huge establishments as the Biltmore and the Commodore is the work of no ordinary man. It requires genius of a high order to control their complex operation.

AND SO one finds that this one-time hotel clerk has attained a social standing in the United States,—that he has come to the front among the business men of the republic. He numbers among his intimates several multi-millionaires. He belongs to numerous select clubs. He was last summer honored by being elected to the directorate of the Harriman National Bank, one of the largest institutions of its kind in the United States. In short, he has become a big figure across the line, not alone through the amazing success which has attended his hotel enterprise but because of his ability to hold his own in other lines of activity, business and social.

Like most big men, he is notoriously generous and his name is invariably to be found at or near the top of any fund, whose cause appeals to him as meritorious. He is still enough of a Canadian to give hearty support to those patriotic appeals which have been made from time to time in the Dominion since war broke out. The Patriotic Fund and the British Red Cross have both benefited materially through his generosity.

Up in Westchester County, New York, Mr. Bowman owns a fine large farm, on which he has erected a charming country home. Here he loves to motor after a hard day's work in the city and spend the evening in company with a friend or two. His horses are here and horses he still loves dearly. His tastes are naturally simple. He does not care for large or hilarious house parties and so his country home is characteristic of his ideals in this direction.

Having in mind all that he has accomplished in a score of years—his wealth, his social standing, his position among the foremost business men of the United States—it must be admitted that he has been extraordinarily successful.

IN MARCH MacLean's

Sir Gilbert Parker, Stephen Leacock, Agnes C. Laut, Arthur E. McFarlane, Peter McArthur, Hopkins Moorehouse, H. F. Gadsby are among the contributors next month. It promises to be the best number yet offered.

Into the Abyss

The Story of a Strange Experiment Under the Sea

By H. G. Wells

Author of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," etc.

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

THE LIEUTENANT stood in front of the steel sphere and gnawed a piece of pine splinter. "What do you think of it, Steevens?" he asked.

"It's an idea," said Steevens, in the tone of one who keeps an open mind.

"I believe it will smash—flat," said the lieutenant.

"He seems to have calculated it all out pretty well," said Steevens, still impartial.

"But think of the pressure," said the lieutenant. "At the surface of the water it's fourteen pounds to the inch, thirty feet down it's double that; sixty, treble; ninety, four times; nine hundred, forty times; five thousand three hundred—that's a mile—it's two hundred and forty times fourteen pounds; that's—let's see—thirty hundred-weight—a ton and a half, Steevens; a ton and a half to the square inch. And the ocean where he's going is five miles deep. That's seven and a half—"

"Sounds a lot," said Steevens, "but it's a jolly thick steel."

THE LIEUTENANT made no answer, but resumed his pine splinter. The object of their conversation was a huge globe of steel, having an exterior diameter of perhaps eight feet. It looked like the shot for some Titanic piece of artillery. It was elaborately nested in a monstrous scaffolding built into the frame work of the vessel, and the gigantic spars that were presently to sling it overboard gave the stern of the ship an appearance that had raised the curiosity of every decent sailor who had sighted it, from the Pool of London to the Tropic of Capricorn. In two places, one above the other, the steel gave place to a couple of circular windows of enormously thick glass, and one of these, set in a steel frame of great solidity, was now partially unscrewed. Both the men had seen the interior of this globe for the first time that morning. It was elaborately padded with air cushions, with little studs sunk between bulging pillows to work the simple mechanism of the affair. Everything was elaborately padded, even the Myer's apparatus, which was to absorb carbonic acid and replace the oxygen inspired by its tenant, when he had crept in by the glass manhole, and had been screwed in. It was so elaborately padded that a man might have been fired from a gun in it with perfect safety. And it had need to be, for presently a man was to crawl in through that glass manhole, to be screwed up tightly, and to be flung overboard, and to sink down—down—down—for five miles, even as the lieutenant said. It had taken the strongest hold of his imagination; it made him a bore at mess; and he found Steevens, the new arrival aboard, a godsend to talk to about it, over and over again.

"It's my opinion," said the lieutenant,

"that that glass will simply bend in and bulge and smash, under a pressure of that sort. Daubree has made rocks run like water under big pressures—and, you mark my words—"

"If the glass did break in," said Steevens, "what then?"

"The water would shoot in like a jet of iron. Have you ever felt a straight jet of high pressure water? It would hit as hard as a bullet. It would simply smash him and flatten him. It would tear down his throat, and into his lungs; it would blow in his ears—"

"What a detailed imagination you have," protested Steevens, who saw things vividly.

"It's a simple statement of the inevitable," said the lieutenant.

"And the globe?"

"Would just give out a few little bubbles, and it would settle down comfortably against the day of judgment, among the ooze and the bottom clay—with poor Elstead spread over his own smashed cushions like butter over bread."

"H AVING a look at the jigger?"

said a voice from the rear; and Elstead stood behind them, spick and span in white, with a cigarette between his teeth, and his eyes smiling out of the shadow of his ample hat-brim. "What's that about bread and butter, Weybridge? Grumbling as usual about the insufficient pay of naval officers? It won't be more than a day now before I start. We are to get the slings ready to-day. This clean sky and gentle swell is just the kind of thing for swinging off twenty tons of lead and iron; isn't it?"

"It won't affect you much," said Weybridge.

"No. Seventy or eighty feet down, and I shall be there in a dozen seconds, there's not a particle moving, though the wind shriek itself hoarse up above, and the water lifts halfway to the clouds. No. Down there—" He moved to the side of the ship and the other two followed him. All three leant forward on their elbows and stared down into the yellow-green water.

"Peace," said Elstead, finishing his thought aloud.

"Are you dead certain that clockwork will act?" asked Weybridge, presently.

"It has worked thirty-five times," said Elstead. "It's bound to work."

"But if it doesn't?"

"Why shouldn't it?"

"I wouldn't go down in that confounded thing," said Weybridge, "for twenty thousand pounds."

"Cheerful chap you are," said Elstead, and spat sociably at a bubble below.

"I don't understand yet how you mean to work the thing," said Steevens.

"IN THE first place I'm screwed into the sphere," said Elstead, "and when I've turned the electric light off and on three times to show I'm cheerful, I'm swung out over the stern by that crane, with all those big lead sinkers slung below me. The top lead weight has a roller carrying a hundred fathom of strong cord rolled up, and that's all that joins the sinkers to the sphere, except the slings that will be cut when the affair is dropped. We use cord rather than wire rope because it's easier to cut and more buoyant—necessary points as you will see.

"Through each of these lead weights you notice there is a hole, and an iron rod will be run through that and will project six feet on the lower side. If that rod is rammed up from below it knocks up a lever and sets the clockwork in motion at the side of the cylinder on which the cord winds.

"Very well. The whole affair is lowered gently into the water, and the slings are cut. The sphere floats—with the air in it, it's lighter than water; but the lead weights go down straight and the cord runs out. When the cord is all paid out, the sphere will go down too, pulled down by the cord."

"But why the cord?" asked Steevens. "Why not fasten the weights directly to the sphere?"

"Because of the smash down below. The whole affair will go rushing down, mile after mile, at a headlong pace at last. It would be knocked to pieces on the bottom if it wasn't for that cord. But the weights will hit the bottom, and directly they do the buoyancy of the sphere will come into play. It will go on sinking slower and slower; come to a stop at last and then begin to float upward again.

"That's where the clockwork comes in. Directly the weights smash against the sea bottom, the rod will be knocked through and will kick up the clockwork, and the cord will be rewound on the reel. I shall be lugged down to the sea bottom. There I shall stay for half an hour, with the electric light on, looking about me. Then the clockwork will release a spring knife, the cord will be cut, and up I shall rush again, like a soda-water bubble. The cord itself will help the flotation."

"And if you should chance to hit a ship?" said Weybridge.

"I should come up at such a pace, I should go clean through it," said Elstead, "like a cannon ball. You needn't worry about that."

"And suppose some nimble crustacean should wiggle into your clockwork—"

"It would be a pressing sort of invitation for me to stop," said Elstead turning his back on the water and staring at the sphere.

* * * *

THEY had swung Elstead overboard by eleven o'clock. The day was serenely bright and calm, with the horizon lost in haze. The electric glare in the little upper compartment beamed cheerfully three times. Then they let him down slowly to the surface of the water, and a sailor in the stern chains hung ready to cut the tackle that held the lead weights and the sphere together. The globe, which had looked so large on deck, looked the smallest thing conceivable under the stern of the ship. It rolled a little, and its two dark windows, which floated uppermost, seemed like eyes turned up in round wonderment at the people who crowded the rail. A voice wondered how Elstead liked the rolling. "Are you ready?" sang out the Commander. "Aye, aye, sir!" "Then let her go!"

The rope of the tackle tightened against the blade and was cut, and an eddy rolled over the globe in a grotesquely helpless fashion. Some one waved a handkerchief, some one else tried an ineffectual cheer, a middy was counting slowly "Eight, nine, ten!" Another roll, then with a jerk and a splash the thing righted itself.

It seemed to be stationary for a moment to grow rapidly smaller, and then the water closed over it, and it became visible, enlarged by refraction and dimmer, below the surface. Before one could count three it had disappeared. There was a flicker of white light far down in the water, that diminished to a speck and vanished. Then there was nothing but a depth of water going down into blackness, through which a shark was swimming.

THEN suddenly the screw of the cruiser began to rotate, the water was crinkled, the shark disappeared in a wrinkled confusion, and a torrent of foam rushed across the crystalline clearness that had swallowed up Elstead. "What's the idea?" said one A. B. to another.

"We're going to lay off a couple of miles, 'fear he should hit us when he comes up," said his mate.

The ship steamed slowly to her new position. Aboard her almost every one who was unoccupied remained watching the breathing swell into which the sphere had sunk. For the next hour it is doubtful if a word was spoken that did not bear directly or indirectly on Elstead. The

December sun was now high in the sky, and the heat very considerable.

"He'll be cold enough down there," said Weybridge. "They say that below a certain depth sea-water's always just about freezing."

"Where'll he come up?" asked Stevens. "I've lost my bearings."

"That's the spot," said the Commander, who prided himself on his omniscience.

Elstead!" called one hairy-chested salt, impatiently, and the others caught it up, and shouted as though they were waiting for the curtain of a theatre to rise.

The Commander glanced irritably at them.

"Of course, if the acceleration's less than two," he said, "he'll be all the longer. We aren't absolutely certain that was the proper figure. I'm no slavish believer in calculations."

Stevens agreed concisely. No one on the quarter-deck spoke for a couple of minutes. Then Stevens' watch-case clicked.

WHEN, twenty-one minutes after, the sun reached its zenith, they were still waiting for the globe to re-appear, and not a man aboard that dared to whisper that hope was dead. It was Weybridge who first gave expression to that realization. He spoke while the sound of eight bells still hung in the air. "I always distrusted that window," he said quite suddenly to Stevens.

"Good God!" said Stevens. "You don't think—"

"Well!" said Weybridge, and left the rest to his imagination.

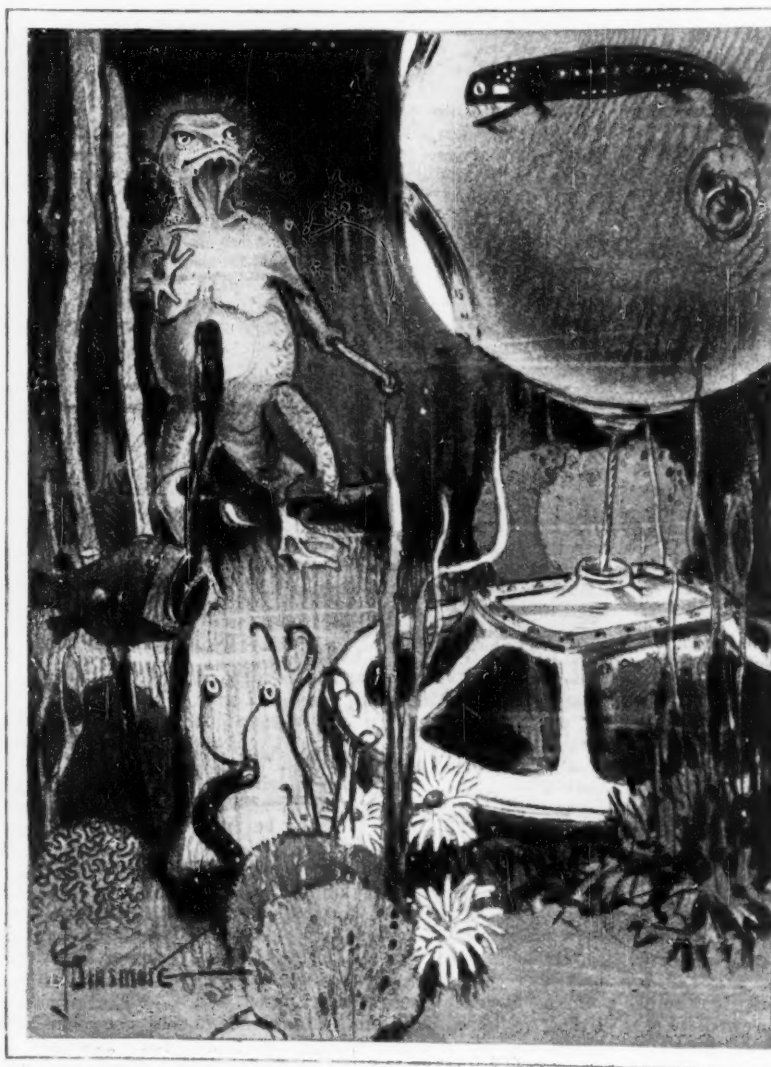
"I'm no great believer in calculations myself," said the Commander, dubiously, "so that I'm not altogether hopeless yet." And at midnight the gunboat was steaming slowly in a spiral round the spot where the globe had sunk, and the white beam of the electric light fled and halted and swept discontentedly onward again over the waste of phosphorescent water under the little stars.

"If his window hasn't burst and smashed him," said Weybridge, "then it's

a cursed sight worse, for his clockwork has gone wrong and he's alive now, five miles under our feet, down there in the cold and dark, anchored in that little bubble of his, where never a ray of light has shone or a human being lived, since the waters were gathered together. He's there without food, feeling hungry and thirsty and scared, wondering whether he'll starve or stifle. Which will it be? The Myer's apparatus is running out, I suppose. How long do they last?"

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed. "What little things we are! What daring little devils! Down there, miles and miles of water — all water, and all this empty water about us and this sky. Gulfs!"

He threw his hands out, and as he did so a little white streak swept



... A faintly moving figure remotely suggestive of a walking man. ... It was a strange vertebrate animal.

He extended a precise finger south-eastward. "And this, I reckon, is pretty nearly the moment," he said. "He's been thirty-five minutes."

"Then he's overdue," said Weybridge.

"Pretty nearly," said the Commander.

"I suppose it takes a few minutes for that cord of his to wind in."

"I forgot that," said Weybridge, evidently relieved.

AND THEN began the suspense. A minute slowly dragged itself out, and no sphere shot out of the water. Another followed, and nothing broke the low oily swell. The sailors explained to one another that little point about the winding-in of the cord. The rigging was dotted with expectant faces. "Come up,

noiselessly up the sky, travelling more slowly, stopped, became a motionless dot as though a new star had fallen up into the sky. Then it went sliding back again and lost itself amidst the reflections of the stars, and the white haze of the sea's phosphorescence.

At the sight he stopped, arm extended and mouth open. He shut his mouth, opened it again and waved his arms with an impatient gesture. Then he turned, shouted, "El-stead ahoy," to the first watch, and went at a run to Lindley and the searchlight.

"I saw him," he said. "Starboard there! His light's on and he's just shot out of the water. Bring the light round. We ought to see him drifting, when he lifts on the swell."

But they never picked up the explorer until dawn. Then they almost ran him down. The crane was swung out and a boat's crew hooked the chain to the sphere. When they had shipped the sphere they unscrewed the manhole and peered into the darkness of the interior (for the electric light chamber was intended to illuminate the water about the sphere, and was shut off entirely from its general cavity).

The air was very hot within the cavity, and the india-rubber at the lip of the manhole was soft. There was no answer to their eager questions and no sound of movement within. Elstead seemed to be lying motionless, crumpled up in the bottom of the globe. The ship's doctor crawled in and lifted him out to the men outside. For a moment or so they did not know whether Elstead was alive or dead. His face, in the yellow glow of the ship's lamps, glistened with perspiration. They carried him down to his own cabin.

He was not dead they found, but in a state of absolute nervous collapse, and besides cruelly bruised. For some days he had to lie perfectly still. It was a week before he could tell his experiences.

Almost his first words were that he was going down again. The sphere would have to be altered, he said, in order to allow him to throw off the cord if need be, and that was all. He had had the most marvellous experience. "You thought I should find nothing but ooze," he said. "You laughed at my explorations, and I've discovered a new world!"

He told his story in disconnected fragments, and chiefly from the wrong end, so that it is impossible to re-tell it in his words. But what follows is the narrative of his experience.

IT BEGAN atrociously, he said. Before the cord ran out the thing kept rolling over. He felt like a frog in a football. He could see nothing but the crane and the sky overhead, with an occasional glimpse of the people on the ship's rail. He couldn't tell a bit which way the thing would roll next. Suddenly he would find his feet going up and try to step, and over he went rolling, head over heels and just anyhow on the padding. Any other shape would have been more comfortable, but no other shape was to be relied upon under the huge pressure of the nethermost abyss.

Suddenly the swaying ceased; the globe righted, and when he had picked himself up, he saw the water all about him greeny-blue with an attenuated light filtering down from above, and a shoal of little floating things went rushing up past him, as it seemed to him, towards the light.

And even as he looked it grew darker and darker, until the water above was as dark as the midnight sky, albeit of a greener shade, and the water black. And little transparent things in the water developed a faint glint of luminosity, and shot past him in faint greenish streaks.

And the feeling of falling! It was just like the start of a lift, he said, only it kept on. One has to imagine what that means, that keeping on. It was then of all times that Elstead repented of his adventure. He saw the chances against him in an altogether new light. He thought of the big cuttle-fish people knew to exist in the middle waters, the kind of things they find half-digested in whales at times, or floating dead and rotten and half eaten by fish. Suppose one caught hold and wouldn't leave go. And had the clock-work really been sufficiently tested? But whether he wanted to go on or go back mattered not the slightest now.

IN FIFTY seconds everything was as black as night outside, except where the beam from his light struck through the waters, and picked out every now and then some fish or scrap of sinking matter. They flashed by too fast for him to see what they were. Once he thought he passed a shark. And then the sphere began to get hot by friction against the water. They had under-estimated this, it seems.

The first thing he noticed was that he was perspiring, and then he heard a hissing, growing louder, under his feet, and saw a lot of little bubbles—very little bubbles they were—rushing upward like a fan through the water outside. Steam! He felt the window and it was hot. He turned on the minute glow lamp that lit his own cavity, looked at the padded watch by the studs, and saw he had been travelling now for two minutes. It came into his head that the window would crack through the conflict of temperatures, for he knew the bottom water was very near freezing.

Then suddenly the floor of the sphere seemed to press against his feet, the rush of bubbles outside grew slower and slower and the hissing diminished. The sphere rolled a little. The window had not cracked, nothing had given, and he knew that the dangers of sinking, at any rate, were over.

In another minute or so, he would be on the floor of the abyss. He thought, he said, of Steevens and Weybridge and the rest of them five miles overhead, higher to him than the very highest clouds that ever floated over land are to us, steaming slowly and staring down and wondering what had happened to him.

HE PEERED out of the window. There were no more bubbles now, and the hissing had stopped. Outside there was a heavy blackness—as black as black velvet—except where the electric light pierced the empty water and showed the color of it—a yellow green. Then three things like shapes of fire swam into sight, following each other through the water. Whether they were little and near, or big and far off, he could not tell.

Each was outlined in a bluish light almost as bright as the lights of a fishing-smack, a light which seemed to be smoking greatly, and all along the sides of them were specks of this, like the lighted portholes of a ship. Their phosphorescence seemed to go out as they came into

the radiance of his lamp, and he saw then that they were indeed fish of some strange sort, with huge heads, vast eyes, and dwindling bodies and tails. Their eyes were turned towards him, and he judged they were following him down. He supposed they were attracted by his glare.

Presently others of the same sort joined them. As he went on down he noticed that the water became of a pallid color, and that little specks twinkled in his ray like motes in sunbeam. This was probably due to the clouds of ooze and mud that the impact of his leaden sinkers had disturbed.

By the time he was drawn down to the lead weights he was in a dense fog of white that his electric light failed altogether to pierce more than a few yards, and many minutes elapsed before the hanging sheets of sediment subsided to any extent. Then, lit by his light and by the transient phosphorescence of a distant shoal of fishes, he was able to see under the huge blackness of the superincumbent water an undulating expanse of greyish-white ooze, broken here and there by tangled thickets of a growth of sea lilies, waving hungry tentacles in the air.

FARTHER away were the graceful translucent outlines of a group of gigantic spones. About this floor there were scattered a number of bristling flattish tufts of rich purple and black, which he decided must be some sort of sea-urchin, and small, large-eyed or blind things, having a curious resemblance, some to woodlice, and others to lobsters, crawled sluggishly across the track of the light and vanished into the obscurity again, leaving furrowed trails behind them.

Then suddenly the hovering swarm of little fishes veered about and came towards him as a flight of starlings might do. They passed over him like a phosphorescent snow, and then he saw behind them some larger creature advancing towards the sphere.

At first he could see it only dimly, a faintly moving figure remotely suggestive of a walking man, and then it came into the spray of light that the lamp shot out. As the glare struck it, it shut its eyes, dazzled. He stared in a rigid astonishment.

IT WAS a strange, vertebrate animal. Its dark purple head was dimly suggestive of a chameleon, but it had such a high forehead and such a brain-case as no reptile ever displayed before; the vertical pitch of his face gave it a most extraordinary resemblance to a human being.

Two large and protruding eyes projected from sockets in chameleon fashion, and it had a broad reptilian mouth with horny lips beneath its little nostrils. In the position of the ears were two huge gill covers, and out of these floated a branching tree of coralline filaments, almost like the tree-like gills that very young sharks possess.

But the humanity of the face was not the most extraordinary thing about the creature. It was a biped, its almost globular body was poised on a tripod of two frog-like legs and a long thick tail, and its fore limbs, which grotesquely caricatured the human hand much as a frog's do, carried a long shaft of bone, tipped with copper. The color of the creature was variegated; its head, hands, and legs

Continued on page 67.

In Merry Mexico

By Stephen Leacock

Author of "Sunshine Sketches of a Small Town," "Literary Lapses,"
"Nonsense Novels," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Stephen Leacock has been traveling for MacLean's Magazine. First, on the magic carpet of his whimsical imagination he visited Germany and "Germany From Within" was the result. Next he went to Turkey, right to the Yildiz Kiosk. Then he came nearer home and "In Dry Toronto" resulted. Finally he has been to Mexico.

I STOOD upon the platform of the little deserted railway station of the frontier and looked around at the wide prospect.

"So this," I said to myself, "is Mexico!"

About me was the great plain rolling away to the Sierras in the background. The railroad track traversed it in a thin line. There were no trees—only here and there a clump of cactus or chaparral, a tuft of dog-grass or a few patches of dogwood. At intervals in the distance one could see a hacienda standing in a majestic solitude in a cup of the hills. In the blue sky floated little banderillos of white cloud, while a graceful hidalgo appeared poised on a crag on one leg with folded wings, or floated lazily in the sky on one wing with folded legs.

There was a drowsy buzzing of cicadas half asleep in the cactus cups, and, from some hidden depth of the hills far in the distance, the tinkling of a mule bell.

I had seen it all so often in moving pictures that I recognized the scene at once.

"So this is Mexico!" I repeated.

The station building beside me was little more than a wooden shack. Its door was closed. There was a sort of ticket wicket opening at the side, but it too was closed.

But as I spoke thus aloud, the wicket opened. There appeared in it the head and shoulders of a little wizened man, swarthy and with bright eyes and pearly teeth.

He wore a black velvet suit with yellow facings, and a tall straw hat running to a point. I seemed to have seen him a hundred times in comic opera.

"Can you tell me when the next train—" I began.

The little man made a gesture of Spanish politeness.

"Welcome to Mexico!" he said.

"Could you tell me—" I continued.

"Welcome to our sunny Mexico!" he repeated, "our beautiful, glorious Mexico. Her heart throbs at the sight of you."

"Would you mind—" I began again.

"Our beautiful Mexico, torn and distracted as she is, greets you. In the name of the *de facto* government, thrice welcome. *Su casa!*" he added with a graceful gesture indicating the interior of his little shack. "Come in and smoke cigarettes and sleep. *Su casa!* You are capable of Spanish, is it not?"

"No," I said, "it is not. But I wanted to know when the next train for the interior—"



"Magnifico! Is it not?"
said my companion.

"Ah!" he rejoined more briskly. "You address me as a servant of the *de facto* government. *Momentino!* One moment!"

HE SHUT the wicket and was gone a long time. I thought he had fallen asleep.

But he reappeared. He had a bundle of what looked like railway time tables, very ancient and worn, in his hand.

"Did you say," he questioned, "the interior or the exterior?"

"The interior, please."

"Ah, good, excellent—for the interior—" the little Mexican retreated into his shack and I could hear him murmuring—"for the interior, excellent"—as he moved to and fro.

Presently he reappeared, a look of deep sorrow on his face. "Alas!" he said, shrugging his shoulders. "I am *desolado*. It has gone! The next train has gone!"

"Gone! When?"

"Alas! Who can tell? Yesterday, last month? But it has gone."

"And when will there be another one?" I asked.

"Ha!" he said, resuming a brisk official manner. "I understand. Having missed the next you propose to take another. Excellent! What business enterprise you foreigners have! You miss your train! What do you do? Do you abandon your journey? No. Do you sit down—do you weep? No. Do you lose time? You do not."

"Excuse me," I said. "But when is there another train?"

"That must depend" said the little official and as he spoke he emerged from his house and stood beside me on the platform fumbling among his railway guides. "The first question is, do you propose to take a *de facto* train or a *de jure* train?"

"When do they go?" I asked.

"There is a *de jure* train," continued the station master, peering into his papers, "at two p.m.—very good train—sleepers and diners—one at four, a through train—sleepers, observation car, dining car, corridor compartments—that also is a *de jure* train—"

"But what is the difference between the *de jure* and the *de facto*?"

"It's a distinction we generally make in Mexico; the *de jure* trains are those that ought to go; that is, in theory, they go. The *de facto* trains are those that actually do go. It is a distinction clearly established in our correspondence with Huedro Huilson."

"Do you mean Woodrow Wilson?"

"Yes, Huedro Huilson, president—*de jure*—of the United States."

"Oh," I said. "Now I understand. And when will there be a *de facto* train?"

"At any moment you like," said the little official with a bow.

"But I don't see—"

"Pardon me—I have one here behind the shed on that side track—excuse me—one moment and I will bring it."

HE DISAPPEARED and I presently saw him energetically pushing out from behind the shed a little railroad lorry or hand truck.

"Now then," he said as he shoved his little car on to the main track, "this is the train. Seat yourself. I, myself, will take you."

"And how much shall I pay? What is the fare to the interior?" I questioned.

The little man waved the idea aside with a polite gesture.

"The fare," he said, "let us not speak of it. Let us forget it. How much money have you?"

"I have here," I said, taking out a roll of bills, "fifty dollars."

"And that is all you have?"

"Yes."

"Then let that be the fare! Why should I ask more? Were I an American, I might; but in our Mexico, no. What you have we take; beyond that we ask nothing. Let us forget it. Good. And, now, would you prefer to travel first, second or third class?"

"First class, please," I said.

"Very good. Let it be so." Here the little man took from his pocket a red label marked **FIRST CLASS** and tied it on the edge of the hand car. "It is more comfortable," he said. "Now seat yourself, seize hold of these two handles in front of you. Move them back and forward, thus. Beyond that you need do nothing. The working of the car other than the mere shoving of the handles, shall be my task. Consider yourself, in fact, *senor*, as my guest."

WE TOOK our places. I applied myself, as directed, to the handles and the little car moved forward across the plain.

"A glorious prospect," I said, as I gazed at the broad panorama.

"Magnifico! Is it not?" said my companion. "Alas! my poor Mexico. She wants nothing but water to make her the most fertile country of the globe! Water and soil, those only and she would excel all others. Give her but water, soil, light, heat, capital and labor, and what could she not be! And what do we see; distraction, revolution, destruction—pardon me, will you please stop the car a moment? I wish to tear up a little of the track behind us."

I did as directed. My companion descended and with a little bar that he took from beneath the car, unloosed a few of the rails of the light track and laid them beside the road.

"It is our custom," he explained, as he climbed on board again. "We Mexicans when we move to and fro, always tear up the track behind us. But what was I saying? Ah, yes—destruction, desolation, alas, our Mexico!"

He looked sadly up at the sky.

"You speak," I said, "like a patriot. May I ask your name?"

"My name is Raymon," he answered, with a bow. "Raymon Domenico y Miraflores de las Gracias."

"And may I call you simply Raymon?"

"I shall be delirious with pleasure if you will do so," he answered. "And dare



I ask you in return, your business in our beautiful country?"

The car, as we are speaking, had entered upon a long and gently down grade across the plain, so that it ran without great effort on my part.

"Certainly," I said. "I'm going into the interior to see General Villa!"

At the shock of the name, Raymon nearly fell off the car.

"Villa! General Francesco Villa! It is not possible!"

The little man was shivering with evident fear.

"See him! See Villa! Not possible. Let me show you a picture of him instead? But approach him—it is not possible! He shoots everybody at sight!"

"That is all right," I said. "I have a written safe conduct that protects me."

"From whom?"

"Here," I said. "Look at them—I have two."

Raymon took the documents I gave him and read aloud.

"The bearer is on an important mission connected with American rights in Mexico. If any one shoots him he will be held to a strict accountability.—W.W."

"Ah! Excellent! He will be compelled to send in an itemized account. Excellent! And this other, let me see."

"If anybody interferes with the bearer, I will knock his face in.—T.R."

His head was bowed over the books in front of him.

"Admirable! This is, if anything, better than the other for use in our country. It appeals to our quick Mexican natures. It is, as we say, *simpatico*. It touches us."

"It is meant to," I said.

"And may I ask," said Raymon, "the nature of your business with Villa?"

"We are old friends," I answered. "I used to know him years ago when he kept a Mexican cigar store in Montreal. It occurred to me that I might be able to help the cause of peaceful intervention. I have already had a certain experience in Turkey. I am commissioned to make General Villa an offer."

"I see," said Raymon. "In that case, if we are to find Villa let us make all haste forward. And first we must direct ourselves yonder"—he pointed in a vague way towards the mountains—"where we must presently leave our car and go on foot, to the camp of General Carranza."

"Carranza!" I exclaimed. "But he is fighting Villa!"

"Exactly. It is *possible*—not certain—but possible, that he knows where Villa is. In our Mexico when two of our generalistas are fighting in the mountains, they keep coming across one another. It is hard to avoid it."

* * * *

IT WAS two days later that we reached Carranza's camp in the mountains. We found him just at dusk seated at a little table beneath a tree.

His followers were all about picketing their horses and lighting fires.

The General, buried in a book before him, noticed neither the movements of his own men nor our approach.

I must say that I was surprised beyond measure at his appearance.

The popular idea of General Carranza as a rude bandit chief is entirely erroneous.

I saw before me a quiet, scholarly-looking man, bearing every mark of culture and refinement. His head was bowed over the book in front of him, which I noticed with astonishment was *Todhunter's Algebra*. Close at his hand I observed a work on *Decimal Fractions*, while, from time to time, I saw the General lift his eyes and glance keenly at a multiplication table that hung on a bough beside him.

"You must wait a few moments," said an aide-de-camp, who stood beside us. "The General is at work on a simultaneous equation!"

"Is it possible?" I said in astonishment.

The aide-de-camp smiled. "Soldiering to-day, my dear Senator," he said, "is an exact science. On this equation will depend our entire food supply for the next week."

In the thick of the press a leader of ferocious aspect mounted upon a gigantic black horse, waved a combrero above his head.



"When will he get it done?" I asked anxiously.

"Simultaneously," said the aide de camp. The general looked up at this moment and saw us.

"Well?" he asked.

"Your Excellency," said the aide-de-camp, "there is a stranger here on a visit of investigation to Mexico."

"Shoot him!" said the General, and turned quickly to his work.

The aide de camp saluted.

"When?" he asked.

"As soon as he likes," said the General.

"You are fortunate, indeed," said the aide-de-camp in a tone of animation, as he led them away, still accompanied by Raymon. "You might have been kept waiting round for days. Let us get ready at once. You would like to be shot, would you not, smoking a cigarette, and standing beside your grave? Luckily, we have one ready. Now if you will wait a moment, I will bring the photographer and his machine. There is still light enough, I think. What would you like it called? *The Fate of a Spy*? That's good, isn't it? Our syndicate can always work up that into a two-reel film. All the rest of it—the camp, the mountains, the general, the funeral and so on—we can do to-morrow without you."

He was all eagerness as he spoke.

"One moment," I interrupted. "I am sure there is some mistake. I only wished to present certain papers

and get a safe conduct from the General to go and see Villa."

The aide-de-camp stopped abruptly.

"Ah!" he said. "You are not here for a picture. A thousand pardons. Give me your papers—one moment—I will return to the General and explain."

He vanished, and Raymon and I waited in the growing dusk.

"No doubt the General supposed," explained Raymon, as he lighted a cigarette, "that you were here for *las machinas*, the moving pictures."

In a few minutes the aide de camp returned.

"Come," he said, "the General will see you now."

We returned to where we had left Carranza.

The General rose to meet me with outstretched hand and with a gesture of simple cordiality.

"You must pardon my error," he said.

"Not at all," I said.

"It appears you do not desire to be shot."

"Not at present."

"Later, perhaps," said the General. "On your return, no doubt, provided," he added with grave courtesy that sat well on him, "that you do return. My aide-de-camp shall make a note of it. But at present you wish to be guided to Francesco Villa?"

"If it is possible."

"Quite easy. He is at present near here, in fact much nearer than he has any right to be."

The General frowned. "We found this spot first. The light is excellent and the mountains, as you have seen, are wonderful for our pictures. This is, by every rule of decency, our scenery. Villa has no right to it. This is our revolution"—the General spoke with rising animation—"not his. When you see the fellow, tell him for me—or tell his manager—that he must either move his revolution further away—or, by Heaven, I'll use force against him. But stop," he checked himself. "You wish to see Villa. Good. You have only to follow the straight track over the mountain there. He is just beyond, at the little village in the hollow, *El Corazon de las Quertas*."

The General shook hands and seated himself again at his work. The interview was at an end. We withdrew.

THE NEXT morning we followed without difficulty the path indicated. A few hours' walk over the mountain pass brought us to a little straggling village of adobe houses, sleeping drowsily in the sun.

There were but few signs of life in its one street—a mule here and there tethered in the sun—and one or two Mexicans drowsily smoking in the shade.

One building only, evidently newly made, and of lumber, had a decidedly American appearance. Its doorway bore the sign "GENERAL OFFICES OF THE COMPANY," and under it the notice "KEEP OUT," while on one of its windows was painted "GENERAL MANAGER," and below it the legend, "NO ADMISSION," and on the other, "SECRETARY'S OFFICE: GO AWAY."

We therefore entered at once.

"General Francesco Villa?" said a clerk, evidently American. "Yes, he's here all right. At least, this is the office."

"And where is the General?" I asked.

Continued on page 76.



"Forty years on when afar and
asunder,
Parted are those who are singing
to-day,
When you look back and forgetfully
wonder
What you were like in your work
and your play;
Then it may be there will often come o'er
you
Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song,
Visions of boyhood shall float them before
you,
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them
along."

—Harrow School Song.

THE boys stood stiffly at attention in the bare, oak-raftered hall, five hundred of them, soldierly straight in their well drilled precision. A Spartan discipline that would seem barbarous to the coddled youth of the twentieth century had set its mark on faces and figures not unimpressively. The master, a broad-bearded Saxon, called the roll swiftly, the sharp, staccato answers ringing out like a rapid succession of pistol shots. With the last response he shut the book smartly, and paused a moment. It was the final roll call of the school year, and the rather sentimental master meditated a speech for the moment, then regretfully abandoned it as too great a departure from the routine so rigorously followed. To-morrow the boys would scatter, some to return, but to many it was the closing of one of life's pitifully few great chapters.

Even the least impressionable lad felt something of the sobering solemnity of the hour. A sharp, harsh command, and in military order the ranks filed out, swinging round like a piece of machinery and marching with the precision of its cogged wheels. In the gymnasium they broke up into a noisy cosmopolitan crowd, for representatives of a dozen nations were there. From the throng three boys separated themselves, and, arms linked, walked away from the rest. They belonged to the social aristocracy of the place, came from good families, and were destined for the same profession. Envious onlookers called them the "Dreibund," or Triple Alliance, and, while other associations changed, in the shifting life of an active community, this one never altered, and a quarrel with one meant having the antagonism of three undesirable foes. A healthy, courageous companionship, there was none in the School bold enough to challenge their supremacy, which was exhibited in work

and in such athletic exercises as the military rule of the establishment tolerated. They were about the same age, nearly sixteen, and for each it was the last night at Rheinwied.

Two of them were English, one German, and they had been together three years. On the whole, school life had been pleasant. At first the severe restrictions and constantly suspicious oversight, had been irksome to the English lads, and they never became accustomed to the fixed German assumption that honor in boys was non-existent; but discipline had its values.

THEY now wandered forth on an unplanned tour of the familiar places, each with its imperishable associations. The dingy Moravian Chapel, plain to ugliness, where the women sat on one side of the building, the men on the other, like two antagonistic species, between whom the stout, solemn pastor was a sort of mediator. The tiny cemetery, with its orderly rows of graves, spaced exactly, as beds in a well ordered hospital, and each with its square, flat stone laid upon its bosom—nothing to distinguish rich from poor, symbolical of the ultimate equality. Some of the narrow mounds held schoolmates from far lands; and here the three lingered, for in the heart of a boy lies a deep mine of precious sentiment. Out on the wooded hillside they went, to watch the purple twilight drop its rich mantle over the lovely, glowing valley of the Rhine. The eighth of August, 1889, would mark an epoch in their lives.

For a moment their communion was the silent fellowship of the spirit. With

the sunset would fall the curtain on their boyhood. To-morrow they would be facing their life-work, eagerly anticipating it. All three were taking the Sea as their profession, entering the Navies of their countries.

Returning to their room in the big school building, now dismantled and desolate, a wilderness of packed trunks and jammed valises, they sat down.

"What a dismal hole!" sighed one of the English lads, viewing the wreckage in extreme disgust.

"What a dismal company!" laughed the German. "It might be a funeral instead of our entrance into life, and those boxes coffins with real corpses in them instead of our caskets of fortune. Hurrah, for the new life! For the Sea, our home and mother to be! For the Navies, British and German! And one more for our little Rheinwied triple alliance!"

"Shut up, you lunatic!" grinned Angus Barnsley, a handsome, aristocratic looking boy, who would be sure to make his way, everyone said, for he had ability and influence.

"Now, if you were a Russian, Angus, and Frank, here, a Frenchman, we might be glum, because in a few years we'd likely be carving at each other's throats. But British and German, friends always, allies often, one in blood and faith, our Royalties intimately related, we are really one family," harangued the voluble German. "France hates us both, Russia hates us both. France hungers for revenge for the debacle of '70, and the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, and she hates your sea power, your work in Egypt; for six or seven centuries, with little intermission she has fought you all the world over for the big prizes, India, the Isles of the Sea, America and Canada—and she has lost. Russia with her Pan Slavism and overlordship of the Balkans, we have one day to crush for our own safety, and she hates England for bolstering up the Turk in the Crimean War, and halting her, after her march to the City of her Faith's Cradle, at the very gates of Constantinople. Every year the Bear shambles nearer and nearer India. But England and Germany are natural, God-ordained allies, and with your sea power and our army, we are invincible."

And so they dreamed with the fine optimism of youth, as their elders dreamed at a later date. Before their eyes

were visions of strange, new lands, noble enterprises, and, perhaps, gallant deaths. The bell's summons, reminding them that they were still under school rules and must be in bed inside half-an-hour, brought them back to the world of to-day.

"We will make a compact," said Barsdorf, the German, springing from his chair. "Ten years, fifteen, twenty—no, that will not be enough to report upon. Twenty-five years from this night, if alive, we will meet again and renew the Alliance made here during these three years."

"Great idea?" said Barnsley.

"Where?" asked the practical Frank Danton, tall, square-jawed, rather pale, acknowledged to be the most brilliant boy in the school, idolized by the spectacled science master, who prophesied a wonderful career for the boy who needed no teaching, as Steinmetz said—only his nose laying to the scent.

"We'll toss for it. Who has got any money? I don't get my expense cash till the morning," said the impecunious Teuton.

"Same here for both of us," replied Angus, cheerfully. He had spent his last coin in buying a ribbon for a pretty, flaxen-haired girl who was visiting the Herr Principal's house.

"There's an English shilling in the cupboard there, if Angus hasn't bagged it," Frank reminded them.

THE coin was found, a series of solemn tossings followed, and in the end Angus Barnsley found himself the prospective host of his friends at some unspecified spot on the earth's surface on the eighth day of August, 1914. To the three lads that night it seemed a whole millennium away.

"And I'll do you to the royalist blow-out money can buy," he promised them. "But, meantime, Max, hand over that English bob; it's no use to you."

"Sixpence of it for me," demanded Frank. "There'll be lots of use for it on the other side of the briny."

"Not so fast," laughed the German. "I never was good like you at the mathematics, but I remember that three into twelve goes four. This is the way to split it." He took up a hammer and chisel that were lying on one of the packing cases, and cut the coin into three pieces, solemnly distributing them.

"A memento of our compact made this night," he said. "We will keep them, luck pieces. And now, my budding Admirals, to bed, for the last time at Rheinwied."

II.

MISS Barnsley sat with a book in a screened-off corner of the pleasant tea-room. She had come over from England, via, New York, a few days before with her brother, who was on a Naval mission to Canada. He was unmarried, devoted to his sister, who accompanied him in most of his journeyings, since the death of their mother. He was away for the day on urgent business, but the charm of Quebec, which she was visiting for the first time, was making her loneliness not without compensation. The only

other persons in the big apartment were two men, motorists, she guessed, from her casual view of them in a mirror. They conversed in subdued tones, but their deep voices carried distinctly to the place where she sat. She purposed to rise and leave the room, as she had finished tea, but something she heard made her linger. The elder of the two men, a tall, smooth-shaven, stout person, seemed restless and extremely irritable and, in amusing contrast, the mood of his companion was banteringly cheerful.

"I'm on pins and needles," said the stout man, impatiently. "If I had dreamed he was here, and that you could treat the situation so lightly you could not have brought me within a hundred miles of Quebec. I have enough solid work on my hands to do without playing tricks at a time like this."

"And, on the contrary, I never was more comfortable in my life. This commercial life of yours, my friend, with all its detail and intricacies seems to be ruinous to the nerves," responded the other, munching cakes with evident relish. "As for me, my work here is done. I have attended to business, I have seen the sights which this amazingly candid people so hospitably exhibit. The trip down this magnificent river was most instructive. Once before I was here, inconspicuously, at the time of the Tercentenary celebrations. Much has been done in the way of improvements since we picnicked so pleasantly along the coast, and pursued our agreeable studies. An admirable thing, the efficiency that seeks not only to make things work in an orderly, economical manner, but plans for the plodding worker to build by. All true efficiency keeps a calendar dated at least ten years ahead, forty or fifty in case of the greater minds. And now on the heels of this most delightful business trip comes the touch of Romance, if I may so speak of it, Fate, Coincidence, Providence—as you will—enables me to keep my tryst with such astonishing ease. To probe the significance of Coincidence always had a fascination for me."

"I find enough work watching the ground at my feet without indulging in star gazing," answered the big man, nettled by the amusement the other found in his nervousness.

"Too close absorption in the dusty mining industries of this admirable Province," laughed the other. "Dust and grime tend to clog one's soul and spiritual perceptions."

"Come, let us get away," begged the elder, as his companion poured out more tea. "You might have to stay here longer than you desired, and the entertainment, perhaps, might not always be of the Chateau Frontenac order."

"ONE MIGHT find compensations in a hospitality even thus limited," laughed the other. "But don't be afraid, I really could not afford it, with the pressure of sudden business that has come into my hands. The place has wonderful charm—delightful old France in the New World. It gives a touch of dignity to a sadly utilitarian continent, wherein 'every prospect pleases and only man is vile.' I am no republican; I do not like

your Porkopolis places, and your New York rubber-neck waggons, from which bawlers announce the fortunes of the occupants of the houses before which they linger, and the number and quality of the wives the master of the house has had. No, a city like Quebec redeems many Chicagos. What an eye England has had for the choice fruit of the world's basket! Fools term her dull, unimaginative. My friend, she has the keenest eye, the most vivid imagination, screened perfectly by the semblance of indifference. Is it blind luck that enables her to hold the keys of the world to-day? Your smaller creatures prate of efficiency, like a child with a new toy, she pretends to be ignorant of it, out of date. But where are the fruits of tireless efficiency so rich and abundant? Distrust the Englishman when he admits his weaknesses, for there is, what you call the uppercut coming. Cannot I persuade you to take another cup of this nectar?"

MISS BARNSELEY smiled as she heard the expletive wherewith the fat man rejected the hospitable offer. The other laughed aloud.

"I was star-gazing, as you term it, this morning," he continued imperturbably. "Daylight dreaming, on the spot at which Wolfe climbed the cliffs that dark September night, one hundred and fifteen years ago, found France sleeping, and in a few minutes' brisk work, won this superb prize, this—Canada!" The speaker's deliberate enunciation of the name was powerfully impressive, almost reverential.

"What were the words they tell us he repeated?"

Await alike th' inevitable hour.

"The inevitable hour! The Day! Fate's appointment! While there I wondered if there might not come again the hour, the sleeping, and yet another waking under the ardent kiss of another daring lover, and —"

"Wonder and think all you like, but for God's sake, do both silently," said the other with hardly suppressed anger.

"Their slumbers are too deep for my whispers to disturb," answered the younger lightly. "I believe I could be another Wolfe. Wolfe! The name has fascination. Picture it, my earth-rummaging friend! The black night! The slumbering sheepfold! The fierce, hungry raider! and the prize, this—Canada." He spoke now softly. "A land of clear skies, the sparkling brilliance that makes the swift, keen mind. It is the Northern people, not the hot house humanity, that will inherit the earth, those who have the blend of fire and ice, the tempered summer, the brilliance of winter sunlight. I would trade all your tropic luxuriance for the splendor of the exhilaration of the glowing North."

"If you are ready I'll step out and have the car brought round, and I'll thank God fervently when I have seen the last of you," grunted the fat man, rising.

"I really feel I am spoiling an exquisitely planned situation, some drama staged by the gods," said his companion banteringly. "It has all been planned for me. I did not dream he would be here, I thought he was the other side of the Atlantic, and I marching from him, but Fate has shaken the dicebox with that clever hand of hers, and here we tumble out together, almost jostling one another, in Quebec. If he were actually in the city I think the temptation would be al-



most irresistible. However, there is the other side—Waiter! A sheet of notepaper and envelope!"

SEVERAL minutes passed. Miss Barnsley could see the reflection of the bent head as the man's hand wrote rapidly. Presently the elder returned, evidently greatly agitated.

"You look as if you have seen an unusually disagreeable ghost," said the other quietly, sealing his letter. "My friend has returned, eh?"

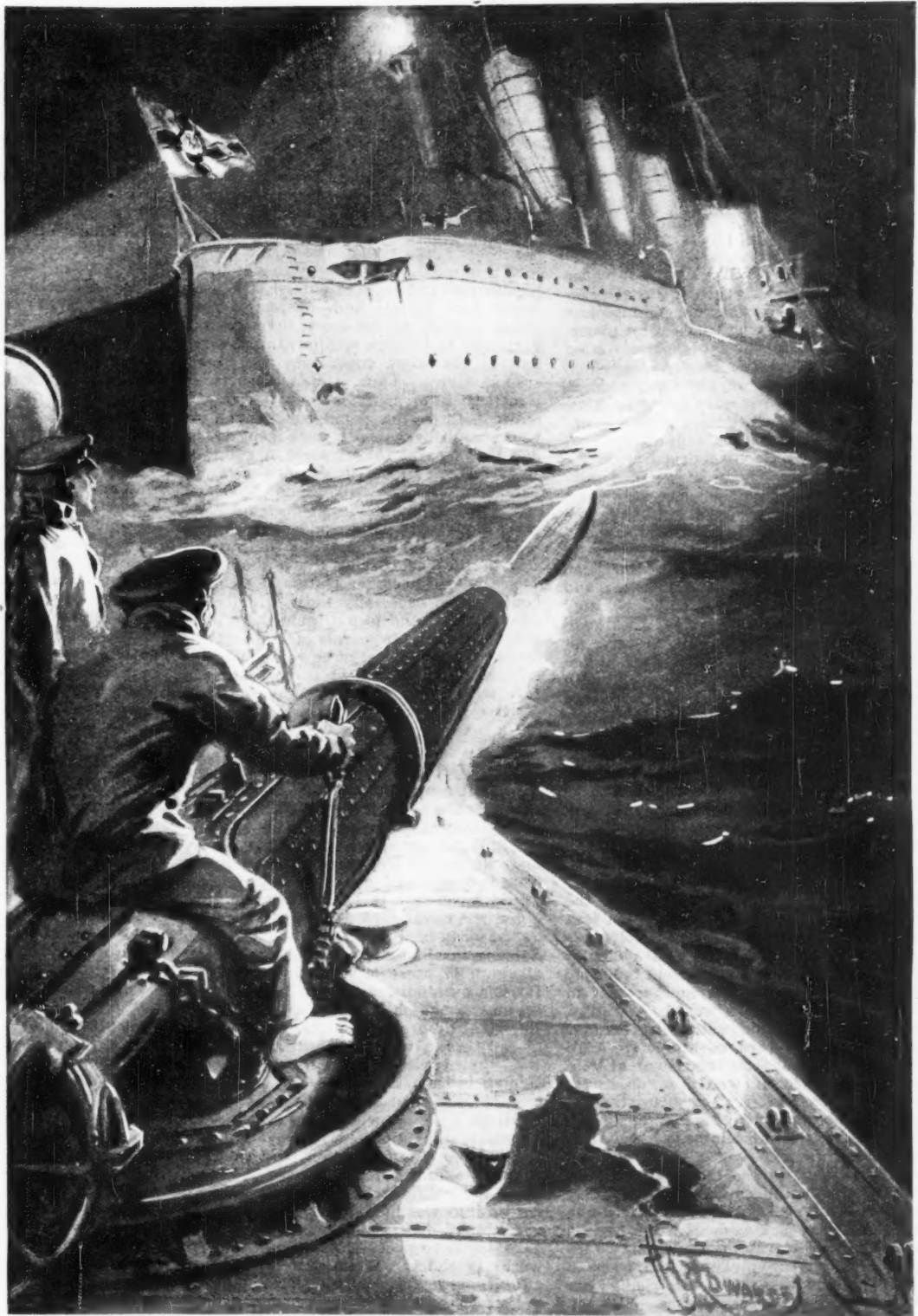
"Come at once, the car is at the door," said the elder man huskily. "I saw—" Miss Barnsley could not catch the whispered name.

"I had wondered if he might not be here," said the listener calmly. "He was always oddly punctilious in such matters, dates and figures, and the how and when of events. A day of remarkable happenings, this eighth day of August, 1914! You were indeed fortunate he did not see you. He had, I remember, a very long memory, a powerful hand, a fiercely burning heart. His teacher used to say all that was needed was to put his nose to the scent, he would run down the most abstruse fact to its remotest lair. He has quite a big bill to square, and is a bad man because he pays so inexorably. The men who are indifferent in these matters are much easier to handle. A big debt, a bitter, ugly debt."

"This is neither time or place for covert moralizings," snapped the other roughly, resenting something of contempt and menace in his companion's manner. "We should never agree on that subject."

"No, I think not," answered the younger man slowly. "I do not like covert moralizings either. But as we are in—what shall I say—partnership, it can do no harm to say to you that it was damnable, hellish, vile."

"Those whose opinions govern both of us did not so regard it, and—" He hesitated an instant.



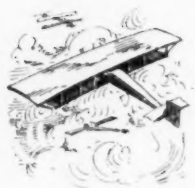
The chance came . . . Cranswick thundered his order and under the water a torpedo slipped away.

"If the car is ready, let us go," broke in the younger man, rising.

Miss Barnsley rose quickly and followed them to the door, undecided how to act, wishing she might meet her brother. In the distance a slate colored racing car was disappearing swiftly. Enquiring at the office she learned that the elder of the two was a well-known business man in the eastern part of the Province, with large interests in mines; the other a

business acquaintance of his, an American, also greatly interested in the mined product. There were many of those Americans, with oddly Germanic names and wide interests doing very active business in the Province of Quebec in those days; and there are some still, very silent, very cordial on occasion, very popular because of a notable free handedness. They are not poor enough to run any danger of an internment camp, and too

American, when it comes to the proof, to have their neutrality called in question. Moreover, they are so vitally connected with the big and wealthy that it is a menace to the big business of the province to suggest that they are anything beside worthily popular business men.



III.

CAPTAIN BARNESLEY was late for dinner. An Admiralty man, at present on Dominion service, his comings and goings these busy war times were uncertain. Waiting for him, his sister's mind dwelt on the overheard conversation. Suspicion in those early days of the big struggle had not been roused. Little by little the world of the old time had to be convinced, much against its will, of the thoroughness of the German preparation for the long-planned scheme of world domination. Many were much more suspicious of the Jingo in their own land than the bland and amiable Teuton. The knowledge had to seep into minds gradually that any considerable body of men, no matter how hare-brained the Kaiser and Crown Prince might be, could possibly enter into friendly houses, eat the bread and salt of cordial hospitality, receive all the fullest courtesies of civilized intercourse, and between dinners plan with calm, philosophic efficiency the best way in which to cut the throats of their hosts. The world had gone beyond that stage. Men had still to learn the extreme patriotic piety of Court Chaplains, and eminent theologians, and to discover that there is no devilry hatched in hell that you cannot find a kind of logic for, or some Doctor of Divinity to father.

Miss Barnesley was unsuspicious. She had the English dislike of a scene that might turn out after all to be but the silliest of farces. The conversation was susceptible, perhaps, of an entirely personal interpretation. The men evidently were known, and to some extent, vouched for. Still she was not altogether easy in her mind. She was a woman of thirty, with distinction and charm of manner and appearance rare as attractive. To many, who regard the matrimonial goal as the measure of woman's success in life, it was a matter of surprise that so delightful a woman had never married.

It was not because opportunities had been lacking. Those who knew her best whispered that in the tragedy of Frank Danton the reason could be found. She had been engaged to the young naval officer when the shock came of his arrest on the charge of betraying his country's interests to Germany. There had been no more brilliant man among the rising generation of the Senior Service. Coming under the eye of the great reorganizer of the British Navy, he shot rapidly to the fore as a man of mark in the new scientific school of sea fighters. Among naval men of all nations, to whom his genius and inventive skill were known, he was regarded as one whom opportunity would carry to a place on the splendid roll of great British sea captains.

This particular period marked the transition of the British Navy from a comparatively inefficient service, in which quantity rather than quality was considered, to the most efficient fighting arm the world has ever seen, the German army

not excepted. Then the lists were filled with imposing names of ancient, out-dated vessels, with antiquated armament, slow, cumbersome, ill-equipped, and kept in the first line because at the time of their launching they had been remarkable. The cries of Parliamentary economists, who

believed the Millennium would arrive before 1914, and that it was time for beating swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks, deprecated naval expenditures, and pointed out what a wonderful fleet Britain had—on paper. Nothing appeals to me more than the opportunity to indulge sentimental idealism and at the same time keep the purse-strings tight. Thus it was, then, with Great Britain, as it is to-day with the United States, the genial pacifist had his way and believed with such soul as he had that he was the greatest of progressives instead of the most pitiful of reactionaries. The Millennium, unless it comes from the outside, as does not seem very likely, will have to depend on the consensus of sane opinion, or the compulsion of the criminal by the law abiding. There is still need for bolts and locks on house doors, especially those with treasures in them, and to put them there is no reflection upon the morals of humanity at large. We cannot yet put away police protection. The wealthiest pacifist keeps a safe with an intricate combination, and resents the footpad just as if he were not a man of peace.

FORTUNATELY at the head of the British Admiralty was a man who saw only the necessity of an efficient fleet; so, heedless of the cries of economists who would have persisted in sending thousands of sailors to sea in ships that the first broadside of an up-to-date cruiser would have sent to the bottom, he relegated the naval junk with the big names to the scrap heap, filling their places with fighting machines of the first rank. Not all, happily, were lulled to quiescence by Prussian blandishments. Treachery in the past had richly rewarded the Teuton. The stealthy preparation, the sudden leap at the throat, the swift beating down of the unprepared, had paid enormously. Denmark, Austria, France had been humbled in less than forty weeks of actual fighting. Schleswig-Holstein, Alsace, Lorraine, the supremacy of Prussia in the German Confederation, the vast indemnity extorted from France—these were the brilliant trophies won less by fighting in the field, than by long-planned, slowly matured treachery.

In some respects the memory of the world is short. When the criminal is affable, powerful, rich, it is not difficult to forget the ancient offence and believe one's first impression to have been false. Now a new day had come, and with it new projects. From mastery of Europe to world mastery was not too great a step for an ambitious imagination. To meet the demands of the new projects, to make victory on sea as certain as victory on land had been, new preparations were made. The native, inseparable bombast of the Prussian made the danger less insidious than otherwise it might have been. The grandiloquent Mailed Fist speech, the telegram to Kruger, the announcement that Germany's future lay on the sea, the gigantic Navy Law, and the per-

iodic rattling of the sword all gave warning to those who were minded to heed it.

IN the dawning of the new day and Britain's preparation for its task, Danton had his place. Deceived as politicians might be, the men providentially at the head of the Navy were not to be fooled by Teutonic blandishments and amiable hypocrisies. It was known that an army of spies, men and women, infested London, whose business it was to make Naval men their especial study. Secrets were reaching Germany—no one doubted that. Some minor arrests had been made and convictions of small fry secured, but it was known that more than signal codes, fleet dispositions, harbor defences, was being disclosed to Berlin. There were searches, diligent, and anxious, for the man "higher up."

Danton had been on furlough, had spent some days at Ostend, then in the days of its attempted rivalry of Monte Carlo. There he had met with German friends. One day the amazing hint dropped out of the skies into Admiralty offices. Danton was found drunk or drugged in a hotel, with incriminating papers and large sums of money upon him, that were later traced to German banks. Search of his rooms in town revealed letters, plans of construction known to have been sold to Germany, and a great many incriminating documents, that furnished so strong and connected a chain of proof that escape was impossible. Even in his rooms aboard ship was found damning evidence against him. There was only one possible verdict at the court martial, and Danton spent five years in prison, a sentence whose lightness surprised the world.

HIS fall came upon the proud Service as an unspeakable calamity. When he came out of the horrible place into an even bleaker world, there was waiting for him in the dreary little prison town a woman, tender, confident, true, whose anchor of faith had held through the storm when all others dragged. They saw each other but for a few moments. There were no pledges, nothing was said of the future, but Danton went out among men again strengthened by the assurance of a woman's changeless belief. Not once during all the terrible strain had Ellen Barnesley's faith wavered.

This her brother attributed to the fine spirit of a generous woman, loyal to the first instincts of her breeding. She never spoke of Danton, even to him, and he hoped that the man had been finally weighed and found wanting in the scales of her clear-thinking mind.

When he went away from her, Danton left the world he had known and that had known him. He changed his name, and for a time was in the employ of a famous submarine builder in the United States, later accepting a position in one of the young South American Navies, and working rapidly up to a command. There, records and certificates are not absolutely vital. Coming from Rivers, the submarine man, it was not difficult from that base for a man of Danton's powers to work his way up.

PRESENTLY a servant entered the room in which Miss Barnesley was sitting, to say that her brother had returned and awaited her in their private dining room. She joined him at once, purposing to tell him what she had overheard when

the servant should leave the room. While giving his order to the man, Barnsley took up the letter that had been brought up. His sister watched him curiously, as he paused in his instructions to look at the writing. Some instinct told her this was the letter the stranger had written. He finished his order to the servant, who left the room. With a word of apology, he opened the letter, and something fell to the table—a triangular piece of silver—part of a coin. Unfolding the note, he glanced rapidly over it.

"What an extraordinary thing! How on earth—? The eighth of August, 1914," said Barnsley half aloud. He picked up the piece of metal, examined it, then took from his purse a similarly shaped bit of tarnished silver and fitted the two together on the cloth, his sister watching eagerly.

"A most amazing thing!" he said, looking up. He gave her the note.

"Dear Old Chap. (it ran), I believe I was the one to suggest our compact of twenty-five years ago, so I should be the first to keep it. The world has reversed its motion, as we understood it a quarter of a century ago. Too bad it could not have waited a little longer, instead of balking us by a pitiful four days. I am positively hungry for that royal blow-out you promised—a sailor's appetite—but there's nothing else for it; we must extend the time a little. I should like to have seen you, but just now your hospitality might be too attentive. I wonder if F. will show up? Poor old F. However, a toast to the Triple Alliance of the old time, and the postponed meeting.—M."

"DELIVERED at the office by hand. I'll go down and investigate. I'll be back presently, but don't wait." Barnsley rose to leave the room.

"I think, perhaps, I can tell you something about it," she said, detaining him. "It sounds rather absurd, but you may judge for yourself." And she told him of the overheard conversation, describing the motorists as distinctly as possible. "I feel sure the younger wrote that note."

"It was the man himself," said Angus, when she had finished. "The other I do not know, but I'll find out details at the office. I may be absent some time. You had better not wait for me." And he left the room hurriedly. She ordered the delaying of dinner, and, recalling the conversation of the afternoon, considered it in the light of her knowledge. Her brother was away for some time. When he came back he was silent and unusually absorbed. She waited patiently until he was ready to tell her what she wished to know.

"That note was from Max Barsdorf, an old Rheinwied schoolfellow, now Captain in the German Navy." And he told her of the boyish compact, omitting reference to the third party to it.

"The Dreibund! The Triple Alliance!" she repeated quietly. "The third was Frank Danton, I suppose?"

"Yes," he replied; and gave his attention to the food on his plate.

"I am afraid I shall be very busy for an hour or two at the office downtown," he said as they left the table. "I must leave for Ottawa to-morrow and there is a great deal to be attended to in the meantime. Can you find anything to amuse

you? It must be awfully slow and dull for you with only your maid."

"I don't find it so in the least," she smiled. "You must not think at all of me or I shall be afraid I am in the way. I find the old city very wonderful. I want to see the sunset from the Terrace, and then, if everything else fails, there are heaps of letters to write."

SHE WENT out a few minutes later and shortly afterwards he left to attend to his affairs. A brisk walk soon brought him to the building in which an office had been set apart for him. On the ground floor a number of men were waiting to be admitted to one of the rooms. Hurrying to the elevator he paused a moment to look them over. They were mostly of the type very familiar to him, reservists, old service men, with perhaps some volunteers seeking enlistment, all anxious to be in the middle of the big ring. There had been a constant stream since the declaration of war.

Barnsley's experienced eye now ran over them approvingly. They were the right kind. Men from farm and mine and workshop—answering the call. Suddenly his glance was riveted on a tall, well-built man, clearly of a different class from the majority. The subtle hallmark of class was on him, and the men standing round, keen judges, seemed to recognize it. Barnsley recognized him at once. It was Danton.

The officer did not hesitate a moment after recognition. There was a clouded anger on his face. He walked forward and tapped the man on the shoulder sharply. The other turned swiftly.

"I want to see you a moment. Come with me!" said Barnsley. The other followed without a word and they went upstairs to a private room and the officer closed the door.

"What were you doing in that line?" he demanded of Danton, who returned his gaze without flinching.

It was a strong, fine face, full of clean-cut power. Barnsley in his wrath had to acknowledge that the man had not "let go" despite his fall. He did not know whether to be glad or sorry. He marvelled for an instant, at the power so terrible an experience had not shattered.

"I came to answer the call," Danton replied.

"The call is not for you, and you know it," rapped Barnsley, sharply. "We are summoning men to fight the German—against him I mean, don't you understand?"

He was not the man to mince words, and he did not mean the other's feelings should be touched tenderly.

"Then you mean to bar me?" asked Danton.

"I most certainly do," came the swift reply. "We want men, trained men where we can get them. All we ask is that they are sound, loyal to the allegiance they swear, but—well, what's the use of wasting words? I don't want any fuss or

dramatic scene about the man who wants to come back and that kind of stuff. Some may come back, but there are others for whom there is no return road. Everything has broken down behind them, and there is nothing but space. For your own

sake, for old times' sake, keep out of that line. That's all I've got to say, and I cannot make it too plain."

He uttered the prohibition slowly, emphatically. There was menace in his tone.

"Barnsley!" said Danton after a moment's pause. The strong self-possession had not wilted under the other's words. "As you may suppose, it is not an easy matter to ask consideration from you. I have no desire to speak of the past, no protestation of innocence, no excuse to make. Let that stand as it is for the present. It won't always stand. So much I will say. I've enough faith left in me to believe that hell will not always be top-side. I want to serve, I don't care in what capacity. Is there no place I can fill, without peril to the flag I used to serve under?"

"There is none," answered Barnsley. "None."

"You used to reckon me a man who knew his trade," said Danton.

"The man you were would be priceless to us to-day," replied the officer, moved, despite himself, as he recalled what had been prophesied in gun-room and service club of the man before him.

"I am the man I was," said the visitor quietly. "All I ask is to get back to a British ship, under the old ensign, on the fighting line. You cannot suggest any service I will turn from. Try me. I am a better, more skilled man than I was in the old days, and I have a big account of my own to square. Has the country no use for a man of my training and powers?"

There was no egotism in the speech. The listener, and thousands of others, had experienced, in his fall, the bitterest sorrow of their lives. It was the downfall not of one who was insignificant, but of a stronger tower in the vital line of defense.

"Look here, Danton," said Barnsley in gentler tone, as he considered the anguish of such a man as the one before him, shut out from the great opportunity that had been the dream at least of the clean years of his career. "God knows I don't want to rake up the damnable story. If any man believed in you, to the bitter end, I did, for every reason. When the report came out at first I laughed at the absurdity of it. I'd have cheerfully killed the man who suggested it. And then came the proof, hammered into my unwilling mind by hard, cold fact. You made your own hell and jumped into it, in spite of every sacred tie in life, your country, your God, your friends—all of us who held you as a brother, and more. You were meant for a leader, a Captain of Captains. You traded us like cattle in the market to our deadliest, foulest foe, for money. And this night, if I could take you out of your torment I would not! Hell is made for deeds like yours, and if I lied or hid the truth to free you for service, I'd be guilty as you were. Now go!"

He turned away to the window and did not look round again until he heard the door open and close, and he knew he was alone. He sat down to work, feeling strangely shaken. The interview had stirred him to the depths.



IV.

DAYLIGHT was fading into dusk.

The day had been hot, but with sunset had come the delicious coolness of the Canadian summer evening. From the commanding height of the grandly picturesque old world city, Danton looked down on the lordly St. Lawrence, its waters brilliant with the hues of the setting sun. A stark, war-painted cruiser was threshing its way toward Gulf and open sea. He watched her every movement, his face hard and drawn with fierce, hopeless longing. As she passed out of sight, leaving the darkening river dreary and lifeless, she symbolized all he had lost. Eight years before this cruiser, now plunging seaward, had been his command. To-night he envied the opportunity and clean name of the humblest sailor who served aboard her.

Barnsley's words had impressed upon him, as had nothing since he left England, the immeasurable gulf separating him from the world that had cast him out. He and Barnsley had been intimate from childhood, their lives seemingly inextricably interwoven. For a bitter moment the gulf seemed to be impassable. There came again to him the suggestion of a former service friend, spoken when the trial was almost over. It summed up the judgment of the men he had known, their best, kindest advice.

"There's always the big retreat, Danton. There's always the way of the bullet." A thousand times, in crucial moments, when the fighting spirit, had pressed, had pulsed low, the words had echoed through his mind. "The big retreat. The way of the bullet!" He had always repulsed the bitter advice contemptuously. To-night it came to him like a ringing bugle call. A fierce determination to fight hell back to his last gasp gripped him anew. There should be no retreat. If he had to go down without vindication, it should be fighting, and from the fire of the enemy. All had not been lost. Out of the mists of the past, the darkness of the present, came the face, sweet and tender, of the woman who had not failed him.

THE HARD lines in his face softened, his figure whipped up straight. There was much to fight for beside his own place in the world, a woman's faith to justify, her love to crown.

"Frank!" a voice called softly; a hand was laid on his arm. For a moment he thought it was but the dream face he had hungered for.

"Ellen!" he whispered. And then, as he looked upon her, the gulf separating her from him seemed wide as eternity, the prison brand to be stamped inerisably on his very forehead.

"Take me away from here, where we may speak," she said. They walked on in silence until they came to a more secluded spot. Her eyes shone with an eager light, the color glowed in her face. Trouble and the heavy burden of suffering love had given to her a new, rarer beauty. There came to him a determination to keep this last holy thing given to him from the vultures that ever hovered over him.

"Ellen, you should not have done this," he said. "Can't you see, dear, that the thought of you being soiled by contact with my evils is bitterest of all. I cannot bear the thought of any clouding of your life."

"You can't help it, Frank," she smiled. "I am what I am, so near to you in every thought, that the clouds that are over you must darken my skies. I would not have it otherwise. If I feared to walk with you in the darkness I should not be fit to stand with you when the sunlight comes again."

The wonder of her clear shining love awed him to new reverence, and kept him silent.

"And the light is coming, I know it, I know it," she said with a strange triumphant conviction that startled him. "Now tell me of these last years."

SO HE told her of his work in the States, the gaining of the first foothold from which he had climbed to the commission he had more recently held. It was not a great position, but still a notch on the face of the steep cliff from which advance might be made. Then, when the war clouds were gathering, so sure was he that the day prepared for so long by the Prussian war bureaucracy had been determined upon by them, and the decision arrived at to make the Sarajevo murders the excuse for the raid upon

What is the strangest industry in Canada? An article in MARCH MACLEAN'S will tell what it is and all about it.

civilization, that he threw up his commission and hastened north at once.

He told her of his interview with her brother an hour or two before.

"We cannot blame him, Ellen," he said. "In his place, with similar facts before me, I should do the same."

"But Angus cannot bar every door," she encouraged him. "The war is your big opportunity. There must be a way."

"If I have to go the round of the Empire till I find a hole in the fence, I am going to get inside." There was a dogged determination in the set face, a hopefulness in his voice that still further stimulated her own courage. She did not think her loyalty to Angus permitted her to speak of the Barsdorf coming and the letter, but she drew him on, speaking of the old school friendship until he had told her of the compact that had fixed this day as the time of the reunion. She expressed a wish to have the piece of silver he had kept, and he gave it to her. They conversed till the darkness was falling, then turned to go back.

"There is one thing, Frank, that we must change," she said. "I must know where you are, so that we may write to each other. The silence since you left England had been hardest of all to bear. There is no need for that to continue."

She gave him her address in Ottawa and he promised to acquiesce in her plans. He went with her as far as he dared in the direction of the hotel, and, with her kiss glowing on his lips, watched her till she disappeared.

V.

THERE was a fresh color in her cheeks, and her eyes shone brightly when she entered the sitting room to find her brother back from his work. He was buried in thought, with newspapers about him on the floor.

"You are late, Ellen," he greeted her. "The air has done you good. You look charming, my dear."

"It was very delightful," she answered. "I have been with Frank. It is right that you should know it, Angus."

"I am sorry," he responded slowly. "I had hoped that trouble was dead and buried beyond hope of resurrection."

"Angus," she said. "You have always been kind and considerate to me. We have been much more to each other than brother and sister usually are, and I wish you to understand fully. There has never been and never can be, any change in my relationship with Frank. Whether he is vindicated before the world, or not, he needs no clearing in my eyes. I know what you could say. There is not one black fact unknown to me. I have searched them piece by piece, seeking the loophole, the falseness that is there somewhere. I do not blame you, but I have other standards to judge by. You need not fear awkward developments, for there will be no change until the truth is established. I would marry him to-morrow, but he would not let me. So we wait for the dawning. We have waited long, eight years already. It has been a heavy task, and yet light for his sake. We know that the vindication in full light of day will come."

"I would give all I possess, for his sake as well as yours, for my own also, if it could be so," he answered sadly. "I suppose he told you that he had seen me?"

"Yes, you were right according to your standards," she agreed. "You could have done nothing else. That I know, and so does Frank. But, Angus, there are some questions puzzling me. There is meaning in them I do not understand as yet, but I am convinced that if I could have them answered a clue could be found to the method by which Frank was betrayed. All the evening, ever since you received that note, they have been turning in my mind. Who was it the man from the tea-room saw when he went out to the garage? Could it have been Frank the spy saw? It was some one known to both of them. I did not speak to Frank about it, or about Captain Barsdorf. I thought perhaps it would not be exactly in accordance with my duty to you."

"It was very thoughtful of you, dear," he said appreciatively. "Yes, I have been considering that, and I think the probabilities are it was Frank. It is quite possible that a spy, now active here, may have worked before in another field. When one becomes known or suspected by reason of his undue prominence in any particular direction, the German service will move him across the world to a healthier and still useful spot."

THE SUBJECT was a distressing one, his love for her making him very sensitive about hurting her feelings. He could quite understand that a prominent Prussian secret service man, who knew his England, would not be ignorant of the Danton affair. Who could know? The man might have been mixed up with the naval officer's downfall.



"Then if it was Frank, why should this man fear him so much?" she pursued. "One might expect contempt toward a tool used for a base purpose, ruined and cast aside. But the man was in abject, trembling fear. Why did Captain Barsdorf say it was well for the man Frank had not seen him, that Frank had a long memory, a powerful hand, a fiercely burning heart? That does not sound like the mere desire to avoid a despicable traitor, does it?"

"I do not understand it myself," replied Barnsley. This he did understand, that former confederates might easily disagree, and, in such evil matters, the disagreement might be deadly. Danton had not been the man to be cast aside easily.

"And what did Captain Barsdorf mean by saying that some act of the spy's, for that was the distinct implication of the conversation, was 'damnable, hellish, vile?' Would not the words fit some evil trap laid to catch an innocent man?" she asked.

The force of her reasoning impressed itself upon her brother, but he made no reply. There was much to weigh and consider.

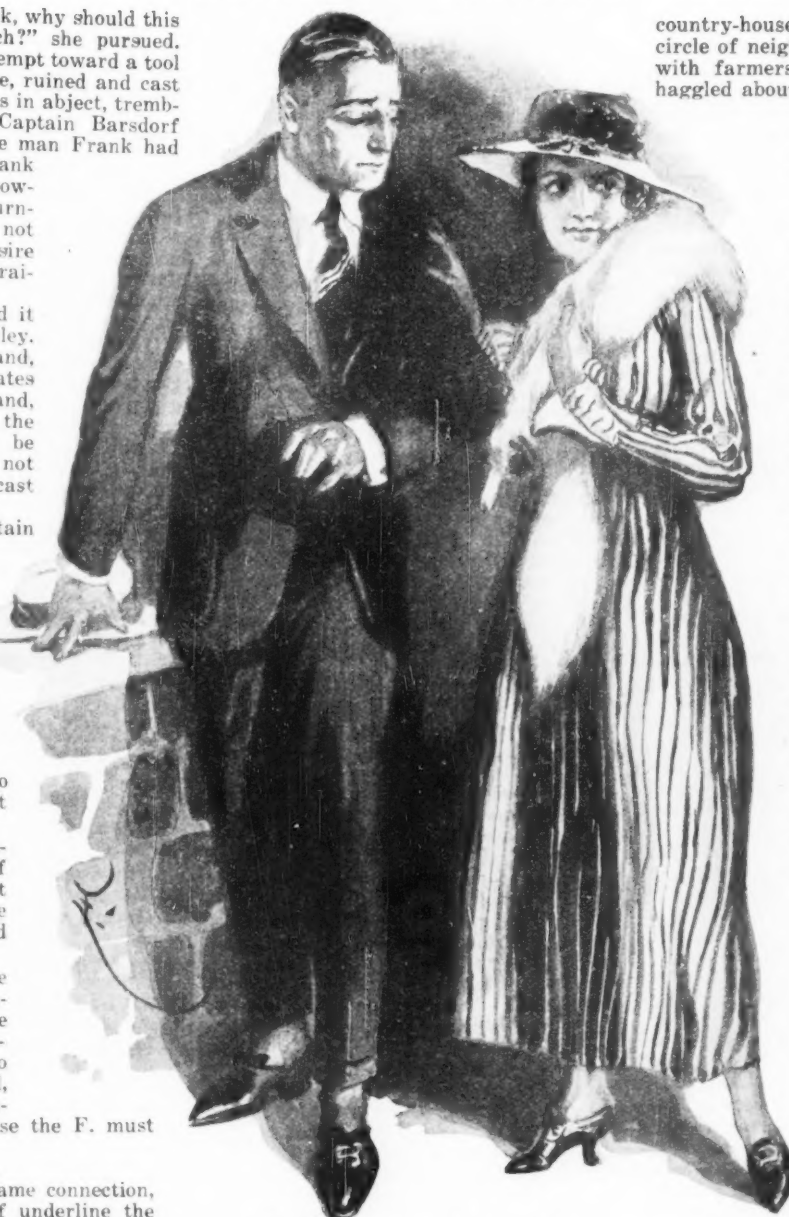
"And there is one thing more," she continued, driving home her argument. "Captain Barsdorf refers to Frank in his note and, certainly not at all contemptuously. I suppose the F. must mean Frank?"

He nodded in reply.

"And why, in the same connection, does Captain Barsdorf underline the word *triple* in the note? Would it not seem that he does not exclude Frank from his friendship. Captain Barsdorf is a man of honor, is he not?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Barnsley readily. There had been no submarine frightfulness, no butchery of helpless women and children on the high seas by German submarine commanders as yet, and the German naval officer was still classified with the men of a chivalrous profession.

"Would he be willing, do you think, to associate, even indirectly, with one who, though his villainy had been of service to Germany, was a traitor to his own flag?" she continued. "Would he call that man friend who sold his own country? Is there not still a code among all honorable men—friends or foes—that bars for ever the traitor from fellowship? Would Captain Barsdorf, the man you know, call that officer a friend, discovered or undiscovered, who had betrayed his country? Whatever England, the Admiralty, you, may believe, Captain Barsdorf knows that Frank was guiltless, and he was speaking of the plot that ruined his friend, though of another and an enemy nationality, when he called it 'damnable, hellish, vile!' And Angus—"



"Frank!" a voice called softly; a hand was laid on his arm.

He looked up doubtful, perplexed.

"Keep the pieces of silver for me. Here is the third part," she said. "You may give them to me on my wedding morning when we enter into the full sunlight again. I can see the dawn coming, ever so faintly perhaps, but the sun is behind it, rising, and the day will soon be here. Good-night, dear." And she bent over and kissed him.

HE WAS still busy with his thoughts when a call came. He had been expecting it, so flinging on a light coat and cap he went downstairs. A car was waiting with three men in it. He jumped in and a few minutes later they were across the river speeding into the dark country. For over two hours they rushed along at racing speed, and at last drew up by the side of a small lake. High up the steep slope stood a spacious house, standing in extensive grounds, and commanding a full view of the water and a wide range of hilly country beyond. It was the country residence of Schwartz, the mining operator, within which he had dispensed lavish

country-house hospitality to an admiring circle of neighbors and friends. Popular with farmers and tradesmen, he never haggled about prices and paid spot cash. Such a man is idolized in any community wherein money is the true *elixir vitae*.

A drowsy farm bailiff came to the door. His master had gone away that morning, and was likely to be away for some time, in the States like enough. Examination of the house showed the probability of the absence being a very long one. Papers had been collected and destroyed, for the big open fire place was full of charred remains. All had not been burned in the hurried task. The searchers found plans of the roads in the county, drawn with the intimate fidelity of the laborious Teutonic draughtsman, accurate maps of the valuable mine properties of the vicinity, that had interested German capital largely, the whereabouts of the large stores of explosives, lists of the more important families in the neighborhood, and the estimated wealth of the more notable residents. With the same fidelity to detail that had characterized preparation for the Teutonic raid on Belgium and northern France, Eastern Canada had been mapped out under the eye of the amiable German-American, Mr. Schwartz, in Germany a German, in America an American, jealous of the honor of the "flag of his adoption" and in Canada the friend of all, the enemy of none, smiling, fatly urbane, rich.

IN A remote building was discovered a powerful wireless plant that had been dismantled. The bailiff knew there was some funny machinery there, but had been told he must not go near it as experiments with dynamite were being made. What did he know about such things? There was little doubt that the snug, country residence of the rich bachelor had been a safe rendezvous, not far from the line, for those who sought to prepare the way for a possible German Colonial Empire in North America, money being used as the most effective blind.

Never has there been better illustration than in these recent years that, no matter what God men may worship, or to what King or country they may profess allegiance, the God and Monarch that levels all barriers and makes men one is He of the hundred cents, the Almighty Dollar. In his presence even the voice of Conscience is hushed. He has as many logical reasons for demonstrating black to be white as a Prussian doctor of philosophy or religion in proving murder a positive virtue.

Barnsley annexed, as his own private booty, a rare photograph of the ex-mining

magnate. He was desirous of establishing if possible any connection there might be between the man in the lonely Quebec hills and the downfall in London and Ostend of Frank Danton. That there was some link he no longer doubted, but how its discovery would help his former friend, or Ellen, he did not see.

THE NEXT day he left for Ottawa with his sister, and shortly afterwards was recalled to England for a short time, Ellen remaining with friends until he should return. She was not idle in the meantime, and, as Captain Barnsley's sister played her part during the manifold activities of those early war days.

Canada was fully awake, armies were being enrolled, equipped, drilled, and sent overseas to blazon the name of the Dominion fadelessly on the scroll of fame. Naval matters were not ignored. There were enemy raiders afloat, fast, powerful, enterprising, lacking nothing either of supplies or information from well planted agencies all over the Continent. On both coasts deep anxiety was felt despite the sheltering of the mighty British Navy. Seas are wide, and, in hunting, more hounds than hares are required. Many nervous folk lived in apprehension of an attack upon the land they had deemed to be inviolable. Theories went by the board in minutes, and many a pacifist who had demonstrated, in the abstract, to the last dot and dash, the absolute impossibility of various things, found to his alarm that the theoretic and moral impossibility had become a probability, and that his only protection from an impossible raid by a benevolent people lay in the activity and ceaseless vigilance of the ships and sailors of Great Britain three thousand miles away. Many an eloquent orator whose home bordered on the ocean wished with all the intensity of his nature that one of those floating war machines he had condemned as menaces against the Millennium were outside the bay yonder between his life and property and a German raider. It is one thing to have a theory, but quite another to be compelled to live up to it when the views of the enemy do not jibe with it. One's view of Tommy Atkins and Jack Tar varies, as Mr. Kipling has pointed out, according as peace reigns or "the drums begin to roll."

DURING all this time of hurrying preparation Miss Barnsley saw Danton more than once. There came a morning when she sent for him, and a little later in the day he was on his way to the Pacific Coast, with a recommendation from an influential authority suggesting that a place might be found for a man who had large experience of the new warfare, especially as it applied to submarines, and had resigned a commission elsewhere in order to get into the big line. Sometimes it is denied, probably with truth, that a woman's influence is exerted in the matter of appointments, or that it achieves its objects. Be that as it may, it is certain that, when it was known that the Barnsleys knew the applicant, and that Miss Barnsley had expressed interest, it did not hinder his chances.

The how and wherefore is of little importance, the main point being that when the man presented himself at the western coast town he soon found himself aboard a King's ship and under the old flag.

VI.

"H E'S A slippery devil all right, but a damned good sportsman, which you can't say for a lot of his crowd," grinned Brock of the cruiser *Montreal* presently taking aboard supplies at Vancouver, preparatory to putting to sea again. His companion was Trench of the destroyer *Albatross* just in from a trip along the coast. Neither was in the very best of cheer. Hunt the slipper is a good name, but it palls after a time, and variety is welcome.

The *Koenigsfeldt*, of the Imperial German Navy, had been enjoying itself amazingly, flitting up and down the coast like a destructive Will o' the Wisp, playing hawk to western trading ship chickens ever since the war began. Elusive as a phantom, she had evaded a dozen well-planned traps, having as sound information from her compatriots ashore as if she were in a German harbor. Every vessel she sank, in her daring ventures, rubbed a new raw spot on the tough, substantial person of Brock.

He was now surveying with approving eye the trim, business-like shape of the destroyer berthed below.

"You look very fit down there," he said, nodding toward the *Albatross*. "Who's this Cranswick chap Ottawa sent you? Gunroom look about him, different from some of the Johnnies you rake up in emergency times like these?"

"Don't know anything about his pedigree, and in some way he's a bit of a puzzle to me. Still these times we are not worrying too much about antecedents so long as the man himself has the stuff. The war is going to make us the most democratic folk on the face of the earth," replied Trench. "What I do know is that he was a civilian at one time working with Rivers, the Yankee submarine man. Anything he doesn't know about underwater craft isn't worth the knowing. Latterly he swapped to an infant navy in South America somewhere, but threw up the job and came North when the band began to play. Whatever is back of him, and wherever he hails from, he is a star. What suits Ottawa is good enough for me, especially when it's a man of his class in real work. We are all praying our hardest for a fly at the German, but this chap is cold, fighting mad, like a fellow with a bitter grudge fight on his hand. Has had an overdose of the Teuton stuff some time or other, and it left a bad taste."

"The Lord send us more of them" prayed Brock piously. "And when he sends them I wish there'd come a hint of where we can stack up against the dodger for the scrap. I never did care much for overdoing footwork in the ring, though, of course, that is the chap's game."

AROUND at the telephone and the arrival of a messenger broke up the chat. News had been wirelessly along that the *Koenigsfeldt* had been seen, heading North at full speed. There were humors from all along the coast, faked, likely enough, as Brock granted, in order to keep him burning good coal on a wild goose chase. Still there were possibilities that the Prince Rupert coal packets might be attractive to the raider, since latterly a keener vigilance over the movements of "neutral" colliers had made the supplies of raiders much less regular and much more precarious. Then the delight of

dropping a few visiting cards in the shape of shells into the brisk streets of Vancouver would appeal peculiarly to the ideas of Teutonic Kulture.

Hoping for the best, out slid the two war dogs within the hour, and very many days elapsed before Vancouver saw either of them again. Rumors of the usual type flew about. First they had been in action with half a dozen German warships, darting north after Colonel to exhibit to Canada the prowess of the challenger for sea dominion. But ten days later the destroyer crept into Prince Rupert just after nightfall. Trench was obviously disappointed on account of his failure. Cranswick was more silent, leaner, hungrier-looking than ever, but he had the crew in what Trench exulted over as "North Sea fighting kilter." Given a chance, the *Albatross* would show the result of ceaseless striving after naval efficiency.

It was depressing to realize that they had been the victims of another scare-head rumor. Still it was all in the game. No word of the adversary had reached British Columbia during this time, which was more hopeful, in Cranswick's eyes, than the more sensational rumors. The cruiser was still abroad hunting farther afield.

DEADLY dull was the night, as only such a night in Prince Rupert could be. The drip! drip! drip! of the misty rain added the last touch of dreariness to the tedious place. Cranswick was on deck in glistening oilskins, peering seaward. There was a strangely anticipatory restlessness in his veins to-night.

Toward eleven events began to move. A launch flitted in hotfoot with news. In the blackness it had almost run into the darkened enemy, feeling his cautious way inwards, and had been fortunate enough to be unnoted.

In a very few minutes the hunter stole out, lights blanketed, keenest eyes and ears straining into the gloom. An hour passed without sign and still they ploughed the darkness, like a last voyager on a dead sea. Was the informant mistaken? Had the quarry swung off at some warning message? Had he slipped by in the gloom? It was possible that the imagined enemy was but a cautious merchantman on some lawful errand whom they had missed in the dense blackness.

Suddenly the enveloping fog bank swept upward, at the whim of a sharp gust of wind, a chink of light showed for an instant, to be drowned again by the descending wraiths. In darted the destroyer unperceived.

Then a broad, circling fan of light flashed over the waters, making the billowy mists a world of bright, ghostly shapes, and the guns of the cruiser ripped the fog. Trench and his second in command went down before the action had been many minutes in progress. Almost before he could realize it, the destroyer was in Cranswick's charge. Now and again she staggered, as under a giant's buffet, when a shot found her, but she bore a charmed life. To Cranswick it was all a splendid dream—the dark night, the rolling fog banks, the flame-haloed cruiser, the darting, zig-zagging destroyer waltzing round on her heel, the crashing salvos, the rip and rattle of smaller arms. Above him was the fighting flag of the Empire that all the seas of the world know so well.

Continued on page 61.

Keeping Them in Line

By H. F. Gadsby

Who wrote "Peaches and Lemons," "Conserving the Conservatives," etc.

Illustrated by Lou Skuce

WE ARE all democrats because we are aristocrats at heart. We support the rule of the many because we hope to be of the few who do the ruling. Having uttered these two trite paradoxes of democracy we can now pass on to cabinet control.

We believe in responsible government by, for, and of the people because the people have very little to do with it. We elect a Parliament of two hundred and twenty members, knowing well that fifteen men on one side will do all the executive work, and that the same number of clear thinkers on the other will do all the criticizing. This brings the responsible government of eight million people down to a matter of thirty men, fifteen of whom are in office and fifteen not. The fifteen men who are in office are the Cabinet. The fifteen clear thinkers who are not in office would be the Cabinet if the Government changed hands. A seasoned Ottawa correspondent can always pick out the Opposition Cabinet a year before it is necessary. For instance, if Sir Wilfrid Laurier came into power to-morrow his Finance Minister would be—but that would be telling.

We have reduced responsible government for Canada to thirty men, but that minimum is reducible still further. For the purposes of this calculation you may now get rid of the fifteen clear thinkers in Opposition. They have no authority. All they can do is suggest ideas, inflame the public and harass the fifteen men in office who are doing the business. The outfit you need to keep your eye on is the fifteen men who make up the Cabinet. Fifteen—count 'em—fifteen, approximately one-fifteenth of the Parliament that was elected to govern a country as large as Western Europe, or, to make it more absurd still, three sixteen-hundred-thousandths of the sovereign people who are supposed to do the ruling.

Come again. A little more arithmetic.

The theory, as we have seen, is that all the people rule; the custom is that a Parliament of two hundred and twenty members is elected; the practice is that a committee of fifteen share the work and the actual fact is, if our democracy is run-

able man providing a sword to hang over his own head, and I cannot imagine a strong man asking him to do so.

I prefer to believe that our One Man has the lion-taming eye, the winning smile, or whatever he does it with, and

that he is Master of the Administration on his merits. I could almost swear that he doesn't black-mail his colleagues with their own signed documents for two reasons—because he hasn't the documents to do it with and because he would do it oftener if he had. I say this in the full assurance that in politics you may ascribe the lowest motives to anybody and be perfectly right in your surmise.

As a democracy we must all be glad to feel

that Cabinet ministers do not resign for mere scraps of paper previously signed, but under duress from the big boss who knows when it is time for them to get out. Resignations are all of that kind in Canadian cabinets—resignations at the toe of the boot, as it were. They call it resignation, but often enough the victims are far from being resigned. Some go so far as to seek and wreak revenge—but more of that anon. Resignation—let it go at that. By any other name it would smell as sweet.

This power of kicking his subordinates out, which a strong premier exercises freely, is what is known as cabinet control. I am aware that the public are often agitated over another kind of cabinet control—cabinet control over the rank and file of the predominant party in the House of Commons, but this kind of control is too bald and uninteresting to follow up here. It will always exist so long as the people send to Parliament that ordinary basswood, the average member. The average member is a sheep. He follows the bell-wether. There are, as I said before, about thirty conspicuous thinkers and debaters in the House of Commons and they are the bell-wethers for the rest. The cabinet is, of course, the bell-wether group for



Cabinet control over the rank and file in the House will always exist as long as the people send to Parliament that ordinary basswood, the average member.

ning as smoothly as it should, that one man bosses the job. So that in the last analysis democracy gets back to the rule of one man—the more or less benevolent despot of our dreams. We do not call that man king, but for all practical purposes he is one. He is a king with a difference. We can put him in and we can take him out. The king can do no wrong. At least he can't go farther wrong than five years. We can always chase him at the next general election if he does. In that lies our democracy.

This One Man of ours is not a king by name, but he must be one by nature. He must command the respect and obedience of his followers. If he can command their love so much the better, but if he can't there are ways of getting along without it. He must above all command the respect and obedience of his inner privy council, being at all times able to say to one go and he goeth, and to another come and he cometh; and no back talk from either. The tradition is that when a new premier takes office he has the signed resignations of all his cabinet ministers in his pocket, so that he can cash in, so to speak, on any or all of them as need arises, but I have always doubted that pretty tale. I cannot imagine a reason-



Sir John A. Macdonald was the original cabinet controller. He smiled as he made them walk the plank.

the party in power so that cabinet control of that sort is about as easy as breathing.

IN MY seventeen years' experience in the Press Gallery at Ottawa I have only been present once when cabinet control failed to work its charm on the average member. Some ten years ago I saw the Ontario Liberals hesitate when Sir Wilfrid Laurier injected separate schools into the Autonomy Bills, but they all came to heel when the division bell rang. At the last session of Parliament I thought I saw signs of rebellion in the average member when it came to voting on the Quebec and Saginay railway, but it was only imagination. When the whip cracked the average member swallowed his scruples in a gulp, stood up when the Clerk called for "ayes," and put it across like a little man.

Later on in the session I had the pleasure of seeing the average member assert his independence of cabinet control and insist on an inquiry into the Kyte charges which the Government was not anxious to grant. And that time the average member got away with it. O happy day! But he had been working up to it for seventeen years, and may not spring it again for another seventeen. One forebodes that it was only an accident and that it will not become a habit until the average member increases his average by having a mind capable of doing its own thinking. Perhaps some day the Canadian voter will pick out men like that. Meanwhile cabinet control of the average member goes without saying. If the average member, by any chance, shows a gleam of intelligence, which would make him uncontrollable by the cabinet he is made a chairman of a committee or otherwise absorbed into a responsible position where he is little brother to the con-

trolling influences. Not to go more than three thousand miles away for an illustration look at R. B. Bennett.

Cabinet control of the garden variety, cabinet control, that is to say, of the House of Commons, or speaking more broadly, party control by the party leaders in Parliament, is an understood thing and not worth mentioning. But cabinet control of the cabinet by the man at the top is picturesque, complicated, often stormy and always full of human interest. A cabinet is a microcosm of man's passions—ambition, jealousy, hatred, revenge, treachery, ingratitude, all the black rout. Sometimes love enters in, but not often enough to attract attention.

A cabinet is witches' broth, and the more it is stirred the worse it smells. The cabinet that can control itself, even in this Christian age and country, is a marvel. Greater than he that taketh a city is the cabinet that conquereth its own heart. What does Lloyd George say to that, or Lord Northcliffe, or Sir Edward Carson, or Lord Curzon, or any of the outstanding figures in the Mother of Parliaments? Cabinets must have their quarrels and politicians play their little game, though the world crack and heaven fall. That Ex-Premier Asquith should have driven his wild horses for seven years—five years of civil discord and two of Armageddon thunder—that he should have done this wonderful thing shows him a cabinet controller of whom history will be proud.

No matter what form democracy takes—republic, autonomous dependency, constitutional monarchy—the head man must have control or friction develops. Too many premiers spoil the game. To state it in terms of baseball, the pitcher is the star player and the rest of the team figures as his support. The pitcher must have plenty of time for his

wind-up. He must be at liberty to refuse the catcher's signs if he will and act according to his own judgment. Sometimes he puts a good one over, cuts the very centre of the plate, and fools the enemy that way. Anon he slips one round the corner or drops one under the bat, or sends up a floater or otherwise deceives his adversary. I need not expand the political analogies. The reader will trace them out for himself. The point I am making is that the premier is the pitcher; and the pitcher must have control or all his good intentions go for naught. Even at that the pitcher can still lose the game if his support boots it away.

How about cabinet control in Canada? Well, time was when there was no such thing. Control was the last thing a cabinet wanted. It

thrived on lack of control. The more rage it displayed the better it seemed to suit a peevish electorate which had a habit of burning Parliament Buildings and stoning governor-generals when things did not go to their liking. That was the dim, crepuscular period before Confederation when ancient night struggled with the dawn of hope and there was hell to pay generally. They called it the Union of Upper and Lower Canada. The Union! God save the mark! It was more like a rugby scrimmage—everybody horn-ing in—and those who went down got their faces kicked off!

In those days cabinets did not aim to harmonize. They stood better with their constituents if they gouged each other's eyes out. The voters were fierce too. They had open ballot, cheap whiskey and free fights and many a cracked head went with the independent exercise of the franchise. Every Government had an Attorney-General east and an Attorney-General west, whose chief object in life was not to get along together—and they invariably attained their object. Each successive government had two premiers and a double name and tried to lead a double life under one roof, which is one of the things that cannot be done. Deadlock got the best of them at last. It was this bloody welter that produced the Fathers of Confederation. They were giants. They had to be to survive that hard school.

THE MOST conspicuous of the Fathers was Sir John A. Macdonald. His life is the history of Canada—the dark, the dawn, the bright morning. He was born into chaos and he did not like it. Although he was in many of the hyphenated, inharmonious cabinets between 1854 and 1867, he never learned to love that Janus-faced misery. Sir John was a hard fight-

er—none harder—but he hated bickering. He dwelt in the midst of alarms. He never went to bed without feeling that he might have to get up and answer an alarm before morning. The first thing he asked when he heard the fire bell ring was, "Who's been fired?" That was the hold a cabinet minister had on his job in those dear dead days now happily beyond recall. What Sir John saw in those far-off twilight struggles determined him on one point—when he had a cabinet of his own he would have control.

But it was a long way to Tipperary. Many a year passed before Sir John was in sight of his desire. Heaven only knows how many cabinets of the double-headed, tooth-and-nail, bite-and-scratch sort he was in prior to Confederation, and nothing is to be gained by naming them here—but three blessings he got out of them—training, experience, increased prestige. Cabinets might come and cabinets might go, but John Alexander Macdonald seemed to go on forever. To the voter he loomed up as the one constant figure. Just before the coalition cabinet was formed which carried Confederation there were two general elections and four ministers were defeated, but John A. Macdonald was in all of them. Canada couldn't lose John A. He had his hooks in. He had learned to hang on.

INCIDENTALLY those years of storm and stress developed his method of cabinet control. Let me say right here that his method was the direct antithesis of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's. The difference will explain itself as this article proceeds. The difference is two-fold—of the man and of the manner. I got my first inkling of it many years ago when Sir John received his LL.D. degree, *honoris causa*, at the hands of Toronto University. We were giving him a student's welcome in Convocation Hall—"He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and that sort of thing you know. And he was a jolly good fellow—that was the truth of it. The students felt it in their bones, as many other men had felt it, that the little man with the great dome of a head and the nose beloved of the cartoonists and the ready smile was *bon camarade* to mankind in general. When I studied his career later on I came to the conclusion that that was half of his success—his geniality. He was the original Sunny Jim.

By the same token he was also the original cabinet controller and his method was just that—plenty of sunshine. He smiled as he made them walk the plank. It was not until 1864 that Sir John got a cabinet together of which he was the titular head, but he had been the actual head of many cabinets before that. In fact he was the thread of common sense and equable temper that ran through most of them. The first test of his method occurred in 1856 when it fell to him to ease Sir Allan McNab out of his place in the McNab-Morin government. Anyone who has ever gazed on the portrait of Sir Allan in the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa will realize what a truculent old gentleman he was. One sees there a fine old tawny countenance, a nose to threaten and command, but somewhat fat at the end, the prominent George the Third eye, sidewhiskers, short but bristling, a double chin,

and a checkered waistcoat of many colors. The whole picture seems to say "Demme, sir!" One needs no historian to tell that Sir Allan was a Tory squire of the oldest school and the purplest sort and that in 1856 he had the gout and a violent temper.

Sir John no doubt regarded him, as Lord Northcliffe might to-day, "as an 'aged and inept mediocrity,'" but he never told him so. No doubt also Sir John realized that Sir Allan and his kind would have to be got out of the way if the new party which he had in mind, consisting of moderate Reformers and reasonable Conservatives, was to succeed; but he never said as much to Sir Allan's face. Instead he smiled and smiled, warmed the old man's vanity with his kind words and when the time came to bump him off the old man took it like a lamb. People who knew Sir Allan McNab as he was in his palmy days could hardly believe that he had quit the job without first working himself into an apoplexy through rage. But so it was. Writing about it afterwards Sir John could say, "He is very reasonable and requires only that in his sere and yellow leaf we should not offer him the indignity of casting him aside." Well, Sir John didn't cast him aside exactly, but he let him out, which sounds better and amounts to the same thing.

THE NEXT human obstacle Sir John had to exercise his charm on was George Brown, who was a member of the coalition government which carried Confederation. George Brown was by disposition the Scotch thistle crossed with the American cactus and the fretful porcupine. He had one of those minds which needs something to get mad about or the owner is not happy. His love for a grievance was almost Irish. He defied people to take his grievance away from him and when they did he immediately snatched up another. George Brown was a great man. He loved his country, but he did not love John Alexander Macdonald. In fact he hated him up and down, clear across and through the middle. He hated Mac-

donald because—well, because Brown was Brown and Macdonald was Macdonald and the former couldn't see how the latter could be earnest about great matters and not carry a long face with it.

Still George Brown was patriot enough to sink his hatred for the time being, dine with his enemy in public places, play euchre with him while crossing the Atlantic, and go into society in England with him—all to advance the great cause of Confederation which he had at heart. And yet on the day after Brown resigned the two men resumed their old positions. Brown never spoke to Macdonald again and kept on hammering him in the *Globe* newspaper as before the truce. All of which goes to show that George Brown was a good long-distance hater. Brown remained in the coalition cabinet for one year—just long enough to do the job—and then he quit cold. He couldn't stand Sir John's sunshine any longer. It made him gag. It interfered with his meals. Confound that fellow Macdonald and his hair-trigger smile! Wouldn't he ever quarrel about anything? He wouldn't. Whereupon George Brown resigned and felt much better ever afterwards. He kept his grudge, but it was in great danger for a while of being melted by Sir John's sunny temper.

IN HIS first cabinet after Confederation Sir John had some big men, but not so big that they were above quarrelling. To paraphrase the famous Mr. Fitzsimmons, the bigger they are the sorer they can get, and Sir John soon found out that such was the case. For example, Cartier was miffed because he hadn't been made a knight; McDougall because his Liberal friends weren't getting their share of the Government jobs, and Galt because he thought he was too big to play second fiddle. Sir John smoothed Cartier out by getting him a baronetcy; placated McDougall by giving him his bit and let



Mr. Tarte had not finished when Sir Wilfred got back home. Biff! After that it was silence.

Galt go. It is not on record that Galt and Macdonald parted other than as friends. Indeed, Sir John's smile did a lot to light Sir Alexander on his way.

Joseph Howe was a hard man to handle, but Sir John put it over him with his bright smile and his gentle diplomacy. Joseph Howe was the local great man of Nova Scotia. As Nova Scotia's favorite son he had a spoiled child's faults. For instance, he wanted to be the centre of attention. He didn't like to share the playthings. He was in favor of Confederation for Nova Scotia but, when he came back from a trip to England and found that Dr. Charles Tupper had grabbed his crusade in the meantime, Joseph sulked. He was a great man, as I said before, but he had a peacock streak in him—he liked the whole terrace to himself. There wasn't room for Joseph Howe and Charles Tupper to spread their tails at the same time. At least that was the way Joseph Howe figured it out and on that line of reasoning he opposed Confederation.

He opposed it until he came under Sir John's spell and then he ceased to oppose it because the spirit and the bride said come and his own conscience told him that Confederation was right. Thus did Joseph Howe become right and at the same time cabinet minister in Sir John Macdonald's government. Whereat there was considerable jeering in Nova Scotia which was not lessened when Howe subsequently resigned to take a position of emolument under the Crown. The paths of glory lead but to the grave and, when Joseph Howe was snugly interred in a government job, there is reason to believe that Sir John went on smiling.

The sunshine of Sir John's smile also melted Charles Tupper out of his road. Here was a man who might cause him trouble, a robustious rival who might easily throw him out if he remained in the cabinet, a rival, however, who had done good work in bringing Nova Scotia into Confederation. Good work! It was more than that. It was Stone Age, Cave Man work. Sir Charles had dragged Nova Scotia in by the hair of her head. He was worth keeping an eye on, Sir John having no fancy to be subject to that sort of treatment himself. So, when Dr. Tupper got it into his head that destiny called him to England with a view to founding a family of Tupper who would in due time ornament the British peerage, Sir John did his best to help the bright idea along. Sir Charles became High Commissioner at London and left Sir John and Canada in peace for many long years to come. In fact Sir John was in his grave and beyond reach of harm when his old rival came back, S.O.S. signals having been sent out by son Hibbert, Foster and others.

This stormy spirit, summoned across the vasty deep, made a wonderful campaign for the Conservatives. Calling

to his assistance Hugh John Macdonald, his father's son, with his father's nose, and a bust of Sir John garnished on occasion with the famous red necktie, Sir Charles stumped Canada from one end to another. Seventy-four years old he might be but he showed that he was as young as his courage, just as Sir John Macdonald did when he made his last fight at the age of seventy-five and as Sir Wilfrid Laurier probably will at the same age when he leads his party at the next general election. Sir Charles, as a rule,



What would happen if the irresistible force met the immovable body. . . . The immovable body would get tired of the irresistible force and just roll over and crush him.

delivered a couple of two-hour speeches every lawful day, ate like a hired man and slept like a child. He had great staying power. Once I saw him talk the East wind down at a political picnic, and again a howling mob at Massey Hall who objected to the overwhelmingness of his Ego. "I," "I," they shouted for three hours, but the old man kept right on. He made his speech to the reporters and it got into the newspapers, which was the main thing. After it was all over and the Conservative party was combing the mud out of its hair it was agreed that Sir Charles' campaign was a marvelous performance and that Sir John Macdonald must have been an even greater man than was supposed for having rubbed Tupper out so easily. Talk about endurance! Sir Charles lived twenty years after that—dying at last, aged ninety-four. What he did in 1896 was merely for exercise.

AFTER Sir John Macdonald died there was a period of quiet decay during which Sir John Abbot and Sir John Thompson seem to have had fairly good control and fairly poor cabinets. To them succeeded Sir Mackenzie Bowell, who had no control at all, and a cabinet that was more like an oven. Sir Mackenzie himself called it a nest of traitors, but he may have been overdrawing it. A great deal of it was his own fault. Sir Mackenzie was too amiable for that period of unrest. However, he had a happy issue out of all his troubles. He was edged out by his colleagues about April, 1896, and some three months later the party went out with him. Sir Mackenzie is no Samson, but he certainly brought down the pillars. Once clear of the debris Sir Mackenzie has lived on carefree until now he is ninety-three years of age and bids fair to beat the Senatorial record for longevity which Senator Wark left at one hundred and one. May Sir Mackenzie live forever. There is no reason why he shouldn't now that guarding the powder magazine is another man's job.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

came into power in 1896, and in the course of fifteen years assisted five cabinet ministers out of office—an average of one every three years. Sir Wilfrid's admirers speak of his sunny ways, but these sunny ways are not the ways of Sir John Macdonald. Sir Wilfrid's cordiality is of the brain, Sir John's was of the heart. Sir Wilfrid is an intellectual with political affiliations, Sir John was a politician with human attachments. Sir Wilfrid has dignity, wins by grace of manner and charm of presence, but is no mingler. Sir John cared nothing for dignity, slapped men on the backs and called them by their first names—in short was a mixer. When Sir John was obliged to get rid of a cabinet minister he led him to the door with a smile and shook hands at parting. When Sir Wilfrid let a cabinet minister out he let him out—and that was all there was to it. He did not wave the parting guest good-bye or blow him a kiss.

Sir Wilfrid was always master in his own house. He started that way and kept it up. There came a time, however, when he had to assert his authority. His time of testing, as the *Globe* would call it, was from 1902 to 1907. During this period five cabinet ministers passed out—three for trying conclusions with the master and two for minor offences. After 1907 there was peace—peace and, as some people said, a fatal sleep. At all events there was no disturbance until the great catastrophe in 1911.

Mr. J. Israel Tarte was, as I recollect, the first to get gay. It was in 1902, when Sir Wilfrid was absent on a visit to England, that Mr. Tarte invaded Ontario and with his hand on his heart told the people what a fine thing protection was. Mr.

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Canada, United States and the Future

By Agnes C. Laut

EDITOR'S NOTE—President Wilson's Peace Note was presented after this article was written. It further accentuates the need for a careful consideration of the relations that are to exist between Great Britain, the United States and Canada after the war. Miss Laut points out that the election of Wilson was an evidence of the real sentiment of the nation toward the world war, a sentiment which persists, despite the machinations of the Kaiser's hirelings and the shallowness of American politicians—a sentiment concretely expressed in the reception to Sir Robert Borden in New York. That this sentiment is worth fostering, and that Canada can play an important part in so doing—this is a point that should be carefully considered.

TO DESCRIBE American political conditions as chaotic since the elections is putting it mildly.

What defeated Hughes? What re-elected Wilson? Why did the Germans immediately on Hughes' defeat launch a subterranean peace propaganda, and follow that up with a condemnation of foreign loans by the United States, uttered by the Federal Reserve Bank Board of the United States? How comes it with these two moves that there looms on the horizon the cloud of a resumption of the policy of "frightfulness" on the High Seas? The very week that Germany launched her peace propaganda word came that a flotilla of submarines had left Kiel for American waters; and before these words see print, the destination of the German fleet of under-seas destroyers will probably have been proclaimed in another series of sea disasters.

And don't forget the very week Germany launched peace from one hand and crime on the high seas from the other, the lawyers and bankers of New York quietly gave over one week end to welcoming, feting and feasting Sir Robert Borden, Premier of Canada, not because he was Sir Robert Borden, but because he represented the race that is to-day fighting the world's greatest battle for a free democracy.

FIRST of all, what really defeated Hughes? Two reasons have been given to the public—or rather explanations of the sort that do not explain. It was the woman vote. Or it was California. A palatial train was fitted out for women campaigners to go West and bid for the woman vote of the suffrage states. The cost of the trip was defrayed by some of the richest contributors in the East. The explanation is given that the Democrats "played up" "the golden special" in a way to discredit the Republican campaigners with the simple West. The appeal was made for Wilson that "he kept us out of the war," and that argument was supposed to have swayed the women voters of the Middle West, while "the golden special" was used to alienate the independent voter.

Let the argument pass for what it is worth; and apply the salt of a few facts. The night that election returns were coming in, I came down from the country to New York. German restaurants were full. Beer flowed in floods. As the news

of returns favoring Hughes was flashed on the screens in a certain well-known theatre, the German Ambassador in his box was seen wreathing smiles that fairly fell over the railing in bouquets on the audience. The Germans were so sure they had "spoked" Teddy's nomination, rebuking him for his harsh words on the war and had then defeated Wilson. But there was a different story in the morning at the hotel where Bernstorff was staying. The valet came downstairs with features wreathed in pain. Nothing had pleased the representative of Majesty that morning. The fellow had been "cussed" black and blue. What was the matter that the returns had been all right the night before but were all wrong the morning after? Nothing—except that Wilson had been elected instead of Hughes.

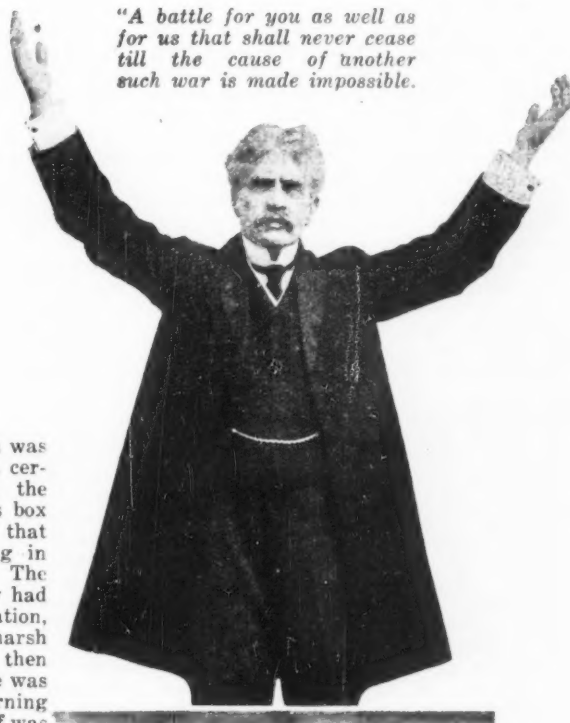
"I have voted Republican for forty years," wrote a very big business man of the Middle West. "I have waited for Hughes to utter one word in repudiation of pro-German propaganda in a neutral country; and I have waited in vain. Wilson with his see-saw is bad enough; but if one is just as negative as the other, I don't propose swapping horses in mid-stream. I especially don't purpose supporting a man, whose angling for alien votes makes him oblivious of American nationalism."

In other words, this typical Middle Westerner seemed to think that *what cost Hughes the election was the German vote*—or the general supposition that he was going to have it.

AS TO the cry "he kept us out of the war" appealing to the women voters for Wilson, the best answer is that the strongest alliances for preparedness, the most active organizations for compulsory military training, are among women. There is hardly a state in the Union where some women's organization this winter will not besiege the legislature for compulsory military training to be established by law in the schools.

One year before Hughes was nominated, I was talking to a strong Hughes man. I asked him why the Republicans did not risk their very life as a party to expose and oppose the German plots going on in the United States. He answered terse-

"A battle for you as well as for us that shall never cease till the cause of another such war is made impossible."



ly: "The Germans have always voted Republican."

It was not what Hughes said that defeated him. It was what he left unsaid. The whole country knew, and knows, that Wilson has blundered, faltered, fumbled, side stepped, backed and filled, see-sawed, he-hawed and—written notes. The people didn't want Wilson doubly damned by Hughes. Wilson had already written his own epitaph—"too proud to fight." What the people wanted to know was—*What would Hughes do?* and he didn't tell them—for fear of offending the German vote; as it was supposed he would get the German vote *holus bolus* he didn't get enough of the American vote. In the most lethargic election ever seen, the voters dragged to the polls and registered for the man in office.

California's vote took a prominence unjustified by facts. Because California's close vote was the deciding factor for the whole country, California loomed large. The plain facts are—California Republicans double-crossed their own party because Governor (now Senator) Johnston is trimming for the Republican nomination, himself, in 1920.

NO SOONER was Wilson elected than German foresight grasped the fact there was a reckoning due. Wilson had been negative. The German vote had cut Wilson. Now secure in a second term, would Wilson become more positive? There were inside rumors of a "wide open" investigation of German propaganda with "the lid" off. It was even said that von Rintelen might be brought back from London to turn State's evidence on Mexico and labor plots and the *Lusitania*. Those rumors still persist among those who know and von Rintelen may have been indicted before this appears; but

immediately there sprang up simultaneously but not spontaneously, all over the country from San Francisco to New York *a hue and cry for peace propaganda*. California became seized with a violent demonstration for a huge peace petition to be presented to President Wilson asking him to become "the saviour of the warring world." Having been re-elected, what need he care for votes? Let him leave the White House the noblest Roman of them all, with the Nobel Peace prize in his pocket and the aureole round his head of having saved the world from the most terrible slaughter in history. *Simultaneously but not spontaneously, Chicago became seized of the same desire*. So did New York. So did Boston. So did Philadelphia.

Accounts were flooded into the press of prominent bankers, philanthropists, public men meeting at formal dinners and luncheons "to enforce peace."

I HOPE you grasp the idea of applying "force" to "peace" and see the beautiful consistency of the idea. It didn't matter very much at all that these same prominent citizens the very next day denied they had been present, denied they had uttered a word on the subject, declaimed against the unauthorized use of their names. The announcements had been given head lines. The denials were tucked away in obscure corners; and the peace snow ball rolled bigger and bigger.

All this is not implying that the world is not praying and hoping for peace. Every man and woman, who thinks, must pray and work for peace—but *only the Peace that is a Victory and will be kept. Hell is not deep enough, nor eternity long enough to pay for the infamous crimes of this War; and some men don't purpose letting the criminal lick his lips of innocent blood and quit because he is worn out with killing*. As Sir Robert Borden said at the dinner given him by the Lawyers' Club—"no peace till victory has declared such a War can never be repeated." Which, being interpreted, means: "No peace till Germany is powerless to repeat this War." I was at the dinner and, as I listened, asked a banker to my left if the Canadian Premier could possibly realize the import in the fiery passion of his words, amid the money-made claque for peace.

At the very time this peace propaganda was being launched in America, more than 40,000 women and girls were being transported from France to Germany and, as all the world knows, more than 300,000 Belgian men were being herded to Germany to take the place of Germans in the trenches.

Nor did the fine hand of German propaganda stop with peace. About two months before the deportation of the Belgians, vague insinuating articles began appearing in the American press, about the Belgians being unworthy of American charity. "They were an idle lot" (hints of immorality, here, evidently to excuse the German plans) "and must be put to work." That was about the gist of it.

SINCE the war began, living has increased to an almost extortionate figure in the United States. It is the price Uncle Sam has to pay for this war. In cotton, copper, steel, cotton and wheat—undoubtedly the increased cost has resulted from the war; but in other staple food products and house needs such as coal, milk, vegetables, poultry, clothing, wood, etc., etc. the only legitimate cause of high cost has been high wages. Food investigating committees have proved that cliques of speculators have forced prices up. When housekeepers declared an egg boycott the price of eggs tumbled. When the City of New York threatened to handle and sell its own coal, the price of coal fell from \$20 a ton to \$7 and \$8; and when the Federal Government gave a hint to the "wheat pools" of Chicago wheat fell sheer 14 to 16 cents in one day. So, while high wages and heavy exports account for some of the high cost of living, they do not account for this 50% tumble that occurred immediately the Government began to look into things.

But here was a grand chance for the pro-German-Irish-hate-England crowd, who failed to elect Hughes. Was this country to be starved in order to feed England? Put an export embargo on all food products, and save the poor American working man, who is now receiving 300% higher wages than two years ago, and is now working eight hours a day instead of twelve. "The embargo" cry will undoubtedly get an airing in Congress; but the airing will be a farce; for the animus has been revealed in Representative Fitzgerald's resolution declaring that the embargo is retaliation on England for interfering with American shipping and black-listing American shippers. I fancy before the gentleman gets very far in his Congressional debate he will receive some enlightenment on exactly where American shipping would be to-day if it were not for the British Navy.

FOR THAT brings in the next point.

German efficiency is so delightfully elastic, you "just pay your money and takes your choice." Here, gentlemen, are deportations of Belgians. Here, gentlemen, is the love of peace cooing her amorous ditty. Here, is the dire fear of starving America to death to feed England; and here is a beneficent gentleman

standing in the White House, who has only to reach forth and accept the Nobel Prize from the Kaiser. (Oh, save my face!) And if these potent arguments of German kultur are not sufficient, here gentlemen, is a fleet of submarines set sail from Kiel for American waters to blow every ship they can hit into Hades. You see how various are the gifts of the Kaiser. Take which you will, America, but save my face!

When a writer signing himself "Cosmos" began his articles in the *Times*, of New York, for peace, a very prominent Frenchman now in America made answer to this effect: "If the League to enforce peace is sincere, why did it not protest against the invasion of Belgium?" When Louvain was burnt and Rheims destroyed, when ten departments of France were invaded, when the women and girls of Lille were deported, why did these Trustees of Humanity, who are for enforcing peace, keep silent? If they have remained dumb and deaf when all those crimes were perpetrated, there is no (visible?) reason why they should not remain deaf and dumb when the crime is going to be punished."

Right here an interesting problem came up in diplomacy. The English knew when these submarines left Kiel. *Would it be wisdom to post a line of British cruisers along the Atlantic to destroy the submarines as they came; or let American commerce take care of her own, and let the German "subs" work their will?* A patrol of British cruisers would virtually be a blockade. Do you hear the eagle scream and the German-American howl and the Irishmen rip the hypocrisy out of things? No, the British cruisers will not fight to protect an American commerce, which America won't protect for herself. If you do so much for a neighbor, you get thanks. If you do too much, you get a kick. England is at the kick stage here just now. Diatribes are heard on England's blacklisting of American firms. Little is said of American foreign trade sprung to eight billions over night, because British ships patrol the sea lanes of the Atlantic. On the whole, it was a wise diplomatic decision to let the Kaiser and Uncle Sam settle the matter of German submarines in American waters. There is a kick stage just now. There will be a back kick when half

a dozen American ships are sunk. Such are the Kaiser's gifts. At time of writing the fleet of submarines is supposed to be headed for Yucatan—a friendly visit, of course, unconnected with the British Navy's supply of oil from Mexico.

BUT ALL this has not exhausted German efficiency in America since the election.

No loans have been made by the United States to the Allies unsecured by either a Franco-British guarantee, or collateral. Yet lately the Federal Reserve Banks issued what was tantamount to a warning to—
Continued on page 60.

Now secure in a second term will Wilson become more positive?



Jordan is a Hard Road

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Author of "The Weavers," "The Right of Way,"
"The Money Master," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

SYNOPSIS—Bill Minden, ex-train robber, comes to Askatoon to live, creating lively discussion among the townspeople as to his motives. He stays at the Sun-bright Hotel, and lives an exemplary life, reading his bible on Sundays on the hotel porch in full view of everyone. Minden shows special interest in the school taught by Cora Finley, a pretty and popular young woman, and Mrs. Finley, the mother, displays animosity toward him. He calls on Mrs. Finley one evening and in the course of the conversation it develops that Cora is Minden's daughter, given to Mrs. Finley to raise by Minden on his wife's death. Minden avows his intention of winning his way to power in Askatoon.

CHAPTER III. THE CAMP MEETING

REVIVAL meetings are generally held in great halls or churches; but the strikingly successful revival meeting at Mayo, Nolan Doyle's ranch, was held in tents, and it was therefore called a Camp Meeting. It was the first that had ever been held between Winnipeg and the Rockies. Therefore the population of Askatoon was numerous reinforced by the religious pilgrim from outside, and also by the inquisitive sinner who came to see, be seen, and enjoy whatever sensation the pious exercises might beget. To these was added the visitor and citizen, who was neither religious nor simple, but who had pursued his way without being convicted of unrighteousness on the one hand or being reputed irreligious on the other. His particular conversion, when it came, was no sensation; he was simply convicted of original sin and the atonement and the necessity for finding salvation. His consequent pain, agony, and spiritual disturbance was indispensable to a proper passage from the ranks of the unsaved to the saved. He received the sympathy of those who went about embracing, exhorting and whispering comfort; but his capture caused less rejoicing than when some real outcast, some acknowledged sinner, reprobate, drunkard, evil-liver or scoffer, bent to the spiritual storm and strove with the spirit, until at last, tossing upon the sea of emotion he felt his fingers grip the bulwark of the ship of salvation. Then, lifted on a wave of passion to its safe deck, he cried out, "I'm saved! Saved! Bless the Lord!" while all around him rose the cry of "Glory! Glory!" with all the emotional ejaculations which signified that a soul was snatched from the burning.

The great revival preacher, Ephraim Masterman, was a reaper without a rival so far as the West had known. In the great tent he alternately prayed and exhorted, blessed and wept, soothed and

clamored, and exultingly embraced the conquered ones translated from the anxious seat to the platform of the saved with its spectacular joy.

IT was just after the harvest, the weather was still delightfully, indeed, amorously warm, and in the lull that followed the strenuous activities of the wheat harvest—or the almost complete harvest—the fervid air of exalted sentiment was highly stimulating. It was perhaps unfortunate that while the tents were pitched in the open there was, very near by, a grove of trees offering invitations to the pleasures of indolence. The cynic might well be scornful of the too neighborly association of the Godly love in the tents in the open and the profane love in the grove that shadowed them.

The Young Doctor scratched his chin in reflection when Terence Brennan, the millionaire railway owner and ranches, fresh from a hasty visit to the Camp Meeting, made out of curiosity while paying a visit to Mrs. Nolan Doyle, his sister, said to him: "Did you ever read Bobby Burns' 'Holy Fair'?" And when the Young Doctor nodded in reply, added cynically, "And mony a job begun that day will end in hockmagandy, or some ither place."

The Young Doctor's reply was a little severe. After all, Terence Brennan was an absentee millionaire who could afford any pleasure he wanted, and therefore could more easily escape the divine discontent possessing those whose field of life is limited, whose pleasures, mental and emotions spiritual, are few.

"It's no bad thing to get back into the primitive life and to the primary emotions," he said. "You are too sophisticated and incredulous, Brennan. 'Evil to him that evil thinks.' You're doing very well out of Askatoon, Brennan. It contributes its share of your railway profits, and you'd better let us work out our own salvation. In fear and trembling, of course, it will be—fear that you'll raise your freight rates on us; but for Heaven's sake let us live our own life. You selfish millionaires are critical because your souls are so small."

Brennan laughed good-naturedly. He loved attack; it was the breath of life to him.

"There, there, I'll give you the chips for the game," he replied. "You can say you've won; but you're right; I'm in a mood to be critical of Askatoon; so I suppose I'm not a really good judge of your holy fair."

"Wherefore critical?" asked the Young Doctor, his mind, as always, alert for every shiver of colors in the kaleidoscope of life.

BRENNAN chuckled and lighted a cigar. "Well, Bill Minden in Askatoon—Bill Minden as school trustee, Bill Minden standing for mayor, Bill Minden as the fatherly philanthropist, patting the school children on the head, chucking the young lady teacher under the chin, magnetizing the town and corporation with a wave of his bonnie brown hand—well, isn't that enough to make a railway president critical of Askatoon? Once to my knowledge, and twice to my instinct, Bill Minden has gone through the pockets of the passengers of my trains and has scooped the cash from the express-car; and here he is now the pet lamb of the fold!"

"Is that why you are here?" asked the Young Doctor.

"You ought to know better. Isn't my family here—Norah Doyle out at Mayo, and my father and mother! I didn't know that Minden was in Askatoon till I saw him at the camp meeting this afternoon; till I saw him getting inside the big tent with a look on his face like the Queen of Sheba when she met Solomon. It beats me. What's he here for? What's his game?"

"Well, some men, when they're tired of doing the world, seek the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," answered the Young Doctor. "When you're tired of doing the world, Brennan, when you've finished 'watering stock' in the cities, perhaps you'll come, too, and water the onions in your own back garden here? like a king who, having had everything the world can offer, in the spirit of the Sybarite turns hermit, and tries the simple life from sheer luxury of living."

"Perhaps you're right," answered the millionaire. "The gay Griselda, finding the candle of enjoyment all burnt up, and only the black snuff left, comes and lights the wick again at the altar of the church, and ends her days in peace, properly penitent, pleasantly pious, prudently prepared."

The Young Doctor roared with laughter. "Brennan, you've been listening to Bill Minden. That's his game, and you've caught on. Alliteration is a disease with him. A choicer vocabulary I've never known."

"Suppose the camp meeting catches him—converts him, eh?"

"Well, that would please Mrs. Finley," remarked the Young Doctor with a meaning smile.

"Mrs. Finley? Oh! old Steve Finley's widow, eh? Is she making up to Bill?"

"No, but she seems to have a fancy for saving his soul, and she has offered up petitions in the prayer-meeting pretty

constantly of late, that Bill shall be snatched from the burning."

THE two men had walked along the street until they had almost reached the door of the post-office. At that moment Cora Finley stepped out of the post-office door, and with eyes alight and excitement in her face, came quickly towards the Young Doctor.

"Oh! what do you suppose has happened!" she said. "Mr. Masterman has had a stroke or something, at the Camp Meeting, and they're bringing him in to Askatoon."

Terence Brennan looked at the girl inquiringly, then said: "I've only just come from there, I didn't hear of it."

"That's easily explained," she answered. "There was no school to-day, the telegraph operator wanted to go to the Camp Meeting, and I've taken her place at the key. You know I learned telegraphy a long time ago," she added to the Young Doctor. "There's a branch-line to Mayo where the Camp Meeting is, and I've just got the news over the wire. They're bringing him in."

"So endeth the spiritual free-an-easy," remarked Brennan, with an ironical smile.

The girl's eyes flashed. "You wouldn't understand," she said; "you're a Roman Catholic."

"No, I suppose I wouldn't understand," the millionaire drawled pleasantly. "It wants a sensitive mind like Bill Minden's to grasp such things."

The girl's eyes flashed indignation. "Some men sin and pay, like Mr. Minden," she said; "and others sin and don't pay."

"Why should they if they don't have to?" pleasantly retorted Brennan.

"Those that sin and are sorry, and suffer and pay now, don't have to pay in the end," she replied severely.

"Well, I'll put it off as long as possible," remarked the capitalist. "Jordan is a hard road to travel."

The Young Doctor's eyes had been searching the girl's face, with a curious, almost set, alertness. Something in her dark blue eyes riveted his attention.

"I see it," he said to himself suddenly and with a thumping of his heart. "By George, I see it!"

A moment afterwards the three had separated, the girl to go back to the post-office, the millionaire to mount his horse and gallop away to the pleasant little home where his old father and mother peacefully lived in the plenty he provided. The Young Doctor went to his office. If Masterman, the revivalist, had had a stroke, they would be sure to send for him, or to bring the sick man to him; and he must be ready for the emergency. As he entered his house he looked back towards the post-office.

"I see it!" he said aloud. "I see it now. She's got Bill Minden's eyes."

ALL night the Young Doctor watched at Masterman's bedside, and by the middle of the following day was able to announce that his patient was out of danger, but that he must take a long rest to recover from the partial paralysis which had seized him. The religious devotee of Askatoon was greatly pattered in consequence.

The class meeting arranged for the morning was as barren of emotional music as a tin pan is of melody. Dejection, irritation, prevailed. Those who

were responsible for the organization of the great gathering talked mournfully of the spiritual loss; but there was another loss upon which they were all discreetly silent, until Rigby, the druggist, who was an especially candid soul, remarked that three days more and they would have had enough cash profit out of the Camp Meeting to pay the debt off the church.

"We expected to net three thousand dollars," he said; "and we've got two thousand five hundred of it; but the chances of getting the last five hundred ain't worth a pinch of bakin' soda."

Here a voice intervened. "Have faith, 'brother Rigby, have faith!" it cried. "Baking soda makes the dough rise; from faith will rise our deliverer. Perhaps even while we are troubled here, one cometh of whom it may be said, 'Who is this that cometh with dyed garments from Bazzrah traveling in the greatness of his strength?'"

Curiosity would bring a crowd to the late afternoon meeting, and interest for one day would be tolerably secure; but it would quickly and finally evaporate unless someone could be found who would raise the standard with a new religious slogan.

THE weather was propitious, the late afternoon was very warm, and the comfort of physical warmth is a great encouragement and a great support to an organized meeting. One local minister opened the proceedings very wisely with a hymn, and it was a good hymn. It was the hymn which Bill Minden had quoted to Mrs. Finley, "When I Can Read My Title Clear to Mansions in the Skies." It started well, but it finished on a wave of feeling with a little lower crest than that of previous days. Another minister from the mountains was about to pray, when a shrill and throbbing voice rang out from the crowd singing, "Hold the Fort for I Am Coming," and the congregation, responding to the inspiration, joined in with great fervor, to the delight of the leaders. Prayer by the mountain preacher followed, but it lacked what one of the critics at the back of the tent called "snap," and he further remarked that it reached the audience it was intended to reach, but he'd take a bet that it didn't reach the Lord.

It was apparent that the emotion of the meeting required flagellation. The leaders soon found themselves in heavy country and were conscious of dying fires. As soon as the hymns had finished, they brought their biggest gun into action. It was the president of a theological college with a clean-shaven actor's face and long white hair combed straight back from a narrow but somewhat lofty forehead. There were times when his unctuous intonations and saponaceous appeals, behind which was a really godly nature, had effect; and just at the start his adjurations and declamation stirred the congregation; but evaporation almost immediately began. Something with more grip, something more rugged and less refined than usual was required. The Rev. Ephraim Masterman had not been rugged, his had not been the voice of the evan-gel, but he had been young, eloquent, sentimental, vivid and hypnotic, and having caught the women first by his sad beauty and his ecstasy, he had got the men by a really magnetic force. The white-haired imitator with his stereo-

typed language and illustrations and adjurations, without a note of originality, was but an imitation of the real thing, of the real emotional power which the stricken revivalist had pushed too far. The congregation was slipping away swiftly out of control, in spite of the speaker's energetic outbursts here and there, of pleadings to sinners, when suddenly, in a short pause of the harangue—indeed in its most desperate moment—a beautiful, clear, full-throated voice rang out above the subdued clamor of those who had found and those who were finding peace. It sang:

*"There's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar,
And our Saviour waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there."*

IT WAS the voice of the leader of the choir, Cora Finley. Something in it vibrated like the strings of a violin. It had neither cant, sentimentality nor whining. It rang true metal. It was the convinced outpouring of a simple soul that knew no guile, which belonged to all that was, had ever been, or ever had been taught. It was the first note that she had sung at this revival meeting; it was the first time that she had ever taken part as one who had joined the church. The great congregation let her sing the whole verse without joining in, while tears filled Mrs. Finley's eyes and trickled down her cheek; for it seemed to her that the prayers of years had been answered; that her girl "had got religion." The meeting was magnetized once again, and the second verse began in a very storm of exhortation. The preachers had failed and the previous hymns had failed; they had seemed forced and unreal; but now the real thing possessed the meeting.

What was to come after none could tell, but for the moment all was well. To-day was as yesterday; the darkness was lit up. Veins tingled, hearts swelled, tears flowed, voices rang out. In the middle of the third verse, there was a sudden movement which attracted attention and a man's voice calling. Then, all at once, before the congregation could realize what was happening there sprang on to the platform a man with a great touzled head, bushy beard and blazing blue eyes. "Saved!" he cried. "Saved! Glory be to God! There's a land that is fairer than day! I'm going—I'm going—I'm going there! Glory be to God!"

IT WAS Bill Minden. The class-leaders on the platform moved down on him, embracing him, shrieking in a frenzy of joy. The congregation rocked to and fro. Bill Minden, the train robber, the jail-bird, the notorious, the school trustee, the philanthropist, the would-be Mayor, Bill Minden was converted. No longer the Bible read upon the hotel stoop, no longer the quaint commentary of the Old Testament to a curious crowd on a Sabbath morning, but now the sinner repentant, crying: "I've found it! I've found it! I've found it!" while shouting came from all sides: "Bless the Lord! Glory be to God! he's saved!"

Two minutes afterwards Minden was pouring out a flood of eloquence which even drowned the memory of Ephraim Masterman. Here was something right out of the core of nature. Here was a man of the people, in the language of

the people, talking in a vernacular strain which roused the meeting to wonder and to passion. Now all the past reading of Bill's Old Testament supplied him with texts, phrases, illustrations without number.

CHAPTER IV.

MINDEN FORMS A PARTNERSHIP.

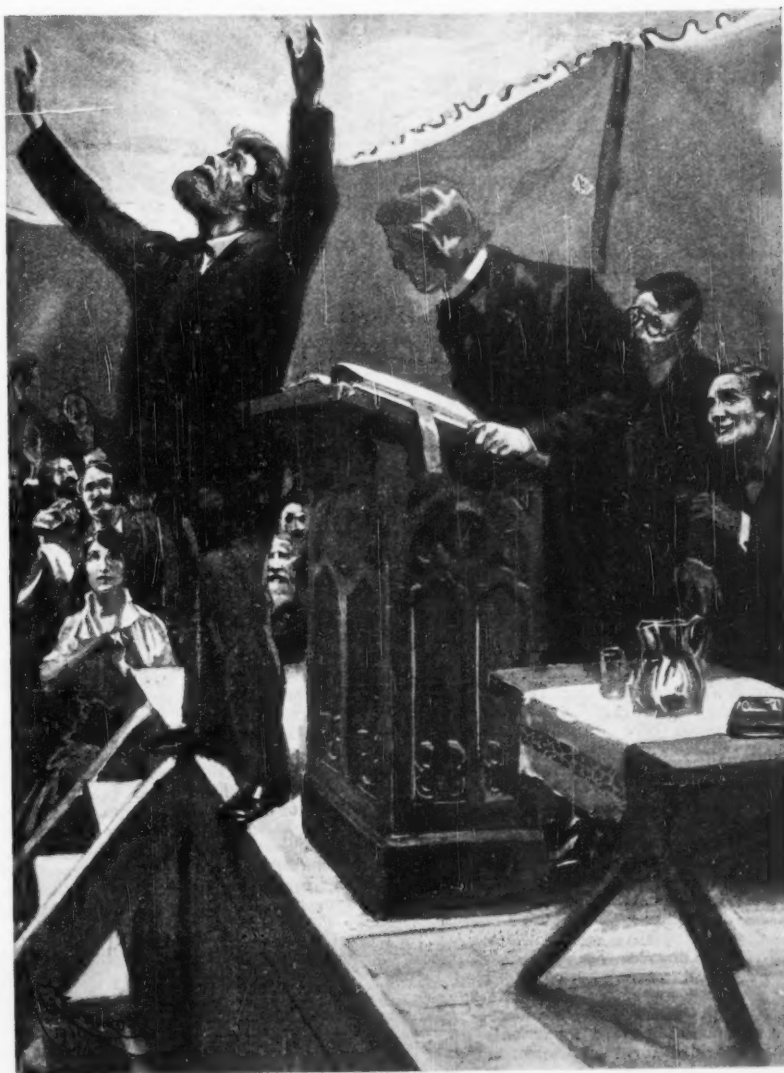
THE CAMP Meeting was saved by Bill Minden, the converted, and for three days the great "effort" went on. At the end of it Mr. Rigby, the druggist, treasurer of Grace Church, announced that the debt on the building was redeemed.

The newspapers of the West exclaimed sympathetically, and here and there cynically, on Bill Minden's "getting grace" as it was colloquially called. It certainly was a sensation; but the violence of the spiritual gymnastics was somewhat abated by the fact that Minden in all his public life, if it might be so called, had been the amazing anomaly of a man who had stuck-up coaches and trains, and had even killed men while carrying a Bible in his saddle-bag. Paradox he had always been, and now, as a definite entity without contradiction he was startling but he did not defy understanding. It was as though a surgical operation had produced from a character composite of both crime and goodness a consistent whole.

The Young Doctor was profoundly interested in what he called the Case. No one in Askatoon but himself had seen the singular likeness between the deep blue eyes of Cora Finley, and those of the notorious Minden. Once he got the clue, he began to travel back, with scientific certainty, through a hundred incidents of Minden's life at Askatoon, and through many circumstances surrounding his transfer from the highwayman's enterprise to his new civic virtue. At the end of the journey he found the truth—Minden was the girl's father. He could not, however, guess what had been the past relations between Mrs. Finley and Minden, and why it was that Mrs. Finley, until Minden's conversion, was his sharpest critic.

It was a fact, however, that when Minden stepped from the platform of the saved in the hour of his conversion, Mrs. Finley had met him with outstretched hands. The Young Doctor himself had seen the conversion and had noted how it was linked with Cora's wonderful singing of "There's a Land that is Fairer than Day." There, however, he stopped dead. He only knew that thereafter Minden frequented the Finley home and even attended choir practice now and then. It would all have been absurd, had it not been that Minden was one of the most natural men in speech and manner that could be found in a month of Sundays. Even as successful train-robber he had been unassuming. He had never swaggered in the hey-day of his triumphant crime, but somehow had looked the world simply and humorously in the face. Now as the most spectacular figure of the West, the black sheep of the flock turned miraculously white, there was no smack of vanity or self-consciousness about him. As Jonas Billings said:

"He surely is a wonder. You'd think



Then, all at once, before the congregation could realize what was happening, there sprang on to the platform a man with a great touzled head, bushy beard and blazing blue eyes. "Saved!" he cried.

he was born at a love feast of the quarterly meeting, singing, 'I'm glad that my Saviour loves me'."

BUT behind Minden's shrewd, kindly eyes, behind his loose jointed, friendly body, showing a healthy and generous existence, a brain was ceaselessly devising how to get a larger share of happiness which he could not wholly grasp. It was true he saw his daughter almost every day, though not every day did he speak with her; that he visited Mrs. Finley's house; that he officially inspected the school where she was, that he saw her at choir practice; but that was not enough. The great Camp Meeting had been dissolved in a shiver of prismatic radiance, but there was an obsession in his brain and heart which controlled, possessed him; he wanted more. The acknowledgment of the girl as his daughter was denied him, but he had a supreme joy and vanity in what she was. Respectability

such as hers was a very worshipful thing to him, although he had never known it until now. He longed, almost savagely, to be under the same roof with her, to feel her influence moving round him like a golden light every day. Morning, noon and night, he thought and thought, and puzzled and puzzled his brain, as to what he could do to get closer to her and yet not risk the truth becoming known.

It was characteristic of him that he still stayed at the Sunbright Hotel. At first the preachers and the class-leaders reasoned, expostulated with him, but his reply had been: "I have lived in a tavern all my life, when I haven't been in a tent or shack; I never had but for a little while any home 'cept a tavern where I growed up. I'm a brother to every man, an' I'm most a brother to them that's on the pad, that's comin' an' goin'. I'm at home with the wayfarer, an' he's at home with me. You've got to follow y'r bent in the state

Continued on page 71.

Records of Success

A department given over to sketches of
interesting Canadian men and women

The First Woman to Edit a Daily

By Madge Macbeth

I HAVE only one regret in presenting this brief sketch of Mrs. McLagan—that is, my editor refuses to allow me space for a serial, a romantic serial such as would make the Williamsons green with envy, the Askews and Harold Macgrath sigh for new worlds to conquer, and the moving picture people scramble themselves to death in their efforts to secure the rights! In their telling lingo—every move's a picture; there's a punch in every reel; the action never lags!

Sara Maclure, eldest daughter of John and Martha McIntyre Maclure, was born near Belfast, Ireland. Her father, a civil engineer, was engaged in Government survey work there until 1858, when he answered the call for volunteers to join the Royal Engineers and go to British Columbia. Not being able to wait until arrangements for the family's moving were completed, the husband left his wife to follow him to the new country, bringing her two babies—Sara, aged three years, and an infant, aged three months. They embarked at Liverpool, on an old sailing vessel, and spent a mere matter of six months getting to Victoria, rounding Cape Horn, amongst other perilous undertakings, and seeing old Father Neptune in all his variable moods. Arrived at New Westminster, Mrs. Maclure found only tents provided for the families of the engineers—until houses could be built! Nevertheless, they were on land, and one imagines that anything stationary looks like home, after half a year on the ocean.

It would appear that the Maclures craved solitude, for after a few years of metropolitan pleasures in New Westminster, they removed to a homestead on the Matsqui Prairie—forty miles from the nearest city, and seventeen from a neighbor. All communication with the outside world was not severed, however, for Mr. Maclure was placed in charge of the Collins Overland Telegraph Company, with the office in his home. This being the case, "I was able to gain sufficient knowledge," said Mrs. McLagan to a friend, "without much trouble, to report all business for British Columbia coming via the Western Union lines." She was thirteen years old at the time!

"All business" included press despatches, which were particularly heavy during the Franco-Prussian War. One of her duties was to

compile from the regular despatches sufficient war news to forward each day to a small daily published in Caribou.

I think you will grant me a "move" in this picture—that of a little girl thirteen years old, receiving despatches and sorting them over for suitable news for a daily paper!

Enter the Superintendent. He gives the little girl, only very slightly larger, charge of all the offices from New Westminster to Caribou. Her duties now require her to test the wire every morning, besides the handling of men; she must send repairers out whenever needed. During the construction of the C.P.R. she was asked to take over the Yale office; it was difficult to get responsible operators in those days for a business which grew so rapidly that it reminded one of the country youth and his shrinking trousers. So young Sara Maclure took charge of the Yale office. Soon after, the reporting office was moved to New Westminster and the little operator moved with it—now as the manager of the Victoria office, under

the Dominion Government, with Mr. Gisborne, of Ottawa, as superintendent.

Don't you call that a "punch" in this reel?

In 1884 the manager resigned to marry Mr. J. C. McLagan, editor and manager of the *Victoria Times*. He was also the founder of the first evening paper published in Vancouver. ("The World," 1888.)

During her husband's lifetime, Mrs. McLagan took no active part on the paper—with the exception of reading the exchanges and clipping a weekly page, which was of great interest to women and deeply appreciated by the country people. After such a life as she had spent, the mere managing of a home, the rearing of a family, and the clipping of a weekly page, certainly made her feel idle! It was she who used the word inactive—not I!

In April, 1901, Mr. McLagan succumbed to a protracted illness—and the following extract will serve to show what esteem the public felt for him and his wife:—

"*** He left a splendid record of public achievement and it was his death which necessitated Mrs. McLagan's complete emergence into public life, as the first woman editor in Canada, of a daily paper. For four strenuous years *** she followed the dictates of a high ideal as to educative and regulative force a paper should strive to exert for the good of the community, and she maintained the high standard her husband set, despite the opposition of reporters who were imbued with the modern craving for sensationalism at all hazard. To prevent unauthorized copy from finding its way surreptitiously into the paper, Mrs. McLagan exercised a rigorous censorship as proofreader, and in this manner ran counter to an international law for the employment of a Union worker. Although stiff opposition faced her, she held her ground and finally had the satisfaction of seeing the regulation so amended as to exempt owners of newspapers. . . ."

Speaking of her necessity to take over the management of the paper, Mrs. McLagan says: "Except for a loyal staff and an appreciative general public, I could never have succeeded."

In 1905 such tempting inducements for the disposal of the paper were offered, that the editor felt constrained to accept them, reluctantly giving up the work she had learned to love, notwithstanding long hours of slaving and many hardships.

Her first philanthropic venture on a large scale was assisting in founding the Vancouver Y.M.C.A.



Mrs. Sara McLagan.

This was in 1888 — when Vancouver was not the place it is to-day. The Y.W.C.A. followed, of which Mrs. McLagan was secretary for several years. She was one of a committee of five to organize the Art Historical Association, and is an honorary life member of the same. She was also president of the Local Council of Women for three years, and Provincial President for two, during which she succeeded in organizing the New Westminster Council—one of the largest in British Columbia. She was also accorded the honor of being the first B.C. representative at a national meeting (of the Council) held in Toronto; and soon after this she assisted in establishing the Victorian Order of Nurses in Vancouver, acting as secretary for three years. During her office, two members of the V. O. N. were sent to the Yukon under escort of the R.N.M.P., and a public reception was given them when they passed through Vancouver, at the residence of the secretary. It was a festive occasion, truly! attended by the R.N.M.P. officers and many of the local militia, city officials, and other prominent persons. And surely the memory of that glorious send-off must have been sweet to the two women who put for the time, home and home ties far from them.

Some years later—secretaryships being thrust upon her—Mrs. McLagan was urged to hold that post for the Daughters of the Empire.

After her father's death she returned to her childhood's home, Hazelbrae, where she spent five years in farming. Then she made another move—to Kilgard, her present home, where she is interested with her son and other members of the family, in the manufacture of pressed brick, sewer piping, etc.

In her youth, and later, her chief hobby, her recreation, has been—guess! Stocks? No! Other forms of gambling and speculation? No! Something vigorous and exciting, I'll be bound? No! Gardening!

She has few greater delights than rambling through the woods in which so many exquisite wild things grow, secluded and sequestered from the rush of evolving nations, and she loves nothing better than the cultivation of these same untended flowers.

Of her personal charm I have purposely said nothing. If you cannot feel it in every undertaking, if you cannot see it in this life so full of achieving things—then I have failed in my sketch, utterly. And, just a moment! Doesn't it make you feel inordinately lazy?

Minister of Public Works, but only 65 citizens more rallied to his support than those who were willing to take a chance on Mr. Powell. Thus the latter's political defeats have been before two Cabinet Ministers.

Mr. Powell on the stump is mellow in his eloquence, fierce in his denunciation, and convincing in his logic. Personalities know no place in his periods. He is too big for that. But the larger issues are thoroughly discussed. Woe to the cub reporter assigned to Mr. Powell. In long-hand it is impossible to keep pace with him, reproduce his rhapsodies or to preserve the beauty of his language. This is particularly true of his patriotic speeches. The pages of British history are open to him; he speaks intimately of characters of whom the layman knows little or nothing, and he has the gems of the great speeches of the leaders of all ages at his tongue's tip. He recalls many an anecdote and thrilling story which he has found tucked away in the corners of little-read histories.

He is by descent a Welshman. His forefathers found their way to New Brunswick with the United Empire Loyalists and they settled in Richibucto. The youthful Powell lost no time in finishing up what school advantages were offered him in his native town, and at the early age of twenty he graduated from Mount Allison, at Sackville. He turned naturally to law and was admitted a barrister in 1880, two years after his marriage. He did not have to leave home to find a field for his legal talent, but settled in his college town and there made a name for himself which extends beyond the borders of the Dominion.

Like so many public men of Canada, Mr. Powell got his first political train-

The Opponent of Cabinet Ministers

By Stanley Smith

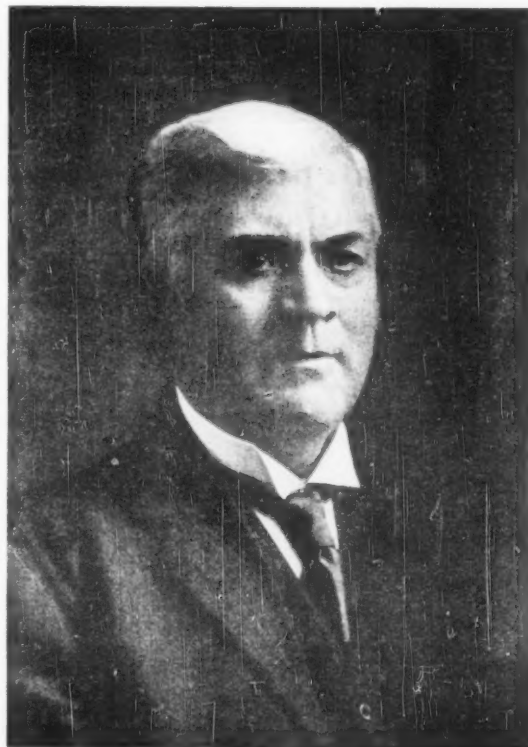
FIFTY odd years ago two bare-legged boys played and squabbled on their way to school in the County of Kent, New Brunswick. Even before the primer was finished one was whisked away beyond the ocean to live with his relatives in Glasgow, and the other, left at home, mourned his departure. The boy who went away is now a member of the British War Council and one of the foremost personalities in the Government. Thus did one Kent County boy grow and flourish and he has still much of his career before him. But the one left at home did not pine or spend his life in bewailing his lack of opportunities. For, be it known, that the two were A. Bonar Law and Henry A. Powell, and there be many who know Mr. Powell, and judging the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law by his pictures, his speeches, and his record, think that the lad who stayed at home in Kent County fits and looks the part of a British Cabinet Minister just as well at least as his one-time playmate.

Bonar Law, we are told, has the keen, analytical mind; he is, in a sense, unimpressible, reactionary and reserved. His oratory has none of the fervid power of Churchill, or of the measured eloquence of Asquith. He was the Opposition's financial critic before he became their candidate for the Prime Ministership, and later the associate of David Lloyd-George, and his speeches breathe the financial spirit, logical, convincing and aggressive, but with nothing, so it is said, to warm the cockles of the heart or stir men to deeds of valor.

On the other hand, here we have Henry A. Powell, with a splendid legal mind, but a tongue of silver, a Tory leader, but also

a progressive, broad in his views, as well as his girth, a rotund face lit up with friendliness and crowned with snow-white hair, a predilection to white vests and white ties and grey suits; in short, a sort of British statesman to the life. He gets down to brass tacks in his big job on the International Waterways Commission. But that does not check the flow of his oratory or shade the glow of his human kindness. By all the laws of psychology, Bonar Law, with his keenness and thinness, ought to be in Mr. Powell's place and Mr. Powell, with his heartiness and his girth, ought to be in Mr. Law's place. But, such is the way of the world.

Beneath Mr. Powell's kindly exterior we know he is a fighter. He fought his way into the Dominion House of Commons in 1895 as the representative for Westmorland, and then came back in 1896. At that time he wielded the sword on behalf of the Remedial Bill. Then, in 1900, as a big man, he ran against a big man, and with the Government at Ottawa controlling the I.C.R., Westmorland sent Hon. H. R. Emmerson to Ottawa instead of Mr. Powell. Looking about for a larger field for his legal abilities, Mr. Powell came to St. John in 1906 and in 1911 he was chosen as a Conservative standard bearer to run against Hon. William Pugsley. St. John owed much to the then



Henry A. Powell.

ing as a member of the Provincial Legislature, representing Westmorland in the local House from 1890 to 1895. When he entered the larger field he was getting toward his prime, and when he moved the Address to the Speech from the Throne in the opening session of 1896, he made a very deep impression. The late Nicholas Flood Davin wrote at that time: "Here we have a man unexcelled in the 'new guard.'"

Mr. Powell's legal attainments became more finished as his political experience broadened and his reputation stands very high in cases that are involved and intricate, particularly those of the bigger matters of railways and property settlements. He levelled his powerful criticism against the Transcontinental, and, making a study of the railways of Canada as a whole, he has lectured on this subject in a highly convincing and interesting manner.

After the Homeric campaign of 1911 in which he lost the election by only a few votes, came his great opportunity and he was chosen as a member of the Canadian

section of the International Waterways Commission, as named by the new Government. He entered upon the work with a very high sense of the responsibility and an enthusiasm peculiarly his own. This commission deals with subjects, that, as Mr. Powell himself said, have been far more weighty and provocative than the issues leading up to the great European war, but which he and his colleagues so far have been able to adjust without rancor and to the satisfaction of both the United States and Canada. The sittings are held in Washington, in Canadian cities, and at points along the international border conveniently situated to the waterways on which the disputes arise. This position would be sufficient for the ambition of most men, but whispers say that Mr. Powell looks ahead and can see other worlds to conquer. We know that a warrior who has gone forth to battle against such doughty knights as Emerson and Pugsley, although unhorsed, is worthy of the cause he has championed and would be accorded the privilege of another fight when conditions are more favorable. The

decision rests with Mr. Powell. Whether or not he will again don the armor and draw the sword is a question on which he will not commit himself.

However that may be, he is finding life strenuous and enjoyable, with the companionship of a devoted wife, a charming daughter, and the satisfaction of seeing a brilliant son forging ahead in the medical profession.

His bent for research found a new outlet in the archeological movement and he became one of the promoters and best supporters of the St. John Archeological Society when it was formed in 1909. His lectures, besides the address on railways mentioned, include those on "Some Forgotten Events in History," "Some Incidents in Canadian History," and patriotic speeches. He has besides maintained a close connection with his Alma Mater and is a member of the Board of Regents, a senator, and a member of the executive committee of Mount Allison University. A profound student, a keen lawyer, and a good citizen, Henry A. Powell stands high among Canadian public men.

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Men—The Biggest Problem in Business

Progress Comes Only Through Making the Scientific Serve the Human Element.

THE PROBLEM of men—the hardest problem in business, many think—is unusually troublesome now. Three years ago the number of workers out of employment was appalling; to-day there is probably less unemployment than during any period for which we have records, and workers have not been slow to grasp their advantage. A rapid increase in living costs has also acted as a spur. The following extracts from an article in *System* outline some methods and policies that have worked out successfully in the race of the severest obstacles:

We shall need a new degree of effectiveness in our business, big and little, once the war ends. The fire of this great combat will burn a new order of things into the lives of an important percentage of the civilized population of the world. As a result, commerce and trade will be absolutely different after the war in certain important respects.

Thousands of men who entered the armies as privates are going to leave them with shoulder straps. The toll has been so heavy

on the ruling classes that they can no longer supply the officers, and new types have been taught to lead.

These confident, well-trained, hardened men are going back into Europe's stores and factories when peace returns to exert exactly the same influence that our veterans exerted on business after the Civil War closed. They will be poor, but nothing puts fibre into men and nations and business more surely than the impelling power of poverty. And these men are to be my competitors and your competitors—regardless of the size or the nature of your business—after the restoration of peace.

Now what practical steps should we take to meet this situation? What are the most important steps you and I can take in our businesses, the effects of which, when totaled for the entire country, will do the most to solve the problems? I want to suggest that we turn our attention to those who work with us, to the human side of business. If we shall each learn how to awaken a little more loyalty from our help and to give more in turn, always remembering that loyalty creates loyalty—I prefer the old-fashioned word "help" to "operative," "worker" or "employee," for they are our helpers—the total results may satisfy the need, for a country's effectiveness in commerce is measured by the good will and loyalty between the heads and the helping hands in its factories and stores. This loyalty of help is therefore part of the

foundation of national commercial standing. And there is only one way to strengthen the loyalty of help—by learning to treat it with a degree of human sympathy that will result in better team work among the help on your payroll and my payroll. We might properly paraphrase the old quotation: "Am I my brother's keeper?" and make it read: "I am my brother's helper."

It is possible to point out certain methods which help to win loyalty from help. Let us first consider the concern large enough to hire foremen or others to take over the subordinate direction of the men. Here it is all important to have the foremen feel that winning the support of the help is as important a factor in judging their success as the quality and the quantity of the product. They must understand that a workman is first of all a human being, not a tooth on a gear, and that he will never produce best when you buy only the work of his hands and forget to provide for the sympathetic co-operation of head and heart.

Now let us turn to conditions that apply in concerns of practically all sizes. It is important not to drive. "Fear of the boss" never inspired any real team work, and no good working force was ever built up without team work. The men in positions of responsibility must make the men under them really want to work with and for them. It takes a likeable personality to awaken this sort of an attitude among the help, and yet men have smothered and destroyed the likeable personalities which should have been an important asset.

I say without hesitation, and judging from a somewhat varied experience in management, that I would choose a tactful personality every time in preference to great executive ability or mechanical skill. The man with a likeable personality can develop, with apparently no effort at all, a degree of effectiveness far surpassing that created with the most painstaking care by men possessing only great executive ability or skill. And when we find a man who possesses a combination of all these to a high degree—a human personality, unusual executive and mechanical ability—we should count him an almost priceless asset.

It is also vital for those in positions of responsibility to be patient despite trying conditions. Above all, they must be fair. No matter how restricted it may be, they should try to appreciate the other person's point of view; and they should make every effort to hold their tempers, no matter to what extent they may be aggravated. They must avoid saying things that should never have been said in the heat of anger. Their horizons are wider than the usual horizon, their outlooks broader than the average outlook, and therefore it is fair to expect self-restraint and impartiality from them.

To hear patiently what their subordinates have to say, and to convince these subordinates that they want to be fair and just, should be among the lessons learned by these executives. Where do most of the labor troubles start? Precisely at the point where some manager, superintendent, foreman, workman or labor leader takes a position from which his pride will not let him recede even if his judgment favors a retreat. He must either surrender or fight, and if he fights, hundreds of others may have to pay an awful price—merely to sustain one man's personal pride. Just a little temper, not much, a few hot words, not many, a few "damn you's" and the like, and the only bridge between both parties and peace is down. If only a little tact and reason had been used during the early stages of the trouble, the final position that could not be compromised might easily have been avoided.

These executives should learn that it never pays to call one employee down in the presence of another. It may be all right—at times it may even be advantageous—to speak words of praise for other ears, but this is never true of words of criticism. Sharp, cutting words of criticism may sear and burn an employee's brain for months, and if spoken in the presence of another embitter him, perhaps for life.

Perhaps you have heard the advice an old railroad superintendent gave to his son—it ran something like this: "Son, you will sometimes have to discipline men, but you can do



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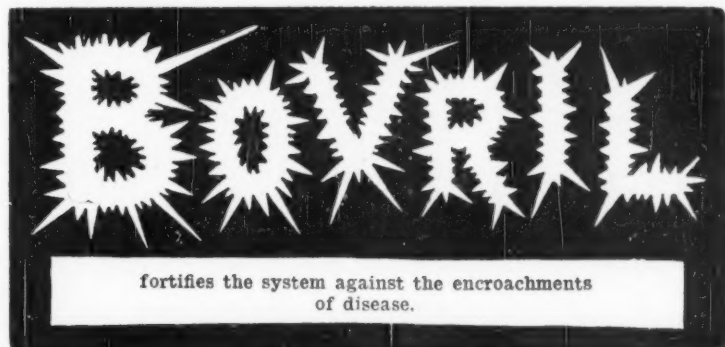
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that without parting company with good manners. It won't lift you up in the estimation of your men to tell a man in the presence of others how many kinds of a d— fool he is. No, no, that good old word discipline comes from the same root as the word disciple, and the definition of the word disciple is follower."

When the boss cultivates a spirit of grouch he can decide at once that it is going to produce one kind of fruit and one only—it will produce "after its own kind." And, although the boss may be just one grouch, from that seed there may grow forty grouches all 'round the shop and the odds will be against him.

It's the man with the smile who usually wins out in business, as well as in other walks of life, for that matter.

Our business executives must be taught that the man who attempts to do everything himself usually fails. Nothing is more pitiful than the sight of a man of skill falling down on a job requiring something besides skill simply because he will not provide himself with suitable assistance and then delegate some of the work to the assistants. The man who succeeds is the man who has the help of a team. The lack of team work is the explanation of many a failure.

Since we are discussing ways of working with men to better advantage, we must naturally give some thought to so-called (and too often mis-called) scientific management. There is apparently a growing tendency to ignore the human element in industry, and many would connect this with the interest in scientific management. This tendency runs toward the creation of the means for the production of goods at maximum capacities and minimum costs without much regard for the human element involved.

The result is a mechanical spirit, a spirit which produces minds of mechanical qualities and withers up ordinary human feelings. We should never agree to acquiring commercial effectiveness at the expense of the richer spiritual qualities. If we are going to allow our pursuit of the scientific to make slaves of materialism of us, we had best call a halt to-day, before we have gone too far, for real progress will come only from making the scientific serve the human element.

As long as we remember that making our business effective really amounts to applying common sense to ordinary commonplace affairs we shall be safer. There is nothing miraculous about that, and we shall not get beyond our depths. There is no doubt that the new profession called "efficiency engineering" and other names has made considerable progress in some directions, but that should not be made the excuse for placing either ourselves or it in a false position by turning everything that is troubling us in business over to it. When it comes to this question, some of us who were not born yesterday transpose the words on the signs at the railroad crossings and look, listen—and stop.

A friend of mine went to hear a leading efficiency man, who has done splendid work, speak about efficiency in the household. The argument was advanced that even in the purchase of lamb chops there were chances for improvements through greater efficiency.

The next morning my friend undertook to teach his wife what he had learned from this speech. His wife listened patiently for a time, and then asked, "Do you love me?"

"Certainly I do," he answered.

"Do you love your happy home?" she then asked.

"Sure!" was his answer.

Next she shot at him: "Then shut up."

So-called scientific management has as its object the elimination of waste. The most important waste in business is not of materials but of time. Now to make the most attractive reductions in the wastage of time, you must have co-operation from your employees. In other words, the knack of working with men is vital.

Hence any system of management, whether it is called scientific or not, which disregards this factor of team work or co-operation from the help is most dangerous. It will defeat its own ends.

It is fairly easy to list a number of types of management in use by men responsible for the work accomplished by important concerns. For instance, some business men think

the knack of handling men amounts to nagging at more or less regular intervals. Personally I do not think much of this method.

Others prefer to make working with men largely a money matter. They offer a man twice the amount any one else will give him, tell him they expect him to make good twice as spectacularly as any one else and then leave him completely alone. If he makes good, they readily give him enough more to keep him pushing; if he falls down, they replace him. This method may be all right if you can afford expensive blunders.

A third plan is to work with men by arousing a spirit of team play among them and making them feel that they are members of an industrial family. This, I believe, is the best way. You must have team work for the finest success.

One of the important detailed questions involved in working with men is, of course, when and how to handle raises. Here again we encounter fifty-seven varieties of specific conditions. The case of each man is different. With some men a raise will act as a spur; with others it will put them to sleep. The question of salary rewards should never be disregarded, of course, because the man who most deserves an increase may be one who will not ask for it and will cast about for new connections after a noticeably long period passes without a raise. Most business men with a number of highly paid men under them have stated periods, I presume, for going over the names of these men. Only by following some such schedule can the risk of overlooking a good man be avoided. More important still is the advisability of mapping out the line of advance best suited to each man and showing him that it is ahead. Then, too, men should be shifted until they are in position for advancement along the lines at which they work best. The reward of planning of this sort, if coupled with the right type of management, should be team work and an unusually low labor cost in place of the always expensive hiring and firing policy.

The Heart's Desire of Rumania

*Sketches From the History of a County
Distinguished in Poetry and
Agriculture.*

THE Rumania of to-day is as large as England, with a population equal to that of England a century and a quarter ago. The present war seeks to add to it Rumanian lands and Rumanian peoples equal to Scotland, and, like Scotland a region of pine-clad hills. But in many things it is to Ireland rather than England that comparisons point. There is intense nationalism, as in Ireland, and a land question bitterly fought between two parties. Quoting briefly from the *Outlook* we have the following notes from the history of this interesting country:

Of cultivated land—as rich as any in the world, so that this small kingdom stands fifth among the nations for wheat and fifth for wine—Rumania has twenty million acres. Some ten million acres are divided into little peasant holdings of less than ten acres each; some ten millions into great estates averaging over two thousand acres, worked by laborers not far from serfdom, while the owners, absentees like the Irish landlords of the past, spend their money lavishly in Bucharest or Paris. So it comes that in no other country in Europe is the chasm so wide between the few very wealthy landowners—less than five thousand families—and the great bulk of the people who till the soil.

Yet another comparison with Ireland. The first ruler of modern Rumania, besides being a great nationalist, was the leader in a nation-wide land agitation which had for its aim just the aim Parnell had in view in Ire-



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land—to turn a nation of laborers into a nation of peasant owners; and, like Parnell, the Rumanian leader was ruined through a tragedy of passion, and left his work undone. So it comes that the land question is, after nationalism, the greatest and gravest question in Rumanian politics. For the present it is in abeyance; but it will assuredly come up again after the war.

This passion for the land and for the things that grow upon it has deeply colored Rumanian poetry. Just as among Irish popular ballads there is a class called "Come all ye's," from their first words, so, in Rumania, whole groups of poems begin with the names of plants or fruits: "Leaf of the violet! Leaf of red clover! Leaf of the mulberry! Leaf of the bramble! Leaf of the acacia! Leaf of marjoram! Leaf of arbutus!" Here is a long song that is representative of many: "Green leaf of the hawthorn! nothing any longer touches my thought. Since longing came upon me, it has taken prisoner my heart; since longing seized me, my soul is on fire. I climb the hill, I go down into the valley, and my day is wasted by the roadside. I pass my life in longing. My little sweetheart, whose lips are like a flower, when I see thee, I forget the plow in the furrow, the pickax struck into the earth; I let my oxen graze, my plow rust, my pickax rot. Alas, little sweetheart! if thou wert willing, I would drive four plows and till the whole land! But thou art not willing, my woe, and I die for longing!"

In these folk poems one finds wonderful phrases: A wanderer went to the world's end, "where things that are mingle with things that are not;" there is an old widow, "old as Time, and so poor that even the flies had deserted her hut;" there are sheep that whiten the hillside "like a carpet of opened flowers." And some of the songs end with a graceful touch of humor: "My hero is still living—unless he has died!" "The wedding feast is still going on, unless it ended—like my song!"

One of the best of these poems is in praise of poetry itself, of the national Rumanian poem, the "Doina:" "Oh, doina, doina, sweet song, when I hear thee I halt in the way. Oh, doina, doina, song full of fire, when thou echoest I stand still. Spring winds blow, and I sing the doina in the open air, amid the flowers and the nightingales. When winter comes, laden with tempests, I sing, in my cottage, the doina, to guard my days and nights. When the birth of the leaves in the forests comes again, I sing the doina of the brigands. The leaf falls to the earth, and then I sing the doina of lamentations. I speak the doina, I breathe the doina, I live only through the doina!"

One may sum up in the words of the late King Carol, who made himself a true Rumanian: "Our popular poetry in a marvelous way mirrors the painful times of a past full of fear and suffering. While science and politics lay dormant, poetry was profoundly alive in the Rumanian heart."

If poetry be the soul of the Rumanian people, the tillage of the soil is its body. The wide plains of the Danube and its affluents—the Sereth, which flows south from Bukowina; the Yalomitsa, which rises in the Carpathian foothills; the Aluta, which comes southward through the mountains from Transylvania—are among the richest farm lands in the world; lands on which the fawn-colored oxen and buffaloes of bygone days are yielding to modern tractors and steam plows, just as, alas! the national costume of the peasants, splendid with colored needlework, is in danger of absorption into the drab monotony of "civilized" clothes. These rich lands the Rumanian peasants tilled as serfs, for masters who for centuries were little better than serfs of the Turks.

Rumania was for generations the battlefield of the Turks from the south, fighting against the Russians from the north; the Russians who, after long and abject helotry to the Moslem Tartars—of the hordes of the great Genghiz Khan—had slowly and through much suffering shaken off the Tartar yoke, at last driving their conquerors back to the shores of the Black Sea, on the fringe of the Sultan's Empire. Something over a century ago one of these interminable wars raged between Russian and Turks; and Suvaroff,

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the wild genius who led Empress Catherine's armies, inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Turks in a region largely peopled by Rumanians, at Ismailia, just north of the mouths of the Danube. The peace, made in 1812, gave Russia as spoils of victory the region between the Dniester and the Pruth, which bears the name of Bessarabia, from the old Rumanian princely family of Bessarab. There was hardly even a stirring of Rumanian nationality then; the name, even, of Rumanian had hardly come into being. The whole of the future Kingdom was still divided into two Turkish provinces: Moldavia, to the north, between the Pruth and the Carpathians; and Wallachia, to the south, between the Transylvanian Alps and the Danube. Their administration, which consisted largely in plundering their populations, was for the most part carried on by Greek traders from Stamboul, who bought their offices at auction from the Sultan, and counted on organized robbery to get back the price.

A word concerning the faith of the Rumanians. All eastern Europe, from the line of the Balkans northward, owes its Christianity to two Slav apostles, Cyril and Methodius, who, drawing their inspiration from the ancient Church of Constantinople, carried the Scriptures and Prayer-Book, in the old Slav tongue, to the northern half of the Balkan Peninsula and to what was to be the Russian Empire. So old Slavonic became the Church tongue of Serbia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and Russia, to whose living tongues it stands in the same relation as the Latin of the Western Church does to Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French. It also became the ecclesiastical language of the Rumanian region, where it has always been an alien speech. So that in working toward national consciousness and life Rumania had gradually to turn its Church tradition and services into the national tongue, as in the domain of law it threw off the shackles of the Phanariote Greeks, with the jargon they brought with them from Stamboul. For, while the best writing of modern Greece is close to the beautiful old tongue of Hellas—no living tongue has changed less in two millenniums—the daily speech of the peasants and the Constantinople traders is no better than a jargon. And this was still more true a century ago, when the fight for the Rumanian tongue began.

While they were thus winning a language for their nascent nation, which was coming up out of the throes of centuries of suffering and subjection, the Rumanians were at the same time reconquering, by slow and painful stages, the power and right to govern themselves, though still under Turkish suzerainty. The people of Wallachia now elected their own prince, as did the Moldavians to the north. By a happy inspiration, they effected a union in 1859 by electing the same man to both offices, and Alexander John Cuza, whom we have likened to the great Irish Nationalist Charles Stewart Parnell, became the first Prince of United Rumania, whose administration was completely unified in 1861. But five years later a strong party in Rumania brought about his downfall: in part because of elements in his private life, but more, perhaps, because of his land policy, which meant the emancipation and enrichment of the peasant millions at the expense of the few great landed families.

Then came the suggestion, made first, it is said, in France, that a prince of the old Roman Catholic line of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen should be called to govern Rumania; Prince Carol of that ancient house, was unanimously accepted by a Constituent Assembly, which in the summer of 1866 formed also a Parliament of two houses, to govern constitutionally in union with the Prince. The Sultan of Turkey was still suzerain over Rumania; but Prince Carol, who was a trained soldier, throwing himself heart and soul into the national life of Rumania, organized and trained an excellent army, and began a network of strategic railways leading up to the mountain passes and down to the Danube, and later connected with the Black Sea by the line to Constanza, which crosses the Danube by the magnificent bridge at Cherna Voda, the "black water." These were happy days for the Rumanians. Wealth and well-being increased; new writers, full of the spirit of Rumania nationalism, mul-



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tiplied poems and histories, dramas and romances, of Rumanian life; and Carol's consort, who had been Princess Elizabeth of Wied, became, as "Carmen Sylva," the enthusiastic prophetess of the Rumanian tongue and its ancient, beautiful traditions. The closeness of that tongue to French made easy a rich interchange between the two languages; Rumania's memories and aspirations were told in French, and the best French writers became the models of the young Rumanians.

In 1854, a dozen years before the coming of Prince Carol and "Carmen Sylva," and five years before the two Danubian principalities were first united, Russia and Turkey had once more gone to war. Turkey, with the support of Napoleon III. and Viscount Palmerston, was able, when the war closed, to get back a part of Bessarabia, which had then been a part of the Russian Empire for nearly half a century. In 1877, eleven years after Carol had come to rule Rumania, the Turkish persecution of the Slavonic Serbs and Bulgars led Russia once more to intervene in the Balkans. On May 17 a Russian army began a southward march through Rumania and across the Danube; and, after a first serious check at Plevna, Rumanian troops under Prince Carol were invited to join the Russians and fought splendidly through the remainder of the campaign. But the distribution of fruits of victory brought discord. Russia claimed and received western Bessarabia, which had been Russian territory from 1812 to 1856, but which had been embodied in Turkish Rumania from 1856 to 1877. As compensation Russia compelled Turkey to cede to Rumania the Dobrudja plateau, which turns the Danube northward at Silistria. But the compensation was felt to be inadequate; the alienation of Bessarabia, with its million Rumanian inhabitants, was one of the causes which led Rumania, six years after the war to throw in her lot with the Central Empires.

Against the Central Powers, however, Rumania had a deeper and more lasting grievance. In the Bukowina, in Transylvania, and the Banat, there are four million Rumanians, and this whole region is saturated with the most ancient Ruman traditions. The city now called Karlsburg, in southwestern Transylvania, was Apulum, the headquarters of the legionaries of the Rumanian region; Sucheava, on a tributary of the

Sereth, in Bukowina, the Beechland, was the ancient Moldavian capital; and in the Putna monastery, hard by, the old Moldavian princes were buried.

It is curious, and far from creditable, that the Rumanians of Transylvania and the Banat, subject to Hungary and governed from Budapest, have been far more harshly treated than their brothers in the Bukowina, directly under the Austrian crown. At the very time when the Magyars, under Louis Kossuth's fiery leadership, were fighting for their liberty and their national ideal these same Magyars were planning to disfranchise the Rumanians of Transylvania and reduce them to helotry. Transylvania was to be represented at Budapest by sixty-nine Deputies; but these were all to be Magyars or Germans, although the Rumanians were two-thirds of the whole population, while the Magyars were but a quarter and the Germans less than a tenth. This was in 1848, the "year of liberty." In 1863 the Emperor Franz Josef, bringing Transylvania more directly under his rule, dealt more generously with the Rumanian population; but three years later the Prussian victory at Sadowa broke the Austrian power. Hungary asserted herself, recovered Transylvania, and has been bullying and maltreating the Rumanians ever since, as she has bullied the Slovaks and other Slav peoples within the Kingdom. Under the Magyar election law, of more than four hundred representative elected to the Diet, only one was a Rumanian. A tyrannous Magyarization went on at the same time, for there is a false nationalism as well as a true. And now the cup of injustice has flowed over; the armies from the Rumanian Kingdom lately poured through the Carpathian passes in an effort to liberate their western brothers, to reunite the old Rumanian land. And so rich, so fertile, so full of promise, is the Rumanian genius that the whole world stands to gain through a fuller expression of Rumanian nationalism. We have come to learn, through long centuries of pain and struggle, that the fruit of a nation's work is of sterling and universal value, of genuine worth in the world, only when that nation is living and breathing in the free spirit of its own genius; and this Ruman nation, young and strong and vigorous and of uncorrupted life, for all its centuries of tradition, has, we are confident, rich treasures in its heart, to be brought forth for the enrichment of the world.

ligious, were complicating the problem of how to live. He felt that the hour needed some strong, wise and honorable man who might restore harmony and establish upon some permanent basis a better order of things. In the chaos of the times unity of Government seemed to be the most pressing necessity, and so with great earnestness, with the use of the verbal logic which was fashionable, with delightful dexterity and simple-minded sincerity, allied with a simplicity which is astonishing, he pleaded that a great State Ruler was needful for civil affairs, just as a great Ecclesiastical Ruler was recognized as necessary in religious matters. The world needed a monarch for things of the State and a Pope for things of the Church, both deriving their authority from Heaven. Now when we read his earnest pleadings for unity of Government, his reiterated arguments leading to the monotonous conclusion that a single ruler is needed for the peace of the world, we may be tempted to think that Dante must be counted among those who would welcome the establishment of an Empire which would put into the hands of one sovereign the destinies of Europe. In this case we may ask whether his ideas are not more in harmony with the programme of Germany to-day than with those of ourselves and of our Allies?

What is the root and ground of this Imperial majesty? It arises, Dante says, from man's social state, "which is ordained for a single end—namely, a life of happiness." It is because man cannot reach happiness alone, but only with comradeship, because he is a companionable animal, that this central ruler is needed. Man needs help in social, in political affairs, and in the long run his happiness cannot be secured unless there is some final authority to determine disputes and do justice. Thus it is not empire for the sake of empire which Dante advocates, but empire for the sake of human happiness. The form of his remedy from existing evils is only adopted because he desires the end—human happiness. To him the method is less than the end; the form less than the purpose. His deepest interest is not with the form of central government, but with happiness of the race.

What Dante desires is a consensus in regard to fundamental principles of right and freedom in practical life. He could only see security for such a consensus in some supreme ruler. "Not only is this possible to one, but it must of necessity flow from one that all confusion concerning universal principles may be removed." But in the application of principles freedom was to be allowed. Dante advocates a supreme ruler, because he wishes to secure to all men freedom and peace; these were the great objects which he had in view. He only valued his theory as it promoted or seemed to promote these objects. His theory was subordinate to his purpose, and not his purpose to his theory. He would have been the first to refuse power which did not secure to man the happiness in peace and freedom which man had a right to claim.

This freedom is the greatest gift conferred by God on human nature; for through it we have our felicity here as men, through it we have our felicity elsewhere as deities. He tells us clearly that the value of rulers is that they can promote happiness by preserving freedom.

Citizens, he says, are not there for the sake of Consuls, nor the nation for the sake of the King, but conversely, the Consuls for the sake of the citizens, and the King for the sake of the nation. For just as the body politic is not established for the benefit of the laws, but the laws for the benefit of the body politic, so too they who live under the law are not ordained for the benefit of the legislator, but rather he for theirs. . . . hence it is clear that, albeit the Consul or King be masters of the rest as regards the way, yet as regards the end they are servants; the monarch most of all for he must assuredly be regarded as the servant of all.

If Dante then has a message for us in the present conflict, it is not a message to encourage the northern barbarians on their errand of vindictive and ambitious conquest. It is a message of hope to the gallant little nations fighting for their right to live according to their own judgment of what is fitting; it is the message of faith that nations

Dante's Appeal to the Nations

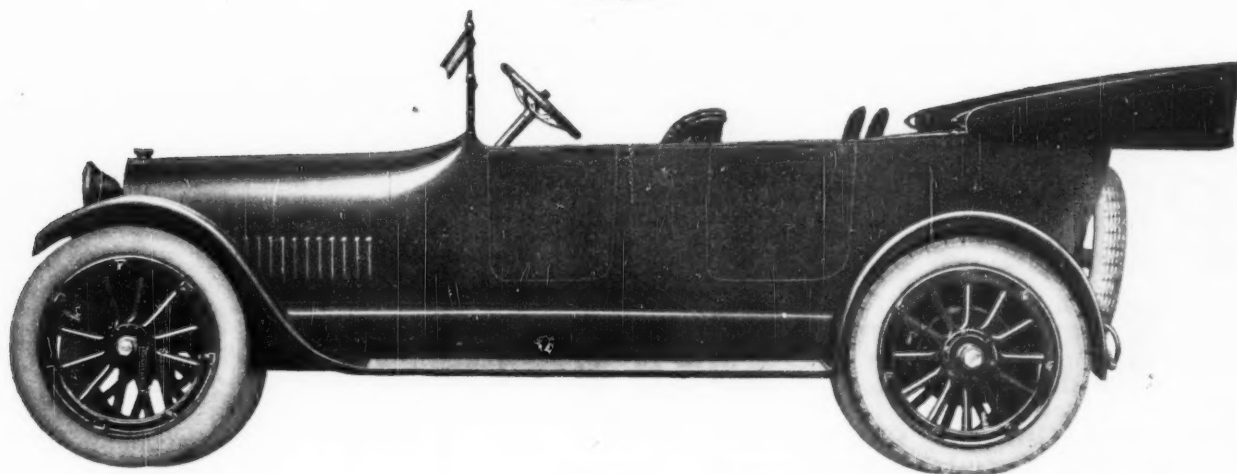
The Seer of Six Hundred Years Ago Has a Message for Europe To-day.

TO-DAY, perhaps owing to the pressure of great practical anxieties, we would welcome the man of action more than the man of vision; it is natural, when the hour has come that we should look for the man who can act, but the world could not do without the man of vision. At any rate the man of vision has often inspired the man of action. When, however, we turn to Dante and ask what message he has for us, we may be sure we shall not listen to the vapourings of a visionary, but to the carefully devised schemes and well-weighed words of a man who had imagination enough to understand the great things of the world, and good sense enough to remember the little things which are also great. This is true in spite of the fact that we must regard him chiefly as an idealist, and so judge the appeal which comes to us across the stretch of six hundred years. Quoting briefly from *The Nineteenth Century Magazine*:

We are to-day spectators of a conflict which will alter the map of Europe and revolutionize the conditions of social and political life. The children who are born to-day will grow up in a new world. Things and institutions which we and our fathers have

known may vanish, a new earth may be born, better or worse than the one we have known and lived in. From the spectacle of the convulsed Europe we know we turn to Dante, who in his day also looked out upon a Europe seething with unrest—in which theories seemingly irreconcilable fought for the mastery, and self-seeking men and unprincipled opportunists waited warily upon events, in which thousands of the combatants fought for principles which they did not understand, and shouted rallying cries which had lost their meaning, in which few had any real guiding principle of judgment, and many exercised a prudent caution of concealment. He lived in a Europe, in fact, which, though wholly different from the Europe we know, was filled with men like the men we know—men brave but ignorant, men astute but cowardly, men patriotic and self sacrificing, and men who measured everything by self-interest. Human nature with its greatness and littleness is the same to-day as it was 600 years ago. We may, therefore, hear from Dante an appeal which has its message for our own age. I call it an appeal, and I hope that I can justify the word. For the present I only ask what message Dante has for the nations and men of to-day. One great Italian of last century, speaking in a time of Continental unrest, said "The secret of Dante is the secret of our own epoch." If so, it is not unreasonable to believe that he has some message for us.

To this end let us look at some of Dante's political principles. Dante set out his views in a formal fashion in his work *De Monarchia*. He saw that the times were times of war and confusion. Rivalries, dynastic, municipal, re-



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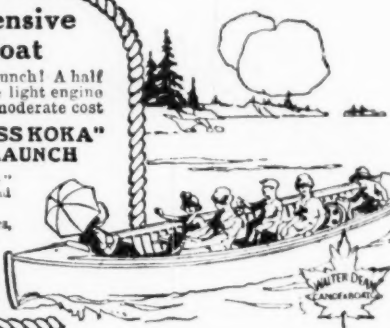
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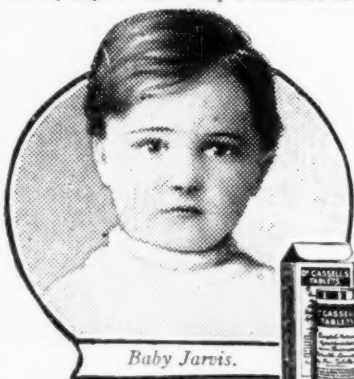
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are, by the order of Providence, to be allowed to develop to their fullest the special gifts and qualities which nature has bestowed upon them. The duty of the strong is to secure to the weak the opportunity and liberty for such development. Such a message is not a message for the Central Powers but for the Allies, who seek to restore to Serbia, Montenegro, and Belgium national life, social well-being, and political peace.

Such is Dante's message to the nations of to-day.

But Dante's message goes deeper than this. He realizes—that political theorists fail to realize—that the secret of human happiness lies in man himself. The key which was needed to liberate Christian from the Castle of Despair was in his own bosom. All true thinkers are at one in this, that the root of evil lies not in things external but in man himself. "Happiness," said a modern Italian, "is not in things; it lies in moral healthfulness."

"No created being," Dante writes, "is a final goal in the intention of the Creator; but is rather the proper function for the achieving that goal." We are made not as ends in ourselves, but as powers to accomplish some end. We are not here for self but for service.

But how to fit ourselves for service? Dante's answer would be, I think, by achieving freedom. Freedom is our when our capacities and powers are made available under our own direction for the fulfilment of our function, duty or destiny.

The first principle of freedom is freedom of choice. But Dante is not so foolish as to include the idea that every man's freedom consists in choosing what he likes. I can imagine Dante's scornful denunciations of the man who was led by his likes or dislikes. Men, he says, get as far as saying that free choice is free judgment, and herein he admits that they say truth; but he urges that they should go further and understand the significance and value of what they say and what he admits is true.

For if freedom of choice is free judgment, we need to understand what we mean by judgment. Judgment clearly means a decision between two litigants or competitors. There is no judgment where there is no weighing of rival claims. In human experience we are often called to exercise our judgment between the counsels of mind or thought and the pleadings of desire. Hence Dante calls judgment the link (ought we not to say the judge or umpire?) between apprehension and appetite.

"If the judgment sets the appetite in motion, then it is free; but if the judgment is moved by the appetite, it cannot be free, for it does not move of itself, but is drawn captive by another." In other words, if we are swayed by desire, our judgment has really not acted in the case; it is only when our judgment, having weighed and considered the question, after having understood or apprehended it in all its bearings has come to a decision, that we can be said to be acting as free men. Briefly, we may be slaves of appetite or desire or likes or dislikes; and it is the part of wise men to realize that in the order of God we are called to develop harmoniously all our powers, and, therefore, to give its fitting place to thought and its true throne to judgment. "Brutes," Dante says, "cannot have free judgment because their judgments are always anticipated by their appetites." Your little dog takes greedily whatever dainty is given to it. You may talk to it and give it the sagest and soundest advice; you may point out with vivid exactness the evil effects of greediness indulged; but its little eyes are fixed with determined desire on the dainty morsel in your hand: he will ignore your wise counsels and swallow the morsel with avidity and turn innocent and expectant eyes to you, waiting for more. Truly, Dante is right: appetite anticipates judgment in such a case. Your freedom as a human being is only true freedom when desire is subordinate to judgment.

This power of judgment to set passion or appetite in its proper place must inevitably contribute to the building up of character in its true proportion. In this true proportion freedom is found; for then only we are at liberty when all our members, powers, and passions are contributing in harmonious co-

operation their share to the main end and work of life. Freedom is ability to use power as need or duty may require. In this happy proportion of duly subordinated and co-operating powers there will be found what Dante would call nobility.

Nobility is a fine word if we understand its full significance. Nobility, according to Dante, is perfection according to nature: it is a perfection which is reached in the full and free development of all our powers and qualities within the limits of our nature. His illustration is simple: the circle is a noble circle if it is a perfect circle; but the circle which is egg-shaped loses the quality of its nature: it is not a true circle: it is not "noble" of its kind, but a perfect circle possesses a kind of "nobility" because it is true to itself: it is complete and also true: there is no deviation from its type or pattern form.

This nobility is a greater thing—larger in thought—than virtue. Nobility is like the heavens in which virtues like stars may shine. "For truly it is a heaven wherein many stars do shine; there shine the intellectual and moral virtues: there shine the good dispositions bestowed by nature—that is, piety and religion and the laudable passions, such as shame and compassion and many others: there shine the good gifts of the body—that is, beauty, strength, and almost perpetual health." Nobility is thus a perfection of nature and according to nature. It is not a quality inherent in a race. A man may be proud of his race, but this pride of race does not make him noble: the inheritance of a noble name does not confer of itself true nobility. "Let not the Uberti of Florence or the Visconti of Milan say: 'Because I am of such a family I am noble'; for the divine seed does not fall upon a family, that is a race, but upon individuals, and (as shall be proved hereafter) the race does not ennoble the individual but the individuals ennoble the race. Dante would subscribe to the verdict of the late Duke of Argyll, when in his poem of *Guido and Lila* he said:

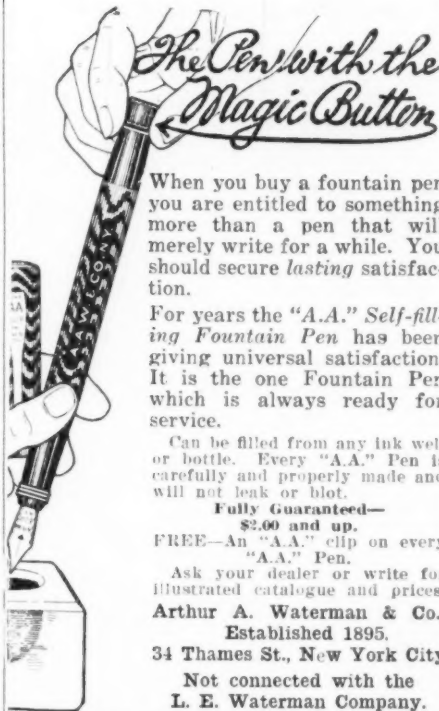
"Noble names, if nobly worn,
Live within a nation's heart."

The truth is that in the great heroic souls—in Drake and Nelson—in Wellington, and Lawrence and Outram, and in the lonely, unheeded Prophet Warrior of our own day, Lord Roberts—we read the fine features of character, courage, self-restraint and self-sacrifice which are possible to all of us; we all feel called and lifted to a higher level of aspiration and life by them: we are ennobled in them. Names like these give the patent of nobility to the race that bore them. They call out in us the longing for qualities in which we may resemble them: their nobility consisted in the fulness with which they used and actualized the powers of nature. Their lives are a perpetual challenge to us.

But in Dante's view it is more than such a human challenge. He, after his fashion, sees God in all things, and realizes that every good and perfect gift is from above: in the gift of this good and admirable seed to men he sees man, though lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor, yes, in the possession of these powers he sees man touching ranges of life and being which are not open to angels. And then, with that practical wisdom which meets us so often in Dante's works, he presses home the conclusion of the matter, and urges the duty of cultivating the habits which may serve to establish and invigorate the yearnings and capacities from which the noble perfection of life may spring. God the giver sows the seed of good; it rests with man to prepare the ground and to cultivate the seed.

Therefore St. Augustine holds (and also Aristotle in the Second Book of the *Ethics*) that man should accustom himself to do good, and to control his passions, in order that the shoot may be produced by good habit and strengthened in its uprightness, so that it may bear fruit, and from its fruit may issue the sweetness of human happiness.

Thus, according to Dante, God Himself is, as it were, challenging men to rise to the full power and dignity of their nature. The Golden Age will not dawn upon men who are living by their passions, tyrannized over by their pride or ambitions, still less upon those insolent members who scoff at morality and set at naught the laws of righteousness. Man is



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here to grow up to true perfection of body, mind, and spirit: nothing exists in this world except for some purpose, and it is man's high duty to make himself fit for the fulfilment of the high purpose of righteousness; but the highest fulfilment of the Divine purpose is that which can be achieved not by any individual, nor even by any small group of men, but only by the human race as a whole, working together with co-operative zeal towards one great end, and animated by one ennobling spirit.

It is the intention of God that every created thing should present the divine likeness in so far as its proper nature is capable of receiving it. Wherefore it is said, "Let us make man after our image and likeness. . . ."

But the full divine resemblance is to be found rather on the race than in the individual.

The human race is the Son of Heaven . . . and best disposed when it follows the track of heaven in so far as its proper nature allows.

Dante dreamed that an earthly prince, the garden of whose government should be Italy and not Germany, and the centre of whose rule should be Rome and certainly not Berlin, might be found under whose rule high ideals might prevail, and of which love might be the animating spirit; but neither in this mountain nor in any earthly city will such a spotless and successful government be found. The unity of the race in happy co-operative service will never come by external pressure nor by any organization, whether political or ecclesiastical: the unity must be one of the spirit, springing up within and enabling mankind to find those secret, sweet and strong bonds of union which are independent of outward form.

Great Britain has come nearer the realization of Dante's dream than any Roman or Continental Europe ever reached; for she, without external pressure, by modest claims, by the promotion of common interests and, above all, by the inspiration of a common love, has welded together an Empire greater and more complex than any Caesar ruled. And in the great contest which is now going forward there will be put to the test the rival methods of stern discipline and of ready and willing patriotism, of institutions governed by authority and of those free institutions which have grown from the heart of the people. It is a conflict between authority from without and loyalty from within. Law makes nothing perfect, but love fulfils the law. I have no doubt that the strength which comes from love will outlast the strength which comes from disciplinary laws; and I think that Dante, whose mind looked for the outworking of hidden principles, who saw that "will" was God's greatest gift to man, and liberty his prerogative, would see hope for the world not in the hard imperialism of Germany, but in the freedom-loving imperialism of the British Empire; and would rejoice to see his Italy fighting in the cause of freedom against the barbarian tyranny of Berlin.

Diamonds in South West Africa

General Botha's Conquest Means a Magnificent Stroke of Business Financially.

WHEN General Botha conquered German South West Africa last year, he gained for the Union of South Africa in addition to a huge territory of more or less valuable pastoral and agricultural possibilities, two very important assets in the valuable copper and diamond mining industries, both in a fairly well organized condition. According to *Chambers's Journal* the copper mines alone yielded in 1913 an export of the value of one hundred and fifty-six thousand, one hundred and six pounds, a marked increase on the one hundred and eighteen thousand, two



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hundred and twenty-eight pounds of 1912. Of the wealth in the diamond area the *Journal* says:—

But the richest and by far the most important mineral discovery so far made in South-West Africa is that of diamonds. Until the year 1908, although there had been rumors of these precious stones in various parts of the territory, and desultory explorations had been carried on, no actual discovery had been made. The first find was not quite so romantic in character as that of the first Cape diamond, which was picked out in the year 1867 by a wandering trader and hunter named O'Reilly (from among a handful of pretty colored pebbles spread on the rough table of a Boer farmhouse). These pebbles had once been the playthings of a bushman's child on the Orange River, and had been taken over as toys by the Dutchman's children.

The northern parts of the field have hitherto not been so successful as those farther south, and under German rule the heavy Government taxation—one-third per cent. of the proceeds of sale, plus *regie* and other profits—proved an almost impossible handicap. On the other hand, water is somewhat more abundant, and under the rule of the Union Government of South Africa it will probably be found that these fields may be made payable to the companies or individuals owning them. The water-supply of the southern fields may be described as originally nil, for the country is sheer desert, with almost no rainfall. Wells have been sunk, which here and there provide a brackish liquid unfit for human consumption, but just drinkable by animals. For drinking purposes water is produced from condensers on the coast; and this is carried in carts and small tanks borne by pack-animals to the localities where it is required. At the Kolmanskop field, where twenty million pounds' worth of diamonds are believed to be now "in sight," seawater is obtained from Elizabeth Bay, seventeen miles away; and here a big pumping-station has been set up for the purpose. Electricity for lighting and power purposes is supplied from Luderitzbucht, or was before the war, to various mining companies.

The diamonds thus far have been chiefly found in a deposit of sand and gravel, varying in depth from six inches to fifteen feet. The raging trade-winds which blow periodically in this region have carried the smaller and lighter gems to the sand-dunes, characteristic of Great Namaqualand; but the heavier stones and a layer of other particles are often left in rich pockets, where many of the gems may be found together. As a rule the stones are much smaller than those found at the Kimberley and Vaal River diggings, going some six or eight to the carat; but some large stones are occasionally found, the heaviest yet discovered attaining thirty-four and seventeen carats respectively. They run in all colors—pure white, yellow, lemon, pale pink, dark red, and even in bluish, greenish, and blackish tints. Of a parcel of one thousand five hundred and fifty-eight diamonds, however, no fewer than eight hundred and nineteen were clear white, or had only a trifling yellowish tinge. It will be remembered that very many of the Cape diamonds are characterized by this pale-yellow tint. These precious gems are found among sand and gravel, including minute fragments of banded agate, red garnet, milky quartz, yellow chalcedony, red jasper, white felspar, epidote, magnetite, and specular iron, often accompanied by particles of granite and gneiss.

The diamonds of South-West Africa have a character of their own. They are said to resemble Brazilian stones, and can readily be distinguished by experts from the Kimberley and Vaal River gems. Not long since some natives produced in Cape Colony certain small diamonds which they pretended to have found in the Vaal River alluvial diggings. But the experts detected them at once. They were not Vaal River stones, but had been stolen in German South-West Africa. The puzzle to all geologists and diamond and other experts—a puzzle at present completely lacking solution—is how these diamonds of South-West Africa got into the torrid, waterless and forbidding sand deserts in which they are found. Dr. Wagner, author of *The Diamond Mines of Southern Africa*, after discussing

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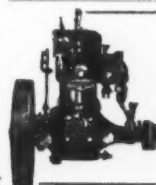
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and dismissing various theories, states his belief that they are derived from a primary deposit or primary deposits which now lie buried in the sea somewhere off Pomona, one of the principal fields, where the heaviest stones are found. Dr. Marloth states that among the prospectors "the belief is quite common that Pomona diamonds came from some volcanic fissures that occurred there." Another authority, Dr. Versfeld, believes that the diamond-bearing gravel is not of marine origin, but debris from diamond "pipes," which has been concentrated by strong winds, and that the stones may have been thus transported hundreds of miles. He is of opinion that the discovery of diamond-bearing pipes "much nearer to the Luderitzbucht deposits than those at present known seems well within the bounds of probability." It is worth stating that "pipes" and dikes resembling the Kimberley formations have been discovered in the Keetmanshoop, Gibeon, and Bethany districts, much farther east of the new fields; but these, singularly enough, contain no diamonds.

How valuable the diamond industry of South-West Africa is to the Union of South Africa may be gauged by the following figures:

DIAMONDS PRODUCED IN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

	Carats.	Value.	Value per carat.
1908	39,762	£ 53,842	27s. 1d.
1909	519,190	704,123	29s. 0.5d.
1910	792,642	1,015,779	25s. 7d.
1911	766,465	968,418	25s. 3.1d.
1912	992,380	1,408,738	28s. 4.7d.
1913	1,470,000	2,953,500	40s. 1.9d.

Total .. 4,580,439 £7,104,400

These figures are from Dr. Wagner's The Diamond-Mines of Southern Africa, and they are worth pondering.

In 1911 the total value of the diamond output in the Union of South African territories was eight million seven hundred and forty-six thousand seven hundred and twenty-four pounds; in 1912, ten million sixty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-nine pounds; and in 1913, eleven million three hundred and eighty-nine thousand eight hundred and seven pounds. These mines have been established and at work some forty years; and the output of South-West Africa for 1913, close on three million pounds, after a mining life of five brief years only, makes by comparison quite a formidable showing. Some very wonderful dividends have been paid by German mining companies on these fields. Thus in 1912 the Koloniale Bergbaugesellschaft paid its shareholders 3800 per cent.; in 1911 the dividend was 2500 per cent. In 1913 the Pomona Company paid a dividend of 175 per cent. The German Government, by taxation, diamond regie, and in other ways, derived very large profits from this industry; and it may be expected, therefore, that as the mines develop the Union of South Africa will prove to have done a magnificent stroke of business in the acquisition of these fields alone, as a result of General Botha's remarkable conquest.

In Next Month's MACLEAN'S

will be found the story of a
Canadian boy who went down
to New York and became the
business manager of one of
the largest publishing houses
in the world. His story is
a real "business romance."

The Re-discovery of Persons

Are We Recovering a Forgotten Standard of Human Values?

IN these months of shock and upheaval, we find ourselves groping among the primitive instincts, the elemental passions and loyalties that go down to the roots of man's being. We are recovering a forgotten standard of human values so that we judge and discriminate afresh between what is of small account and what seriously matters in the end. Says the *British Weekly*:—

From one point of view we may describe the change by saying that we have begun to realize once more the supremacy of persons over things. Through our sleek, prosperous years that supremacy was lost sight of. In a world where faith is waning we always have to confess that "things are in the saddle and ride mankind." But now amid carnage and ruin a new dawn of faith kindles along the sky, and in its sunrise such a dreadful inversion becomes possible no longer. The result may indeed appear paradoxical: for in some respects things have grown more dominant and despotic than ever. We have bent our necks to the yoke of organized State control in a fashion none of us ever dreamed of before. We are being governed by a Committee of Public Safety. England is fighting for her existence in a war wherein machinery and munitions seem all-important, a war whose latest product is such monstrous engines as "tanks." And yet we have entered upon a new freedom, because our spirits are being redeemed from the tyranny of mere things.

Most of us, for example, are worse off to-day than we were before the war, and we expect to grow still poorer. But we are learning afresh that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of those things which he possesseth—things which, as they multiply generally end by taking possession of him. We can endure the spoiling of our goods, not perhaps joyfully, but without flinching, if thereby we attain man's chief good—which is that his spirit shall be quickened so that he becomes more abundantly and vitally and intensely alive. For generations we have been attending to economic results and leaving human results to take care of themselves. But to-day we realize that, if the choice must be made, we ought to do the exact opposite. For we are beginning to understand at last the burden of that eloquent prophet whom God sent to rebuke England for her worldliness and secularity: "There is no wealth but Life—Life including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings." Civilization, said Baron Liebig, half a century ago, is economy of power, and English power is coal. Civilization, retorted Ruskin, is the making of civil persons. "And English power is by no means coal, but, indeed, of that which

When the whole world turns to coal
Then chiefly lives."

The same principle has its application to ethics as well as to economics. Nay, it enters into the substance and fibre of ethics, which can never be reduced to a subject of abstract speculation. Germany may admonish us on this point:—"In no country is psychology more studied, and in no country is human nature less understood." To-day we have begun to revolt against the tyranny of abstractions and to take refuge once more among the children who are partakers of flesh and blood. Three years ago people used to argue in an abstract way about the British navy; to-day we all talk fondly and proudly of "our men at the front." That change is the symbol of a spiritual conversion. For it is the one grand characteristic of Christianity that it translates into personalities. After all is said, good and evil are only names unless they stand for personal qualities. Right and wrong have no proper moral meaning except when they describe the relations between persons. And the essence of immortality lies



The Hours We Don't Forget

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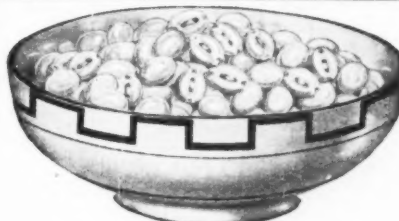
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in treating a living person as if he were no better than a thing. Slavery is hateful because it involves dealing with human beings as though they were chattels. We do despite to God when we take a fellow-creature, made in God's image, and turn that fellow-creature into the mere instrument of our own profit or our own self-indulgence. It is a deadly sin thus to despise the least of Christ's little ones. The doom of Dives turned on the fact that he treated Lazarus as beneath his notice, he habitually trampled on the personal claim of one poor, hungry wretch who lay at his door.

To a Christian, things are of no account compared with persons, they have worth only as they subserve persons. Our religious organizations and institutions are all means to an end; they become useless, they may even become harmful and poisonous, unless they minister to the spirits of living men. Our theology grows vital when it turns away from abstractions and goes back into partnership with flesh and blood. It may also be said that a man's Christianity is tested by the way in which he regards faces in the street. Browning's biographer has described how the poet looked at the fellow creatures he met. To him each one of them wore some expression, some blend of eternal joy and eternal sorrow, not to be found in any other countenance. He was hungrily interested in all human beings, but it would have been quite impossible to say of Browning that he loved humanity. He did not love humanity, but men. His sense of the difference between one man and another would have made the idea of melting them all into a lump called humanity simply loathsome and prosaic. For Browning "believed that to every man that ever lived on this earth has been given a definite and peculiar confidence of God." Surely the first lesson in Christian service is to learn this inexpressible value and sacredness of separate souls. A true saint, who enters into Christ's mind and heart, comes to look upon men with Christ's eyes and to think about them with Christ's thoughts, and to feel for them with something of Christ's own passion, and to estimate them according to Christ's judgment. Under the baseness and cruelty and corruption of human nature he discerns in each individual sinner the object of the Divine solicitude, the Divine sacrifice. The love of Christ constrains him to recognise something unspeakably lovely and precious in every single person, however mean or marred. And this constraining, consuming sense of the infinite beauty and value of human souls is the secret which can sustain the loneliest missionary and inspire the humblest preacher of the Gospel. Throughout the history of the Church those Christians who had power to seek and to save the lost have been alike in this: though they differed in methods and in doctrines, they have all been baptised into the love of souls for Christ's sake.

The Nation and the Individual

A Protest Against the Sacrifice of Modern Warfare.

"THE willingness of men to die in struggles that effect no permanent good, and leave no contribution to civilization makes the tragedy of individual life pathetic. The crime of the nation against the individual is, not that it demands his sacrifices against his will, but that it claims a life of eternal significance for ends that have no eternal value." This is the theme of a rather stirring article by Reinhold Niebuhr in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which we quote in part as follows:

The incurable optimists who feel called upon to find a saving virtue in every evil and in every loss a compensation have been comforting the world since the outbreak of the great war with the assurance that the nations of Europe would arise purified and ennobled

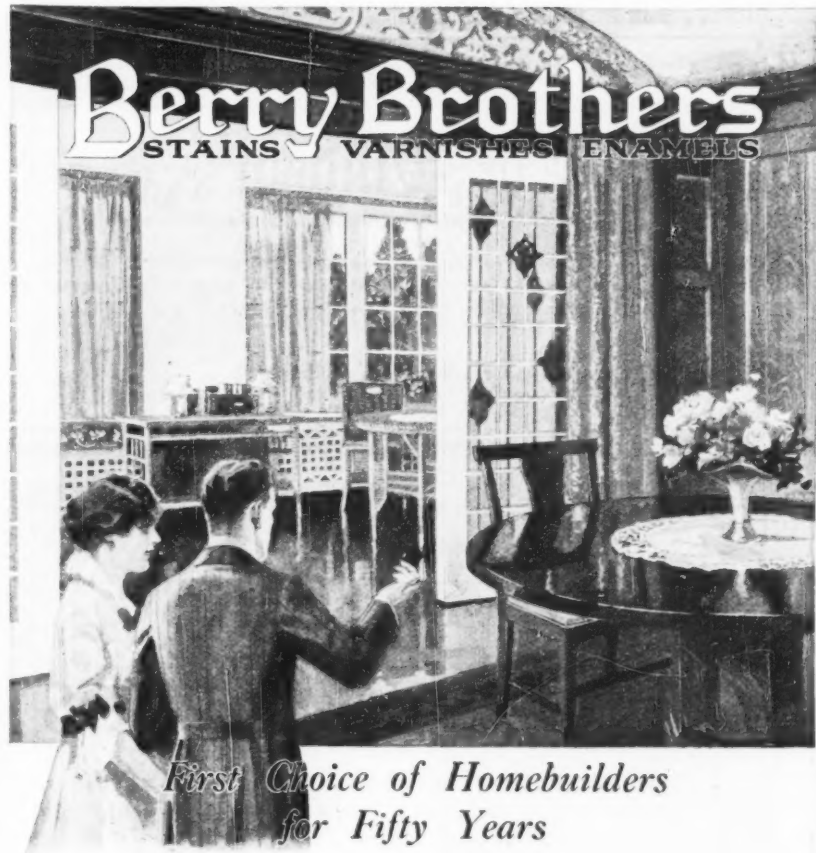
from the ashes of the war's destruction. It is not difficult to share this hope, but it gives us little comfort if we have any sense of proportion and are able to see what the individual is paying for a possible ultimate gain to the nations. We cannot help but think of the thousands of graves on the countryside of Europe that are mute testimonies to the tragedy of individual life as revealed in this war, when we are asked to accept these optimistic assurances. The heroes and victims will not arise from their graves, though Europe may rise from its destruction.

This war presents a tragic climax to a pathetic history of individual life in its relation to the nation. This history is a pathetic one because the individual has held a pitiful place in society from the very beginning. The race has never had an adequate appreciation of his unique worth, and has always been too ready to claim his loyalty for petty ends. In primitive society the individual owned no property that the tribe could not claim, and he dared no action that its customs did not sanction. His life was valuable only in so far as it could be used to realize tribal and national ambitions. Since primitive society lacked the direction of public opinion, these ambitions were dictated by the caprice of the rulers. Whether the ruler was a tribal chieftain, racial king, builder of empires, or feudal lord, he sacrificed the individual's life in any venture or adventure to which he was prompted by his jealousy or avarice, his pride or passion. No cause was too petty to be advanced by blood; no price in human values too high to be paid for its advancement. History is not lacking in national ventures that can be morally justified, but on the whole it presents a dismal succession of petty jealousies, often more personal than national, of cheap ambition and unrighteous pride, all of which claimed the individual as a victim.

To this history of individual life this war is a tragic climax, because it convinces us that the forces of history have not favored individual life as much as we thought. Before the war there was a general tendency to regard the moral weaknesses and injustices of nationalism as relics of primitive days which the forces of modern civilization were gradually overcoming and eliminating. But the war has taught us that the nationalism of today is distinctly modern in some of its aspects, in its faults as well as in its virtues.

To begin with, the nation has never been so powerful as it is now. Two forces have contributed to its power. One is the rise of racial self-consciousness which began with the fall of the Roman Empire, or, to be more exact, with the disintegration of the Empire of Charlemagne. The development of nations upon the basis of racial unity proceeded slowly during the Middle Ages, hampered as it was by the power of feudal lords and by the custom of dividing a kingdom among all the heirs of the king. Nevertheless, racial solidarity gradually became the basis of political power. Among the nations of to-day Germany is perhaps the best example of national power based on racial solidarity. It is not an empire of peoples, and, popular opinion notwithstanding, it seems not to cherish the imperial deal; it feels that its power is derived from the intense self-consciousness of a single race. That is more or less true of all modern nations, although most of them control several minor races without absorbing them.

The other, and even more potent, cause of modern nationalism is the advance of democracy. There is a peculiar irony in this fact. Democracy, we rejoiced to believe, favored the individual. It is indeed based upon a greater appreciation of personal and individual values, and has resulted in their development. But, although it may have espoused the cause of the individual, it has strengthened the power of the race with even greater success. The democratic tendencies of modern history have done more to free the race from the tyranny and caprice of its rulers than to free the individual from exploitation by the race. They have taken the supreme power of history out of the hands of the few and lodged it with the many, but they have done less to secure the liberty of the one against the power of the many. Democracy has trodden in the paths of constitutionalism, and constitutionalism gives stability to the state. A government



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established upon law and deriving its power from the people is naturally more stable than were the governments that lived by the power and fell with the weakness of individual rulers. Its power to exploit the individual is correspondingly enhanced.

The accumulation of national debts is a striking example of this development. Primitive states would not have dared to make unborn generations responsible for stupendous national debts in the making of which they had no part. They refrained from this policy of modern states, not because they possessed less power. They lacked the credit to amass large debts. When constitutions did not fix the order and mode of succession, kings could not guarantee the payment of debts by their successors and, therefore, quit fighting when their exchequer was empty. The enormous national debts of to-day are obviously by-products of constitutionalism. The stability of modern governments is making the nation more powerful than it has ever been in history. There was a time when other communities disputed the nation's claim to the loyalty of the individual. In the Middle Ages the church, the empire, and the fief competed with the nation for supremacy; and in more recent times the class tried to establish itself as the ultimate community. But when this war broke out, class consciousness, so carefully nurtured before the war, was impotent before the passion of patriotism and the superior organization of the nation. The ruthless manner in which the belligerent nations have been able to suppress opinions that differed from the national policy, arouses the suspicion that the latter is a more potent factor in modern nationalism than the former.

The possession of power does not necessarily imply its unrighteous or oppressive use, although it generally awakes suspicion. We have no right to assume, therefore, that the nation is oppressing the individual because it is powerful enough to do so. However, if a strong nationalism is not in itself oppressive of individual life, certain conditions of contemporary civilization seem to have conspired to make it so. One of these is the development of individual life and personal values. The individual soul stands for more than it once did, both in its own eyes and in the esteem of its fellows. The German scientist Haeckel contended in a recent article on the war that his nation was bringing greater sacrifices than any other belligerent because the personal life-value of the German soldier was higher than that of the black and yellow fighters in the ranks of the Allies. This claim is based upon a significant truth, though Haeckel's partisan application of it is rather far-fetched. Civilization has increased the value of the individual soul. More and more man emerges from the mass and takes a distinctive place among his fellows. Education has given him the independence of his own opinions. His Christian faith has made his happiness the very goal of history and his destiny independent of the future of his race. Science has tamed the hostility of his bitterest enemy, nature. Nature has always favored the race against the individual.

So careful of the type she seems,

So careless of the single life.

But the ingenuity of man has bent many of her forces to his own uses. All of these factors have given the single life a higher value and a more unique worth. When a nation demands these lives it is asking for greater sacrifices and is inflicting more acute pains and agonies than did the primitive state when it summoned its men. The artisans and professional men, the business men and thinkers who are manning the trenches of Europe and whose blood is drenching its battlefields, mean more or meant more to their friends, stood for more in their communities, and added more to the sum total of human values than the soldiers of ancient armies who could follow the standards of their leaders and espouse their country's cause without forsaking any particular task or abandoning any distinctive place in their community. Were modern nationalism no stronger than of old, this development of personal values would make its demands upon them more cruel and painful.

The methods of modern warfare serve to aggravate the pain of sacrificing individual values for racial ends. In the face of the development of individual life modern warfare

demand an unprecedented suppression of individuality and sacrifice of personal values. Modern armies still need men, more than ever before, but the very qualities that make their lives worth while in civic life and endow their personalities with a unique distinction are least needed in the modern army. Both the ascendancy of the machine, of modern artillery, in warfare, and the machine-like character of the army itself have caused this state of affairs.

So impersonal is the modern machinery of war that not even the individuality of its manipulators stands out distinctly. The greatest war of all history has produced very few heroes and great personalities. Courage is still an asset in the army of to-day, but not that romantic valor, so celebrated in ancient histories, in which the qualities of personal prowess and initiative predominated. The courage that is needed to-day is the submissive courage that executes strategical plans without understanding them and obeys commands without fathoming their purpose. Thus grimness is overshadowing the romance of war, and machine-like precision has become more necessary than spectacular heroism. This is the reason why modern warfare is so fruitful of mental agony as well as of physical pain. The individual, never more eager for a unique distinction among his fellows, has never been more completely lost in the mass than in the modern army.

But the final indictment of modern nationalism is not that it demands such great sacrifices. If modern warfare did nothing more than demand greater sacrifices and inflict more cruel pain than before, it might be endured. Mankind has not outgrown its capacity for sacrifice or outlived its need of it. This war has taught us that prosperity has not made men as flabby and complacent as we thought it had. We see the individual wronged by the nations, not because they demand so much of him, but because they demand so much of so little purpose. We are grieved, not because democracy has given the nation so much power, but because it has endowed it with too little conscience. Though democracy may have freed us of the capricious adventures of tyrants, it does not seem to have delivered us from the unrighteous pride and avarice of the race. This does not mean that the moral character of the race has not developed as well as that of the individual, but the former does not seem to have held pace with the latter. At any rate, too many of the purposes involved in national ambitions and of the issues involved in national struggles are of a kind that will not and should not appeal to the conscience of the individual, if he is permitted to regard them sanely and is not blinded by the chauvinistic passion that national crises so easily unloose. Man is not unwilling to make sacrifices, but he has never longed for issues that will hallow his sacrifices and make them worth while.

The nations of to-day are hard pressed to meet this demand. Perhaps this is true, not so much because they lack conscience, but because conditions over which they have no control have robbed their issues of their ultimate character. There was a time when the nation was man's ultimate community and he had no higher obligation than to serve its interests. But he no longer lives in his country alone. He is a citizen of the world. He draws his spiritual sustenance from all the races. Their geniuses instruct him in their wisdom and their moral struggles enrich his spiritual life. All humanity serves the modern man and puts him under obligations by that service. He does violence to his conscience if he presses the interests of his race against the interests of the wider spiritual community in which he lives.

It is unnecessary to establish here that the principal cause of modern warfare is commercial rivalry. Economic issues underlie practically all national animosities. Nations have other and worthier ambitions than the one to be prosperous; but only their economic ambitions seem to call for physical combat with their neighbors. The others they can realize in peace. There may be exceptions, but to enumerate them would lead us too far astray. We are speaking generally, and in that sense it is true that commercial supremacy—or, to put it more broadly, prosperity—is the end for which the modern nation de-

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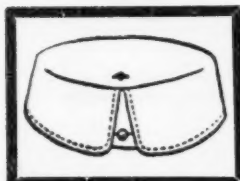
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mands the sacrifices of its citizens. This, then, is the stuff that modern nationalism is made of, at least in so far as it is manifested in modern warfare. What a pitiful thing it is that the Pomeranian peasant or the miner of Wales is asked to sacrifice his life in a struggle that is to determine whether future generations of Hamburg or Liverpool merchants shall wax rich from overseas commerce and the exploitation of undeveloped countries! That is the tragedy of modern nationalism—if offers the modern man, with all his idealism and sensitive moral instincts, no better cause to hallow his sacrifices than the selfish and material one of securing his nation's prosperity.

It is, by the way, a sad commentary on contemporary civilization that commercial competition is so strongly national. We try to be international in our spiritual interests, and send missionaries to other lands to bestow our spiritual possessions on other nations; but we build tariff walls and develop national commerce at the risk of bloodshed, in order to keep our material possessions strictly for ourselves and if possible develop a prosperity beyond that which other nations enjoy.

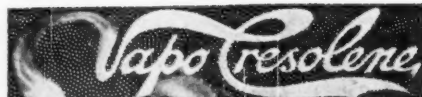
If the purposes for which the nation claims the sacrifices of its citizens are not worthy ones, the question arises why these sacrifices are still so successfully demanded and so readily made. One answer is that the nation is still powerful enough to claim, though its purposes are not always great enough to deserve, the individual's sacrifices. Another answer is that the average man is not able to fathom the real motives that underlie national policies and cause national struggles. But the principal reason for the satisfaction which the modern soldier is still able to find in the sacrifices he makes, is that in times of war loyalty and courage are made ultimate virtues for which men are honored without regard to the ends which these virtues may serve. But by peculiar irony, history applies other standards to the actions of men than those of the tribunals of contemporary opinion. It sees many men as fools who were heroes in their own time. For its loyalty is not an end in itself. It looks to the ends that this virtue may serve. That is the reason posterity often honors men for their non-conformity, while contemporary opinion respects them for their conformity; that is why there are as many rebels as patriots on the honor rolls of history. The state owes man issues that will hallow his sacrifices, not only in his own eyes and in those of contemporaries, but in the estimation of history; it owes him issues that have a value for civilization and through which he may perpetuate his life in history.

The individual of to-day feels that the nations are not fulfilling this obligation and that he is being wronged by them. But the cause of the nation is no more righteous if he does not feel this and is duped by pretexts that hide the real issues.

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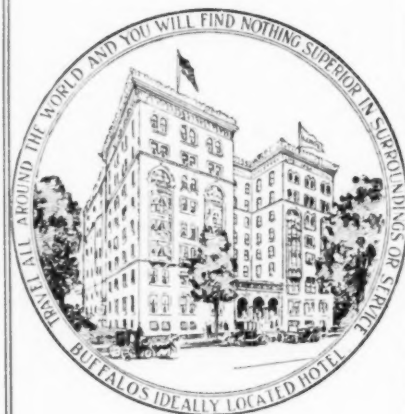
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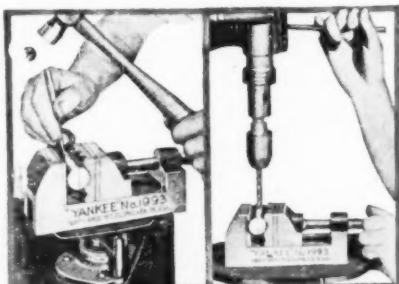
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of sport and tenacity. In an interesting sketch in the *Contemporary Review*, Cuthbert Spurling sums up some of the puzzling traits of the British characters as follows:—

Our critics on the hearth in the daily press roundly abuse us for "not taking the war seriously." Our Allies are reluctantly compelled to admit that there is a curious air of detachment and frivolity in the presence of imminent national danger. Our enemies foam at us because we refuse to treat them with the solemnity they consider their due. Reading the German press, one would draw the conclusion that if the English people would only cease to jeer at the "German wireless news," would give up talking of the war in terms of sport, would frankly confess to Germany "you are a very formidable nation and have done great things," all our wickedness and hypocrisy would be forgiven. Germany feels herself like Thor in the hall of the giants. She strains her muscles and performs prodigious feats, but we stand round laughing. "All the giants laughed, and the noise of their laughing was loud as the breaking of great waves on the shore."

Frenchmen, whose whole soul is in the war, come over here and find us eagerly discussing Charlie Chaplin and the bubble blown by Professor Dewar. Our rulers find it necessary to correct these impressions by importing small bodies of delegates from the Allied nations. These representative men are personally conducted on a tour of inspection. "A visit to the Grand Fleet" has superseded "A tour round the Trossachs." We show them our munition factories instead of our cathedrals.

All through our history, the tale has been the same. Apparent indifference, disregard of consequences, absence of forethought and organization—yet grim determination in the hours of trial. "A degenerate people, unable to retain what was won by its gallant ancestors!" Such has been the cry from age to age, and yet it has retained and has increased its conquests. "We seem to have conquered half of the world in a fit of absence of mind," says Professor Seeley.

Hence our reputation for hypocrisy. John Bull, the next door neighbor of Herr Hans, is always lamenting the weakness of his defence against burglars. He has lost, he says, "that alacrity of spirit that he was wont to have," his limbs are feeble, his eye is dim. His house is decaying; it is open to every bold invader. Meanwhile his quarrels with his wife and his sons are audible to every ear. "Ho! Ho!" thinks Hans. "He says that, does he; and indeed I can tell the signs myself. But how rich he is, how undeservedly rich and clothed with the spoils of half the world! I will fall upon him suddenly and slay him and take from him all that he has. 'England has everything and deserves everything,' Germany has nothing and deserves everything." But Hans gets no further than the threshold. John Bull exhibits an unexpected vigour. His wife and sons fly to his assistance. Quarrels in the household are forgotten in the presence of the common enemy. So, when Hans is thrown out at length and retreats growling and discomfited, he proclaims his grievance to the world. "They are hypocrites, these British; they tempted me on to my ruin. Perfidious Albion—to pretend to be so weak and prove to be so strong!"

Yet there is a very simple solution to the apparent inconsistencies of the English character. England is the Peter Pan of the nations, the country which never grew up. It was once termed "the weary Titan," a gross misnomer. Rather, it is a great, sprawling, overgrown schoolboy, half unconscious of his strength. There is a strong strain of boyishness in every normal mature Englishman. Combined in the race, this marks the character of the nation. With this clue at hand, let us see if we cannot explain much that is apparently contradictory. Lately we were taken to task by the *Times* because we showed more joy over one Zeppelin that did not return than over the capture of Erzeroum. But what schoolboy would not have exhibited the same discrimination? A shot in the gross belly of a swanking, bullying Zeppelin—and down comes the monster, oozing gas at every pore. Are we to blame that we all cheered?

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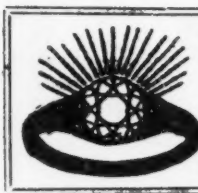
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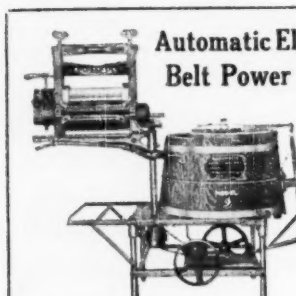
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No flags were flown in London for the victory of the Marne. A battle on so vast a scale has not the touch of the human personal element which appeals to youth. But thousands of citizens thronged the bridges, to cheer the plucky little Wandle on its triumphal progress up the river. Nelson, not Wellington, is the national hero. Was not Nelson the ideal hero for a nation of boys? His empty sleeve, his telescope to his blind eye his signal to the Fleet at Trafalgar, his glorious death in the hour of victory!

The Englishman's weakness is his lack of foresight; his strength lies in his invincible optimism. Both defect and virtue are due to his boyish character. If a boy fights, will he fight solemnly with a great sense of responsibility, or will he fight joyously, gaily, as if fighting were a jest? We know the answer. Let us wonder then at the humor of the trenches, at the soldier's apparent lightness of heart, at his grim jokes in the very beard of Goodman Death.

Sir Thomas More was a great Englishman, but we have all read of his jokes on the scaffold. "Scandalous levity," is the cry of the unthinking. Be sure it was not so. More was typical of his nation. An Englishman finds it difficult to put into words the deeper thoughts of man. They become banal and pompous in the expression. So he fell back on his panoply of boyhood, that God-given boon bestowed on nearly every Englishman, and met his death with a jest on his lips.

All "human boys" are collectors. That great boy, John Bull, has collected colonies. It is his hobby, and circumstances beyond his control are always adding to his collection. The love of exploration and the search for hidden treasure is inherent in the young. The Englishman, *fortune natus*, retains the taste to an age when he has the means to indulge in his propensity.

"Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone;

But over the sand and the palm tree the English flag was flown,"

says Kipling. And again in the same poem:—"The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long Arctic night.

The musk ox knows the standard that flouts the Northern light."

The ubiquity of the Britain is one of his chief offences to a certain class of foreigner. Throughout the German novel, "His English Wife," we detect an undercurrent of bitterness due to this cause. The German feels himself a provincial in the presence of a nation of globe-trotters. As a man grows old, he develops a cat-like affection for the locality in which he has resided for some years. If he can be induced to leave at all, it will be to remove to some other district where the same conditions prevail, and where he may expect to be equally comfortable. He will not give up a settled for an unsettled habitation. A boy has no such prejudices. He prefers a tent in the garden to the most luxurious of sitting-rooms. He is ready at any moment to abandon the known and the secure in favor of adventure. The prospect of roughing it has no terrors for him. The emigrant from Germany and the emigrant from Great Britain exhibit the same differences of temperament. The German cannot be induced to seek his fortune in the immature German colonies; he will rather go to the United States, to the United Kingdom, or to some well-established British Colony. He will hunt for quarters of the world where the conventions of his home life do not apply. The English soldier whose prayer was 'to be put somewhere's east of Suez, where there ain't no Ten Commandments,' was not really desirous of breaking the rules of the Decalogue. His sentiment was the same as that of the small boy who, to escape the constant "don'ts" of his elders, flees him to some deserted waste ground where he is monarch of all he surveys. Many things have gone to the foundation of the British Empire. The blood of innumerable sailors and soldiers, the wise forethought and sage diplomacy of statesmen, the energy of traders in search of new markets, the enterprise and vigour of youth. But the spirit of youth, above all.

The Englishman in love exhibits all the characteristics of the hobbledehoy. Just as the Scotchman, according to popular belief, "jokes wi' deeficulty," so the Englishman is

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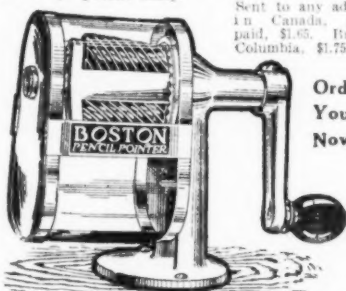
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not glib in his love-making. The yokel lovers walk solemnly along the country lanes, arms around waists, with never a word between them. Lovers of a different class are depicted in Du Maurier's dialogue between the young couple on the seat in the park. "Darling!" "Yes, darling?" "Nothing, darling; only darling, darling." The recipe for a successful farce in this country is not a drama of intrigue, every man neighing after his neighbor's wife, but a play like "Charley's Aunt," based on the practical joke of an undergraduate. We may push the argument too far if we claim that English humor is that of the schoolroom—it is too rich and varied for that—but some forms of it, and those the most peculiar and characteristic, have the freshness and originality of youth. The humor of Lewis Carroll and W. S. Gilbert is so racy of the soil that special words, "Carrollian, Gilbertian," must needs be coined to describe it. "I played cricket once only," observed Lewis Carroll in the Senior Common Room at Christ Church, "I bowled. The impire said "that if the ball had gone for enough, it would have been a wide." Most Englishmen appreciated the savor of that remark, but I doubt whether it would bear translation. Would "vice-versa" have gained its enormous success had it been first published in any other country but this?

A foreign observer is reputed to have said that the English take their pleasures sadly. Possibly "sadly" is a mistranslation for "seriously." If so, the statement is illuminating. Englishmen take nothing seriously except their pleasures. Mark that bank manager of the grizzling locks; why sits he so munched at his meals? Whence comes the portentous gloom that overcasts his countenance? Has some enterprise of great pith and moment turned awry? Are the pillars of Commerce rocking at their foundation? No; the city stands where it did, but the banker has not done himself justice in the spring handicap of his golf club. The Cabinet, we are told, keeps no minute book; but every club in this country dealing with any form of sport, however humble, has its minute book, its secretary, its rules, its general meeting, its committees, and its sub-committees. If complaint is sometimes justly made against the House of Commons for its frivolity, no such charge can be brought against our meetings for purposes of sport. The solemnity and deadly seriousness of the croquet tournament must be experienced to be believed.

Now for the practical application of the thesis. You cannot put old heads on young shoulders. A nation of boys can never be drilled into Wiseacres. Every day a portion of the press scolds us because we will not imitate the Germans we are fighting. But, with that sure national instinct which has saved England in every past crisis of her history, the average Englishman holds on his way deaf-eared to these appeals. He will fight in his own way, or not at all. He covets nothing of the German, nor his Gott nor his Kaiser, his soldier nor his sailor, his Kultur nor anything that is his.

If we have the defects of boys, have we not some of their notions—their uncanny swiftness in detecting insincerity, their hatred of the boaster? The charlatan in politics has rarely attained to supreme office in this country. The type of statesman most successful has ever been the man who sticks sturdily to his own opinions, refuses to flatter his fellow-countrymen, and pursues his duty regardless of abuse. We are rather suspicious of "brilliant men." Our distaste for brag and coasting amounts to an obsession; it has even an effect on our words of encomium. Our greatest praise for an achievement is the expression "not half bad," corrupted by the vulgar into "not 'alf." If we say of a man that his conduct has been "pretty decent," we feel that we have erred on the side of exaggeration. This habit of mind is one of the chief stumbling-blocks to the foreign observer. A nation, like an individual, is generally taken at his own (apparent) estimation. We have, in reality, an enormous pride in our race and our country, but because our pride is so great we are careful to conceal it. "He is the Gadarene swine," muttered in disgust the boys in Kipling's "Stalky and Co.," when the flamboyant Member of Parliament unfurled the British flag on the platform, and waved it before their eyes to excite their enthusiasm.



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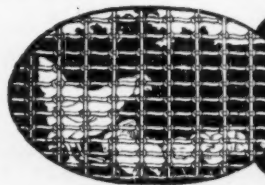
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To them that flag "was a matter shut up, sacred and apart." Stalky's name for its would-be exploiter was "a jelly-bellied flag-flapper."

Our reticence misleads both friend and foe. The great German plot of 1914 was complete in every detail to meet every event the German intelligence thought likely to occur. But it made no allowance for energy and enterprise on the part of the British Empire. That Great Britain would raise a huge army and manufacture enormous supplies of munitions; that hosts of armed men from the overseas dominions of the Crown would flock to take part in the defence of European liberties—these were possibilities not foreseen. That such things could occur would have been laughed at as the wildest of improbabilities. A study of our past history might have suggested caution. But every generation forgets the lessons of its predecessors. Now, in the midst of the great war, we find the German people still hoping to frighten us by Zeppelins and submarines, still buoyed up by expectations that we shall tire of the struggle. It is rather pathetic. One pictures to oneself "a fat old man of forty" (to quote from a recent speech in the House of Commons) engaged in a strenuous race with a youth of eighteen, uttering guttural threats of vengeance as he runs, and fondly imagining that he will last out the better.

Canada, United States and the Future

Continued from page 32.

vestors not to buy "unsecured" foreign loans. It may be remarked that none of the Allied loans have gone down on the market below 95 and 98. German exchange to-day is at a discount of almost 40%—which perhaps explains why the Kaiser has turned his attention to finance. It may be added that the Federal Reserve Board has several members avowedly and notoriously pro-German in sympathy. There was nothing for the Morgans to do but withdraw the last loan. The effect will soon be seen in the slackening of export trade from these shores.

From all of which it is apparent that the Kaiser's chess board shows a skilfully manipulated game under Uncle Sam's nose. Up to the present, what has been accomplished towards Germany's ends—loss of life, infamy, the defeat of Hughes!

Let it not be inferred for one moment that Mr. Hughes was party to the German machinations that went on behind his the impudent self-styled leader of the American Truth Society—"a blind pig" for the German-Irish Alliance—Mr. Hughes prided himself on knowing nothing of a man, who for three years has made the welkin ring with demands for Irish freedom and opposition to Allied loans. Mr. Hughes evidently thought to play safe and win. He that saveth his life shall lose it; and the Republicans played so safe that they lost.

That is why the date and the personnel of the entertainment to Canada's Premier were so significant. The elections were just past. At both the luncheons given by the Lawyers' Club and the dinner later at the Plaza, all American speakers carefully refrained from violating the President's request for neutrality; but when Sir Robert Borden skating over as thin ice as a speaker could referred to the War as a fight for world freedom—"a battle

for you as well as for us that shall never cease till the cause of another such war is made impossible"—the hearers shouted wildest approval.

The honors paid Premier Borden represent the first concrete specific efforts of the United States to cultivate friendship with the British Empire as a counterfoil to German propaganda. Much will depend on how Canada returns not the honor, but the overtures. German propaganda has been tireless and sleepless in the United States for ten years. It was called Pan-Germanism. British propaganda has been nil. Yet both Canada and the Mother Country must be financed to some extent in the United States. No matter when or how the war ends, the nations of the world will offer a new alignment after the war. *Where the British Empire and the United States stand will largely result from the part Canada plays or does not play as the golden link of friendship between the two great democracies of the world.*

Danton of the Fleet

Continued from page 26.

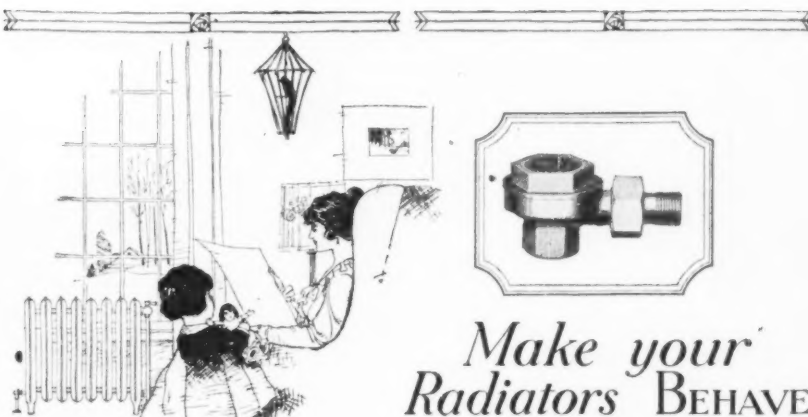
and in company with her, the colors of the great daughter, Canada, receiving their baptism of fire. The stout little ship under him was alive.

Answering her helm as if she knew what was wanted of her, the *Albatross* escaped most of the hail that crashed round her, and the thick, shifting mist was her friend. The burdens of the years rolled from Cranswick in the glory of the crowded hour. His heart danced and sang in the grey dawning of his new life. It seemed sheer impossibility that the little craft could live through the unequal battle, but to-night the man in command never doubted his star. Fortune had in the supreme crisis returned, and was sweeping him in flood tide back to victory. Down came the thick fog again. He swerved the destroyer out of the zone of concentrated fire. Circling about, he swept back dogged, implacable as Fate. From every part of the cruiser guns crackled and roared as the venomous, shrouded foe tore in. Cranswick leaned forward, a song—for the first time in years—on his lips. His moment was coming fast. Suddenly in the midst of all the darting and circling of the antagonists, the chance came, the instant when the skilled boxer sees the opening for the knock-out blow. Cranswick thundered his order and under the water a torpedo slipped away. He leaned forward, tense and breathless. There was an instant's lull in the bedlam din and then the cruiser's guns thundered again, as if conscious of deadly peril. A dull roar shook the heavy atmosphere. The doomed ship shuddered and reeled. Then came a second explosion, as the destroyer, a thing of life, fired another bolt.

The cruiser, a moment before a thing of terrible might, lay a helpless, shattered, sinking wreck. Silence again fell over the sea and the destroyer's lights streamed out alone into the mists.

VII.

A FEW days after the big duel, Captain Barnsley, with his sister, arrived in Vancouver. He had just returned from England. The news of the destruction



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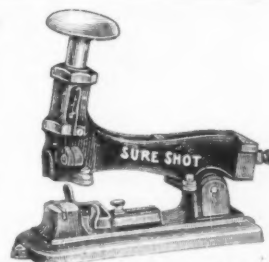
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of the *Koenigsfeldt* came to him shortly after he went aboard the train. He was anxious to meet the much talked of man, of whom everyone knew so little except the achievement that had made his name ring through the land. No sooner had he arrived at his hotel than the hospital chaplain called to see him with a message from the captain of the destroyed German ship, who was severely injured, that he would like to see the English officer. Barnsley knew that the wounded man was Max Barsdorf.

"I'll come with you at once," replied Angus gravely. "He was an old-time schoolmate of mine. Is he dangerously hit?"

"The doctors say he will not live through the night," replied the chaplain. "He is in full possession of his mental faculties and has been very eager to see you ever since he learned, in response to his enquiries, that you were coming west."

He found Barsdorf anxiously expecting him. The German was mortally hurt, but bore himself with the cheerful courage of a gallant man.

"So we brought off the meeting after all, Angus," he greeted his old-time friend. "Twenty-five years ago we did not dream this would be the manner of it. Never mind! I have had my day, and it has been a pretty good one, on the whole, and now that the paying time has come, I do not grudge footing the bill. The Japanese penalty for failure is right and just—to the uttermost farthing. I could scarcely find it in me to thank my rescuers for fishing me out of the sea. Far better to have died in her motherly arms, and have been laid in her grand temple sepulchre. It was my vanquisher, Cranswick, who picked me up. Have you congratulated him yet?"

"I have only just come down. Your message reached me as I arrived at the hotel, so I came at once," replied Barnsley.

"It was good of you to come," smiled the German. "But about this conqueror of mine. When he lifted me from the sea I suppose I was nearly gone, but he was anxious for some reason to save me if I should happen to be among the wreckage. I had been hit pretty badly. It seemed to me that I was already dead, the mists rolling in the light's glare a kind of Valkyrie setting to the finish. When they lifted me into the boat I fancied the good spirits of the long ago were taking me from the dark river. It was strange, terrible, good. Out there in the fog and the rain and the blackness broken by the streaming lights I saw a ghost." He closed his eyes and rested.

"There were three of us at Rheinwied, brothers inseparable." He stretched out his hand and Barnsley took it. "I am a combatant no longer, Angus. To-night—it is my weakness—I am very weary of the warring Jevovah of battle, the relentless, ruthless, blood-reeking. The old Norse gods are the gods of life, vigor, strength. They mean nothing to such as I am now. I am back again to-night at the old place with the white Christ of the old Moravian Chapel. One has gone far from it in the years, but the child spirit comes again, on the verge of the kingdom they say one must enter as a little child—and the desire for the things that belong to it. It was a good, clean, fair world, the simple folk with their Herrnhut, their faith and prayers." His eyes closed, and Barnsley

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heard him murmur words he had not listened to for more than five and twenty-years.

"From self-complacency; from untimely projects; from the unhappy desire of becoming great; from the murdering spirit and devices of Satan; deliver us, Most Gracious Lord and God."

THE WORDS were from the quaintly beautiful Litany of the Moravian Church they had listened to, often wearily, as careless lads, every Sunday, in the old School Chapel above the Rhine.

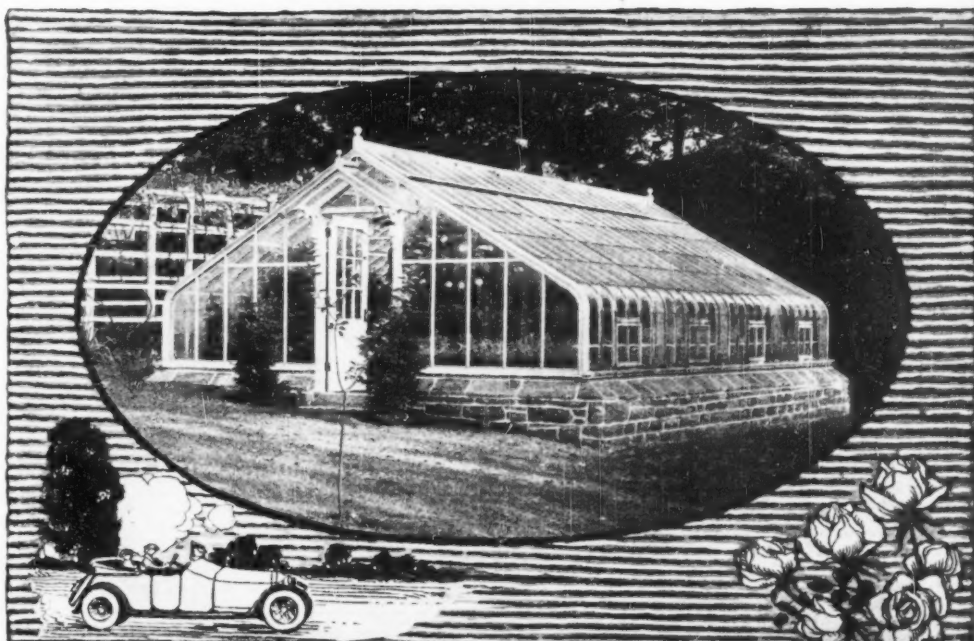
"Think of aspirations like those in the world to-day!" said Barsdorf musingly. "There were three of us. You—Frank—I." Barnsley nodded.

"Angus! it was Frank who sank me that black morning. You remember how he used to bore in, playing, working, fighting. You could not hold him off. I thought of it that night on the bridge of my ship, but it seemed too absurd. The man I had known, the sport of the vindictive gods, come back to his own again, with the shield of Omnipotence covering him. It seemed that the gun had not been forged that could penetrate his armor that night. Cranswick, the conqueror, is Frank Danton, the man you broke and jailed for betraying his country to us."

Neither spoke for some moments.

"My people war as did the Chosen of the Lord, when He brought them up from bondage, and set them to make their destiny," spoke the dying man. "We destroy that we may build a world-wide Empire. No weapon is neglected as you know. The splendor of the purpose overrides halting considerations as to the means. We are our own law. We make or break as we will it. We regarded Danton as one of the most dangerous of your captains, as we regard Britain as the foe of foes, in comparison with whom other nations are insignificant. Danton was German in science, modernity, thoroughness. My people went after him and saw to it that you broke him." The tired voice rested, and Barnsley waited eagerly.

"Perhaps I am wrong. The individual has no rights when the good of the State is concerned, but I cannot leave the world with this evil in it. I had no part in it, and, Angus, I hated it with all the strength of my soul. It has been my crucifixion no less, in some sense, than Frank's. He was brother to me, but he was sold, and I had to stand by. It was a greater sacrifice for my country than dying for it. It is easy to give one's strength, blood, life, but I had to slay my honor, to make myself, in my own eyes, of no reputation, to lay all that I prized in the dust. Frank was tricked into the hotel, drugged, skillfully handled, the incriminating evidence placed upon him, in the very desk at his home at which he wrote, in his ship, as you know. The work took years to complete, and, when all was ready your people were put on the track. He was caught, as it was believed, red-handed, with all the clues for the big unravelling placed for you to find them. There has been no better piece of work, not even among the cocksure Yankees, done by the department than that. Five years in prison for Danton's spirit! The fearful humiliation for the man to whom moral cleanness was a passion! It has haunted me day and night. I am a German, body and soul, but no assassin, no night-stabber. I have left a sufficient



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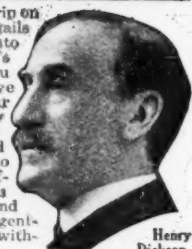


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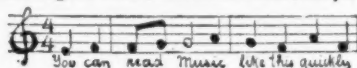
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statement, I think, with the Chaplain—it was possible you might not come in time—it will enable them to find the way to the real truth. More I cannot say in loyalty to my own people, less I may not say, and meet my God as a clean man. You have my word, also, on the verge of the grave, that Frank Danton had no part in the treachery of which he was accused and convicted. I have already seen him since I came here, and we are friends, brothers still. He is coming. He is here now."

THE DOOR opened and Danton entered. Words were few, for time was short. Across the bed of the German the two Englishmen clasped hands. Over them Barsdorf placed his.

"The Dreibund!" he whispered.

When they looked down, he was dead.

VIII.

FROM this time events moved rapidly.

Within a few hours of Barnsley's cabling to the Admiralty came a summons calling Danton home. Ellen Barnsley and her brother travelled by the same ship. The fame of the unknown man's exploit and his sudden call to headquarters had roused the excited interest of a Continent, and, in some way known only to the fertile mind of the newspaper reporter who brought off the wonderful scoop, the discovery was made. When Danton was half way across the Atlantic the news was flashing round the world that Cranswick of the *Albatross* was none other than the brilliant Danton of the fleet whose tragic downfall, nearly nine years before, had been a universal sensation. Moreover, he had gone home with triumphant proof of innocence, and there was to be a re-investigation of the case and a review of the conviction. Of this publicity the three aboard the liner knew nothing. Off the Lizard a cruiser passed them, and a ringing cheer went up from a cluster of jacksies thronging the fighter's rail. Even the officers on the bridge waved greeting. Such demonstrations from an unemotional patrol crew excited some comment. Perhaps there had been some victory that the wireless had not communicated.

Passing in through the Needles and up Southampton Water from the scurrying war ships came the same greeting. It was not until, passing near to a destroyer, that the three passengers understood the meaning of it.

"There he is!" shouted a lusty A. B. "I served under him. Welcome home, Captain Danton." And there followed a roar of cheering that drove the three below until the vessel docked.

HURRYING up to London there was no delay in reopening the case. The evidence was again sifted, facts were examined in the light of the new information, and the completest vindication, with instant reinstatement came to Danton. Later followed the honors for his achievement aboard the *Albatross*.

As soon as the decision was given, Barnsley hurried away to carry the news to his sister. She had already heard, for the streets were ringing with the news of the triumph. One might have thought some great victory had been won. Together brother and sister talked over the details of the case. Later Danton himself would come when the excitement had subsided. The mob would have carried him

shoulder high through the streets could they have laid hands on him.

"And what about the man of the tea-room, the Quebec spy, Schwartz?" asked Ellen, when her brother had almost finished his recital.

"Schwartz," answered Angus, "is a well-known German spy, who became too public a character this side the Atlantic to serve his employers' ends so he was transferred to the United States and Canada. He has had quite a number of names and sustained several roles in the course of his activities. When he first came to England he was the half starving son of a poverty-stricken pastor in Germany, his name then was Weiss and he was an out-at-elbows usher in a cheap boarding school. He had qualities and gifts and Frank Danton's father took pity on him, gave him a well-paid position as tutor and secretary in his household. He was treated almost as one of the family, more like a relative than employee. This gave him the opportunity of meeting with persons of more or less importance in the services, and opened the way for him to enter upon the still more lucrative business as a spy. As you know now, the east coast particularly was infested with these crawlers, the abjects of a Fatherland that had starved them. It was Weiss, or Schwartz, as he more appropriately named himself, who planted all the incriminating papers on Frank, in his private rooms, in the cabin of the ship itself. The home authorities presently had their attention directed to his suspicious activities, though the Dantons themselves were utterly in the dark, and a hint reaching the man, he made himself scarce. It was a telegram from him speciously worded that took Frank across the Channel to Ostend, led to the happenings there, and the discovery, and arrest of Frank as soon as he reached England again.

"Thereafter, the ruin of his benefactors being compassed, Weiss became Schwartz of New York, and the mining districts of Eastern Canada—the hospitable, opulent mining magnate.

"But now, my dearest girl, let us drop the reptile, and talk of wholesomer things until Frank comes. Suppose we discuss designs in which the parts of a cut shilling may be reunited and suitably mounted as a wedding gift?"

So they laughed and talked until the bell rang and a quick step was heard in the hall. Ellen rose, her face white and tender. Then the glow of perfect happiness swept over it. Her brother slipped away by another door; and the two entered into the full clear sunshine of cloudless day.

Keeping Them in Line

Continued from page 30.

Tarte spoke at many picnics, blossomed with the flowers of summer and ended, alas, with them. He was a great hand at sentiment, touching the human chord and all that sort of thing. He spoke of the National Policy in a way to bring tears to the eyes. It certainly did to mine. An onion could not have done more. I gathered that he had a brief from the manufacturers and that his object was to make high tariff stir us like a trumpet or a

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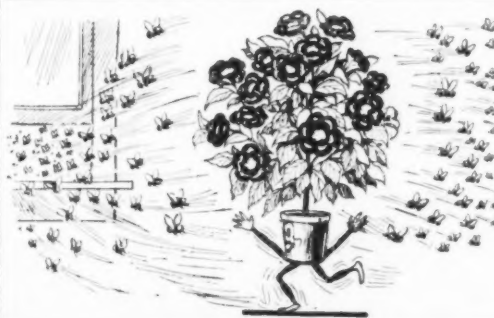
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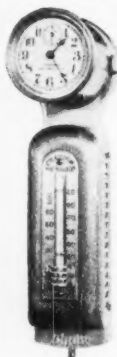
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THREE RIVERS

QUEBEC

noble passage from the poets. It was some job and Mr. Tarte had not finished it when Sir Wilfrid got back home. Biff! After that it was silence.

Silence till 1904, when the Hon. A. G. Blair contracted the opinion that, as Minister of Railways, he ought to be told more about the railway policy of the Government than he was being allowed to hear at that moment. Mr. Blair threatened to resign and was taken at his word. Mr. Blair was accustomed to swinging New Brunswick by the tail and he had made the mistake of thinking that he could do the same thing with Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Mr. Blair broke out in another spot later on, talked of revelations, but failed when it came to a show down. There is an old story that it was J. Weslev Allison, of fuse contract fame, who came forward with the fatal knowledge that put the clamps on Mr. Blair.

IN 1905 the Hon. Clifford Sifton had a difference of opinion with Sir Wilfrid Laurier over separate school clauses of the Autonomy Bill. He went away for a rest and to think it over. When he came back he found that the clauses had been slipped in. He blamed Sir Charles Fitzpatrick for it and Sir Wilfrid took up the challenge. Mr. Sifton resigned. The current gossip was that he was looking just at that time for a soft spot to fall on, but that did not prevent people with sharp ears hearing him hit every step as he went down. For this little incident Mr. Sifton naturally cherished revenge and, when his chance came in 1911 to organize his vendetta, he did it with great skill. He paid special attention to the Laurier cabinet ministers, most of whom were defeated by his clever tactics. It took Sir Clifford six years to get even, but he made a fairly good job of it.

After Mr. Hyman passed out in 1905 and Mr. Emmerson in 1907, Sir Wilfrid had no more trouble in that direction. He was monarch of all he surveyed, and his right there was none to dispute until the reciprocity election came along and took his monarchy, but not his absolute leadership, away. Sir Wilfrid is still the master of his own party and when his party wants him to be anything less they can get another leader. In short, Sir Wilfrid is in good practice for cabinet control if ever again he has a cabinet to control.

SIR ROBERT BORDEN'S feat of der-ring-do in asking for Sir Sam's resignation is almost too recent for comment. The facts are not all known yet. Sir Robert can be stern enough when he pleases—he has excommunicated members of Parliament before now—but he has a reputation for long suffering on which some persons might presume. One never saw Premier Borden and Sir Sam together without thinking of that old wheeze about the immovable body and the irresistible force. What would happen if the irresistible force met the immovable body? Well, my guess is that at the end, say, of two years, the immovable body would get tired of the irresistible force and just roll over and crush him.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In an early issue Mr. Gadsby will deal with the control of policies; how party policies are formed or changed and the part that premiers and cabinet ministers have borne in recent political developments.



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G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, November 23, 1916.

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Into the Abyss

Continued from page 15.

were purple; but its skin, which hung loosely upon it, even as clothes might do, was a phosphorescent grey. And it stood there, blinded by the light.

At last this unknown creature of the abyss blinked its eyes open, and, shading them with its disengaged hand, opened its mouth and gave vent to a shouting noise, articulate almost as speech might be, that penetrated even the steel case and padded jacket of the sphere. How a shouting may be accomplished without lungs Elstead does not profess to explain. It then moved sideways out of the glare into the mystery of shadow that bordered it on either side, and Elstead felt rather than saw that it was coming towards him. Fancying the light had attracted it, he turned the switch that cut off the current. In another moment something soft dabbled upon the steel, and the globe swayed.

Then the shouting was repeated, and it seemed to him that a distant echo answered it. The dabbling recurred, and the globe swayed and ground against the spindle over which the wire was rolled. He stood in the blackness, and peered out into the everlasting night of the abyss. And presently he saw, very faint and remote, other phosphorescent quasi-human forms hurrying towards him.

HARDLY knowing what he did, he felt about in his swaying prison for the stud of the exterior electric light, and came by accident against his own small glow lamp in its padded recess. The sphere twisted, and then threw him down; he heard shouts like shouts of surprise, and when he rose to his feet he saw two pairs of stary eyes peering into the lower window and reflecting his light.

In another moment hands were dabbling vigorously at his steel casing, and there was a sound, horrible enough in his position, of the metal protection of the clock-work being vigorously hammered. That, indeed, sent his heart into his mouth, for if these strange creatures succeeded in stopping that his release would never occur. Scarcely had he thought as much when he felt the sphere sway violently, and the floor of it press hard against his feet. He turned off the glow lamp that lit the interior, and sent the ray of the large light in the separate compartment out into the water. The sea floor and the man-like creatures had disappeared, and a couple of fish chasing each other dropped suddenly by the window.

He thought at once that these strange denizens of the deep sea had broken the wire rope, and that he had escaped. He drove up faster and faster, and then stopped with a jerk that sent him flying against the padded roof of his prison. For half a minute perhaps he was too astonished to think.

Then he felt that the sphere was spinning slowly, and rocking, and it seemed to him that it was also being drawn through the water. By crouching close to the window he managed to make his weight effective and roll that part of the sphere downward, but he could see nothing save the pale ray of his light striking down ineffectively into the darkness. It occurred to him that he would see more if he

Continued on page 79.



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The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance



A Year of Prosperity

THE OUTSTANDING feature of the business situation at the present time is the prospect of a larger volume of war orders for Canada. The peace proposals of the war-weary despot of Potsdam brought about the sudden scurrying of stock speculators to cover, which created such havoc on Wall Street; but back of the peace talk was a very tangible fact. John Bull had cancelled extensive orders placed in the United States for war supplies. This might mean either that Britain anticipated early peace or that it had been possible to so extend the munition manufacturing facilities of Great Britain and Canada that the bulk of British war needs could be supplied. Either explanation spelled confusion to the war-bred prosperity of Wall Street.

The latter explanation is the correct one. Great Britain does not anticipate an early cessation of hostilities. On the contrary John Bull is preparing to wage greater, grimmer war than ever before. But the organization of industrial resources has been improved to such an extent that an almost adequate supply of shells can be secured now from the workshops of Britain and Canada.

This presages a period of greater activity and prosperity even than has been seen during the past year. "For instance," says *The Financial Post*, "it has been learned that an order for shells larger than the biggest contract placed in the United States last year has been awarded to the Montreal Locomotive Co., Ltd., the Canadian branch of the Ameri-

can Locomotive Co. As the Bethlehem Steel Corporation last year received an order amounting to \$150,000,000, the Canadian order is probably between \$175,000,000 and \$200,000,000." If these figures are accurate, even approximately, the coming year will surely usher in a period of colossal industrial effort, of strenuous activity, of unprecedented prosperity.

The prospect is not one to regard with elation. The more shells we turn out the more men must we send to follow in the pitted path of the missile storm. The prosperity that is coming to Canada this year as the result of the focussing of the wealth of an Empire on military needs, we must accept, not with personal complacency and smug realization of individual benefit, but purely with an eye to its later use in the more uncertain times following the declaration of peace. In this connection it must be noted in an admonitory mood that despite a million dollar increase in our exports for the year ending November over the year ending September, Canada's favorable balance of trade has fallen from \$367,647,000 to \$306,437,516 due, of course, to the increase in imports. This tendency began in October when a new upward movement in imports began and the favorable balance fell to about \$335,000,000. This is in marked contrast with the advance in the favorable balance a year ago though, of course, this year the favorable balance is much higher than it was at that time. A point worth noting is that while exports of merchandise were only \$109,588,950 for the month of November, 1916, against \$94,436,093 in 1915, imports were \$72,690,791 against only \$45,217,559 a year ago. In one year imports have almost doubled and the advance has been very steady indeed.

	1915		
	Mdse. only.	Sept.	Nov.
Exports	\$517,982,000		\$559,152,052
Imports	417,183,000		435,249,966
Balance ...	\$100,799,000		\$123,902,086

	1916		
	Mdse. only.	Sept.	Nov.
Exports ..	\$1,052,925,000		\$1,053,840,861
Imports ..	685,278,000		744,403,345
	\$ 367,647,000		\$ 306,437,516

The situation, from a purely business standpoint, is unusually bright. It is not within the range of possibilities that Canada can be anything but highly, nay exuberantly, feverishly prosperous during 1917. We have a big task to do: To turn out a larger share of the munitions needed to drive the Teutons over the Rhine



—Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Ledger
Help yourself.



Brinkerhoff in New York Evening Mail

Why will she bring that disagreeable child?

and to do so with fewer men. The increased activity in the war industries will unquestionably be reflected in all other branches. Huge wages are being paid to munition workers and no amount of earnest admonition on the subject of thrift can prevent a larger share of the increased wages from passing into the usual channels of circulation. At present writing it is one hundred per cent. certain that 1917 will be a year of busy factories, crowded stores and general activity. The only thing that could unsettle the outlook would be a sudden weakening in the Wilhelmstrasse. After peace would come—what? Perhaps a continuance of prosperity. Men are less skeptical on the score of the future than they were. Industry has been preparing for peace.

INVESTMENTS

Three Per Cent Enough For Money?

By R. J. MILLER

THE SAVINGS deposits in Canadian banks on October 1, 1916, reached the huge total of \$816,374,171, an increase in twelve months of \$123,034,320. Satisfactory as this increase is, illustrating as it does the wonderful prosperity of Canada during a year of world-wide disturbance due to an unparalleled war, it is remarkable that so vast a sum should yield so small a return to its owners.

If the owners of these deposits had had their money invested at 5 per cent., instead of 3 per cent., they would receive for interest in one year \$40,818,707, instead of \$24,491,225. In other words, \$16,327,485 is lost to them, that could have been as safely and as easily earned, had they only known how.

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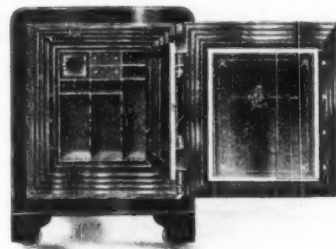
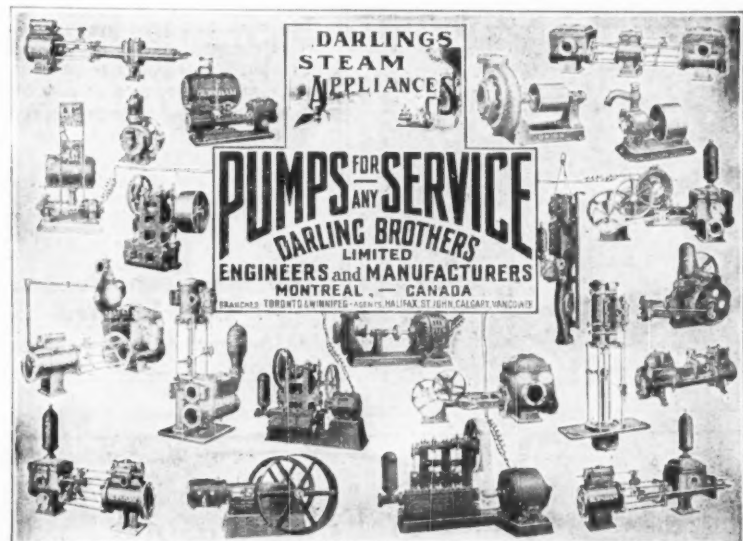
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The chief reason that the owners of these vast savings realize so little for their money is lack of experience in the investment of money. The fluctuations of the stock markets frighten them, while the worry and expense of mortgages on land or property to those not familiar with this class of security, are wisely avoided by the inexperienced investor.

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QUESTIONS

BRAZILIAN INVESTMENT.

4.—Toronto, Jan. 6.—"A client of mine is thinking of investing quite extensively in Brazilian Traction and has requested me to write and ask you for your opinion as to this investment, either for speculation or investment purposes."

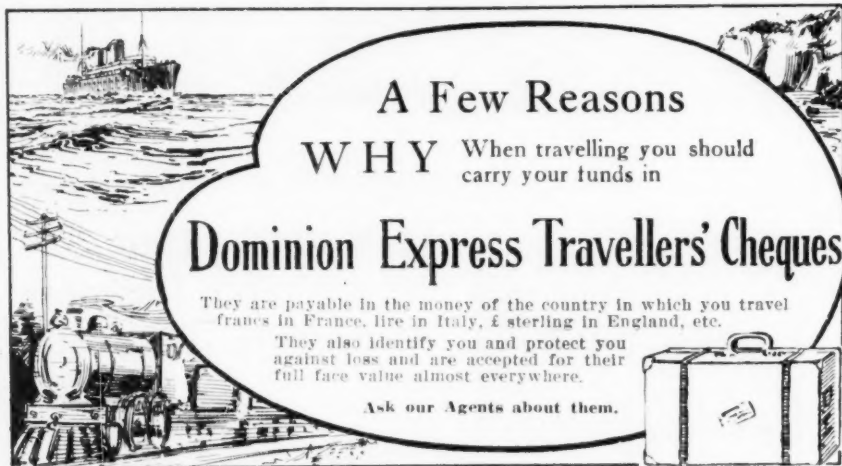
Answer.—This stock has been low since the outbreak of war, and, for the reason that it can be bought cheaply, should make a good investment. The earnings have shown healthy increases during the year, but, owing to the adverse exchange situation, there has been a serious loss in the returns to Canadian investors. There is some talk now of a cut in the dividend, owing largely to the exchange rate. It is said by those who know that the idea is to build up a reserve to be paid to investors when exchange has been restored to normal. This would be in the stockholders' interests in the long run, but in the meantime a cut in dividend would seriously affect the stock from a speculative standpoint and also as an investment.

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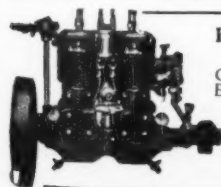


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Jordan is a Hard Road

Continued from page 35.

of life which the Lord has called you to. I want to be just *where* I've always been, while not being *as* I've always been. If I'm goin' to do any good with my religion, which I got while the lowly lamp still held out to 'luminate, I musn't shake my shanks away from the passin' show. What's the good o' my livin' among believers! What I've got to do is to live among the damned. Being familiar with them, I get a better chance of gettin' my hand on to them, and coaxin' them out of the broad path into the neat and narrow way, where the light of love lingers long as life lasts."

In his "soul to soul" talks, as he called them, he never could resist this alliteration. His preachings, his prayers, and his exhortations were filled with striking phrases; it was a unique gift.

"No, the tavern's the place for me, and a tavern it shall be," he added. "I'm of the passin' world, prepared to penetrate the pilgrim's impenitent soul. To the tavern door comes the young yearlin' of the herd and the old buck of the bad lands. A word in season, a whisper in the night, a warnin' in the mornin' an' you never know but you've snatched a soul out of the cinders."

IT WAS a good argument, still the prayer-people felt it incongruous that their new leader, their profligate prodigal, now a tower of strength in the Lord's house, should still remain in the house of Rimmon, where scenes of drunkenness occurred; where even a migratory strumpet might now and again be seen. What discontent might have developed till the fresh convert was disciplined at quarterly meeting would never be known, because on a certain inspired day Minden found the way out. One night he had not slept at all thinking of his "little gal," and in the morning, soon after sunrise, sitting on the stoop of the hotel, he saw passing down the street another victim of insomnia—John Warner, the real estate agent. Only the day before he had heard of Warner's impending bankruptcy. The poor man had built a hotel and could not pay for it, and the mortgagees and the banks were crowding to crush him; to get out of his mangled remains financial profit while yet it would not fail them. As Minden watched Warner passing with haggard face and downcast look, there flashed into his mind the solution of his own problem. He rose hurriedly from the verandah and strode down the street after the broken man.

"Say, wait a minute, Mr. Warner," he said.

Apathetically, the other turned, but he did not speak.

"Tell me, what did your hotel cost you?" Minden asked. "What did it cost you according to the bills and the auditors?"

"Seventeen thousand dollars—all I had, and six thousand more than I had," answered the other.

"I'll give eighteen thousand for it," said Minden, "if you can show me straight it cost you that."

"It's worth twenty-five thousand," responded Warner with a new, tremulous look of hope in his face.

"Well, then, I'll give twenty thousand,



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OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

if you're givin' it t' me straight," returned Minden.

In vain the other tried to conquer himself, but he had eaten nothing for a couple of days, and he had not slept at all for three whole nights. He opened his lips once or twice to speak, then a great convulsion shook him, and he burst into tears. Sobs shook him as Minden hurried him across the street into the Sunbright Hotel, and upstairs into his own room.

When Warner could control himself sufficiently he said "My God, but you're a Christian, Mr. Minden!"

WHY DID Minden buy a hotel at a cost of twenty thousand dollars? At first glance it seemed bad enough to live in an hotel when you were a professing Christian, but to buy a hotel deliberately, which would be licensed to sell, "Wine, beer and other spirituous and fermented liquors," seemed flying in the face of a newly got reputation for grace. Bill saw the full significance of the situation he had created, but he had staked all on his inspired hazard, and he would see it through. The news of his purchase traveled swiftly through the town, and many a sour-tempered sinner essayed to run across him during the day with the dark purpose of "showing him up," as they put it. For one of the "saved" to buy a hotel, was, as Jonas Bilings said, enough to make a cat laugh. The unregenerate laughed consumedly, and Billings announced that Minden hadn't learned yet how to be a Christian. He guessed that as Bill had been taking things without paying for them all his life, the new habit of paying for what he wanted, 'sort of in-

toxicated him; an' he'll want to buy a race-course next, an' a brass band to go with it."

Good humor marked the sardonic criticism of nearly every unregenerate; but Patsy Kernaghan, who had become Bill's most ferocious and unassuaged critic since his conversion, fairly danced in triumph to the Young Doctor's office, bursting in upon his medical friend as he was cleaning instruments after an operation. On this unconventional entrance the Young Doctor thrust a long knife out at Patsy melodramatically.

"I'll cut your face away from that ugly nose of yours, Kernaghan," he said, "if you enter my office again without knocking."

"Aw, Doctor dear," rejoined the other excitedly—"aw, put it away. It doesn't matter cutting away me face—it's never been anny use to me; but have you heard what's happened? Did ye get the news? Did ye hear the thunderbolt drop?"

"You mean about Minden and Warner's hotel?" answered the other lazily.

"Tare an' 'ouns, isn't that a thunderbolt? Isn't that a fine scrape? In to-day an' out to-morrow, like a landleaguer an' Limerick Gaol! Here to-day and away to-morrow, like the clods of the valley! In the arms of the Methodies last week, and back again to Beelzebub this week. Shure, I think he was mad—just struck down by a gurl's voice in a crowded tint, an' all the people shouting round him 'Glory be! He hadn't been used to it, and him gettin' old—that's what's the matter with him."

"Ah, you had hopes he would join the

Catholics, Patsy," remarked the Young Doctor, with a careful edge to his voice.

"Shure, I thought there was that much sense left till him. There was hopes he'd get the balance of his mind in this good air, but, annyhow, glory be, he didn't stay long among thim Methhodies. He breaks out like a young bull, an' buys a hotel, an' begorra, he's goin' to run it himself, too!"

"So there's hope for him yet, eh?"

"There's no hypokrasy in the Cat'lic Church. Shure, a man can keep a hotel or be a doctor!—it doesn't matter how bad he is. The Church just says, Do your dooty where y're placed; whether it's tradin' with good whiskey or dosin' with bad poisin. If 'tis so, Doctor dear, thin there y'are. The Church saves you in spite of it. That's not the way with the Methodies. Niver mind where y'are placed, come out of it they say. Come out of it, an' be a baker or a tinsmith or a storekeeper or an insurance agent, or an undertaker; an' there y'are! Thim's the Heavenly trades that's pursued in the mansions in the skies. Aw, Doctor dear, I was afeared Bill Minden was losin' his mind; but I shouldn't wonder but some good angel with a bottle of Hinniss's brandy stepped up till him last night, as he was getting into bed an' whispered in his ear what was good for him. So he woke up in the marnin' with an empty bottle in his hand an' a new mind; an' seein' Warner's hotel, yander he observed his duty an' done it, an' was saved from the grave of the hypocrik an' the hell of the lunatic."

"Well, I'm not so sure of that," answered the Young Doctor. "I'd like to

hear what Minden says to the class-leaders to-night. They're getting thumb-screws ready for him, I hear. There were never any inquisitors in Spain like these, Patsy. The Spanish crowd said, 'Be of good cheer, for by this you shall be saved'; while the Askatoon inquisitors say, 'Put out his eyes, cut off his tongue, and let him be damned.' Kernaghan, my lad, I'm not at all sure there isn't a nigger in William Minden's fence. He'll roast them, I'm thinking."

The Young Doctor was quite right. There was to be a class-meeting in the evening, and at it the prayer-people would sit in judgment on Minden, the converted one. It was a difficult position. Minden had greatly increased the church membership; he had been an "instrument of grace," the rescuer of the lost. Also he had been a rich source of financial profit, and their hearts were sick that this hotel-business might force them to expel him from their communion. In any one else the matter would have called for reproach and discipline only, but in Minden's case, it was a degrading return to the husks the swine did eat, and it was too notorious not to notice it in a large way.

Minden knew it all. He depended on one thing, and he went to find it at the house of Mrs. Finley. It was five o'clock in the afternoon and to his joy, Mrs. Finley was absent and Cora was at home. He entered on her at a moment when she was making for supper what are called biscuits in the West. In her white apron and flour-covered hands, with eyes alight and cheeks abloom, with an air of genteel business about her, she was a very picture of domesticity. Minden's heart grew big with pride.

"Peace be to this house," he said with Oriental quaintness and an Occidental smile.

"And unto you, friend, also," she replied, with a joyous naturalness.

Presently she added, "I can't quite make out why it is, Mr. Minden, that the first time we met, your eyes seemed familiar to me, and just now when you came in, it seemed as if I knew you ages ago somewhere."

A flush stole slowly over Minden's face. She had startled him. It was almost as though she had called him father.

"Well, it must ha' been all right between us ages ago," he answered, "for you surely are kind to me now. You don't stand me off as though I ought to be breakin' stones."

"You have been breaking stones," she answered. "You have broken the stone of many a hard heart; you've made people happy that were unhappy before. That's the thing about religion which I understand," she added. "I don't think I ever had any grace, as mother understands it; but helping someone that needs help is my religion."

"You don't just think all the time about saving your own soul, then?" asked her visitor.

"I think that's selfish," she answered. "You've got to be thinking of others or you don't have happiness." Then while wiping the flour from her fingers, she continued:

"That's why you bought John Warner's hotel, isn't it? You weren't thinking of yourself, but of him. Some of the class-leaders are mad at you, but you know why you did it, and you're going to explain to the meeting to-night, aren't you?"



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FOR A moment Minden was silent, then as though with an effort, he replied: "No. I guess I was selfish after all."

"I don't believe it," she replied stoutly. He shook his head perplexedly. "I'll tell you why I bought that hotel, an' I'm telling you first of all. I'm hopin' too you're not goin' to fly out an' say shame on me when I've told you. I bought that tavern, not to run it as a place where anybody can get drunk if he likes or play cards, and shoot off his mouth. I bought it for the town's good. I'm goin' to run it as a temperance hotel. Lots of people know me in the West, an' lots who don't know me want to see me, as if I was a hyena in a circus; an' I'll draw. That tavern 'll be a home for the weary, for the traveller comin' or goin'. I can do more good in a temperance hotel like that than ten churches can, for there'll be a word in season for them that never enter a church—not a word of religion, but just good tidin's, just a sort of sense of bein' all right."

She clapped her hands. "There, I was sure you meant something good by it, but I see now how a big mind thinks."

"Say, don't talk like that," Minden answered with blinking eyes, while longing to kiss the spot on the top of her head where the light burnished her hair. "I'll tell you what my plans are, because you're the only person that can help me carry 'em out. If you say yes, then both of us together can make your mother say yes. She can be made to say it," he continued almost introspectively. "You don't know what I want? Well, listen. Your mother told me a week ago that this house has been sold by her landlord, and she has to give up and get out. Well, I want her to come and help me make that temperance hotel go—the first ever started out here in a big way, an' I want you and her to come and live there. We can prove a hotel can be made like a home; we can make it a real reef-me-in rest-house. Not a drop of liquor 'll ever enter it, if I can help it; but I can't do it alone. There's not one in a million has got the sense of home your mother has. She can make that place seem a home. We can kill two or three of the small taverns, and give the men that's running them work in our place; for half the men that run taverns are sober and hate drink; they see too much of it. Don't you take what I'm driving at? Will you do it?"

She certainly did not see all that he was driving at. What he wanted was this daughter of his and her reputed mother under his own roof, where he could see them every day, in the many hours of every day, and share with this wonderful girl the life of a home. As he awaited her reply his eyes grew bigger with intense scrutiny and suspense.

HER EYES like his were expanding, she too saw a vision; it was the vision of a man's work and constructive power, brought within the range of her own co-operation.

"Splendid—it's splendid!" she exclaimed. "Of course I'll do it, if mother will; and she must. She certainly must do it. Isn't it a great, big, magnificent plan! That's religion," she continued. "It isn't getting at a lot of people at Church on a Sunday, and a few at class-meetings in the week; but it's getting at people coming and going, and going and coming, and sitting and resting in a place where things are taught without

words. Oh, dear, I wish mother would come—but here she is!" she added, as the gate clicked.

A moment later Mrs. Finley was inside the room, quickly perceiving an atmosphere of excitement.

"What is it?" she asked with a look of suspicion and reproof in her face, for she had heard of Minden's new adventure with alarm and pain.

"Now don't you offer to shake hands till I've told you everything," Minden said. "I've been telling her because instinct would tell her what to do, but it would be good, full-grown common sense with you. I was more afraid of her than you, because you'd make up your mind on the merits and she'd make up her's on her feelings."

THOUGH Mrs. Finley was distressed and provoked at what she had heard about the tavern, there was a feeling for this man she could not conquer. He was a link with her old happy past. He had given her joy through this child of his. In spite of everything she believed in him.

"Well, I'd like a cup of tea first," she answered. "Maybe you'll get it, Cora, while we talk," she added to the girl.

Cora nodded, but before she left the room, she said, "Please remember I want you to do what he wants you to do."

When she returned ten minutes later, she saw what she had seen but a few times in her life, tears in Mrs. Finley's eyes.

"We've got to do it, Cora; it's a clear message from on high," Mrs. Finley said.

Almost with an air of benevolence Cora watched the two drink their tea. It seemed to herself that she was removed to a height above them both. In the man there was a great human passion working; in the woman's mind there was a conviction of a message from on high; in the girl's there was a romance of doing good, of helping her fellow-creatures, a view of something splendid, a sweet indefinite promise of the future. It was something bigger than herself, and there was in it neither spiritual fanaticism nor human vanity; only the jealous wisdom and aspiration of youth.

CHAPTER V.

SANCTUARY.

SO FAR Minden had had his way in everything in Askatoon. He had gone from sensation to sensation like the great adventurer he had always been. First the bogey man with a bad reputation, moving like a threatening cloud among them all; then the open-handed philanthropist who never turned a marble heart to anyone in misery or any good cause; then school-trustee; later the repentant sinner from whom there had been more joy than over the ninety-and-nine who needed no repentance; then Mayor; and after that the greatest sensation of all: the transportation of Mrs. Finley and her daughter to the Rest Awhile Hotel. There the capable, pious widow-woman with the cameo-brooch and the mediæval head became the organizer of a larger domestic scheme than she had ever known. Fifty-five years old she was, the management of this large and various business did not prove too great for her capacity.

It had been a moment of great heart searching on the part of the Methodist

community when, in the sacred enclosure of the class-meeting, Minden unfolded his plan, and Mrs. Finley made a decisive little speech in which she declared that she was called to do this thing; that the spirit had spoken to her; and that as the work had to be done she was calmly sure that she could do it as well, even a little better, than anybody else. Two or three women present sniffed at this self-confidence, but on the whole she was taken at her own valuation. That she, however, who had been the converted ex-criminal's most austere critic, should leave her little home and become the housekeeper of his big tavern was a large mouthful for these finicking religious feeders to swallow. There were two or three women present who, if they had dared, would have said, "Why don't you marry him at once and have done with it!"

Good people as they were, it was natural they should be anxious that Mrs. Finley should not be a hypocrite; that the situation should be outwardly what it really was inwardly; for Mrs. Finley had no more idea of a closer association with Minden than he had, and it was as distant from his mind as Gehenna from Guadalupe. Minden was obsessed by one idea only—the home where his "little gal" would be.

It was not a home such as he would have liked; that is, a kind of stockade which should shut out the whole savage world. With the constant coming and going through its doorways of hundreds of travellers, the Rest Awhile Tavern was only a home like the Arab's tent or the Gipsy's van; though there were two secluded sets of rooms at either end of the capacious hostel, where the peace of home had its habitat. Also there was a little dining room common to the three, where they met at least three times a day; and by Minden's careful ingenuity, there were many incidental meetings with the girl who was the apple of his eye. Askatoon watched the career of the Rest Awhile Hotel with abnormal scrutiny. Scores of wayfarers, attracted by the unique character of the place, hoped to find a bottle behind a door somewhere, or a secret panel which shielded some stimulant; but it was not long before the public became aware that the Rest Awhile Hotel was in fact, as in name, a temperance hotel, where sarsaparilla, lemonade, ginger-beer, ginger-ale, and Adam's ale (pure cold water), were the only drinks to be had, besides tea, coffee or cocoa. No drunken man ever kept a foot within the Rest Awhile, and at last it came to be understood that Minden's scheme was working well. Then the religious community began to imagine it was they who had devised this wonderful social reform, wherein the comforts of home were united with the adventurous excitement of a pious summer picnic.

AS MAYOR, Minden did his work well and wisely, and the business of the town was run economically. Only in the stationery department was there extravagance. His large way of doing things, his open-handedness, were expressed in the hand-writing which enabled him, by crowding, to put as many as fifty words on a sheet of foolscap; and if his fluency in writing had been like his spasmodic fluency in speech the Mayor's archives would have cost the town much money.



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As Patsy Kernaghan said to the Young Doctor:

"If he's goin' on being Mayor we'll have to build a paper-mill, or he'll have to get a secretary."

"Well, there is Miss Finley," remarked the Young Doctor, with a queer look.

Kernaghan nodded and jerked an approving hand. "Aw, yis, longhand an' shorthand an' anny hand, she knows, that gurl. She winds Bill Minden round her little finger. Shure, she's always bin the same since the first day he come an' she smiled a soft word till him, walking out of the gate of the Central School. Don't you remember that, Doctor dear? Didn't I tell it till ye?"

"Yes," answered the Young Doctor, "I remember it well enough. He's that fond of her, she might be his own daughter."

"His own daughter! Do ye mean that peach blossom from the wild tree in the garden of Eden — that peach blossom belong to the wicked old lupus tree with the Dead Sea fruit on it? Aw, Doctor

dear, is there anny lunacy in y'r family?"

The Young Doctor had never whispered his suspicions to a human being. As the West says, he never *butted* in. It was the soul of his business, the etiquette of his life that he should be *called* in. So, until the time came, until he should be called in, if that ever was to be, no one should guess what he thought Minden's story was, or what was the secret of the firm of Minden, Finley and Finley.

HE WAS quite right. There was approaching the Rest Awhile Hotel an event, the one hand of which held happiness, while from the other streamed the black end of the midnight road.

Minden had treasured up all the late newspaper reports which told of his conversion, vividly set forth against his past umbrageous career. Some sneered at his getting religion, some hinted at the habit of the pig returning to its wallow, calling him a natural-born criminal.

To be Continued.

In Merry Mexico

Continued from page 18.

The clerk turned to an assistant at a desk in a corner of the room.

"Where's Frank working this morning?" he asked.

"Over down in the gulch," said the other, turning round for a moment. "There's an attack of American cavalry this morning."

"Oh, yes, I forgot," said the chief clerk. "I thought it was the Indian Massacre, but I guess that's for to-morrow. Go straight to the end of the street and turn left about a half a mile and you'll find the boys down there."

We thanked him and withdrew.

WE PASSED across the open plaza, and went down a narrow side road, bordered here and there with adobe houses, and so out into the open country. Here the hills rose again and the road that we followed wound sharply round a turn into a deep gorge, bordered with rocks and sage brush. We had no sooner turned the curve of the road than we came upon a scene of great activity. Men in Mexican costume were running to and fro apparently arranging a sort of barricade at the side of the road. Others seemed to be climbing the rocks on the further side of the gorge, as if seeking points of advantage. I noticed that all were armed with rifles and machetes and presented a formidable appearance. Of Villa himself I could see nothing. But there was a grim reality about the glittering knives, the rifles and the maxim guns that I saw concealed in the sage brush beside the road.

"What is it?" I asked of a man who was standing idle, watching the scene from the same side of the road as ourselves.

"Attack of American cavalry," he said nonchalantly.

"Here!" I gasped.

"Yep, in about ten minutes: soon as they are ready."

"Where's Villa?"

"It's him they're attacking. They chase

him here, see! This is an ambush. Villa rounds on them right here, and they fight to a finish!"

"Great Heavens!" I exclaimed. "How do you know that?"

"Know it? Why, because I *seen* it. Ain't they been trying it out for three days? Why, I'd be in it myself only I'm off work — got a sore toe yesterday — horse stepped on it."

All this was, of course, quite unintelligible to me.

"But it's right here where they're going to fight?" I asked.

"Sure," said the American, as he moved carelessly aside "as soon as the boss gets it all ready."

I NOW noticed for the first time a heavy-looking man in an American tweed suit and a white plug hat, moving to and fro calling out directions with an air of authority.

"Here!" he shouted, "what in h—— are you doing with that machine gun! You've got it clean out of focus. Here, José, come in closer—that's right—steady there now, and don't forget, at the second whistle you and Pete are dead. Here, you, Pete, how in thunder do you think you can die there? You're all out of the picture hidden by that there sage bush. That's no place to die. And, boys, remember one thing, now, *die slow*. Ed."—he turned and called apparently to some one invisible behind the rocks—"when them two boys is killed, turn her round on them, slew her round good and get them centre focus. Now then, are you all set? Ready?"

At this moment the speaker turned and saw Raymon and myself. "Here, youse," he shouted, "get further back; you're in the picture. Or, say, no, stay right where you are. You," he said, pointing to me, "stay right where you are and I'll give you a dollar to just hold that horror; you understand; just keep on registering it. Don't do another thing; just register that face."

His words were meaningless to me. I had never known before that it was possible to make money by merely registering my face.

"No, no," cried out Raymon, "my friend here is not wanting work. He has a message, a message of great importance for General Villa."

"Well," called back the boss, "he'll have to wait. We can't stop now. All ready, boys? One—two—now!"

AND WITH that he put a whistle to his lips and blew a long shrill blast.

Then in a moment the whole scene was transformed. Rifle shots rang out from every crag and bush that bordered the gully.

A wild scamper of horses' hoofs was heard and in a moment there came tearing down the road a whole troop of mounted Mexicans, evidently in flight, for they turned and fired from their saddles as they rode. The horses that carried them were wild with excitement and flecked with foam. The Mexican cavalry men shouted and yelled, brandishing their machetes and firing their revolvers. Here and there a horse and rider fell to the ground in a great whirl of sand and dust. In the thick of the press, a leader of ferocious aspect, mounted upon a gigantic black horse, waved his sombrero about his head.

"Villa—it is Villa!" cried Raymon, tense with excitement; "is he not magnificent? But look! Look—the Americans! They are coming!"

IT WAS a glorious sight to see them as they rode madly on the heels of the Mexicans—a whole company of American cavalry, their horses shoulder to shoulder, the men bent low in their saddles, their carbines gripped in their hands. They rode in squadrons and in line, not like the shouting, confused mass of the Mexicans—but steady, disciplined, irresistible.

On the right flank in front a grey-haired officer steadied the charging line.

The excitement of it was maddening.

"Go it," I shouted in uncontrollable emotion. "Your Mexicans are licked, Raymon, they're no good!"

"But look!" said Raymon; "see—the ambush, the ambush!"

For as they reached the centre of the gorge in front of us the Mexicans suddenly checked their horses, bringing them plunging on their haunches in the dust, and then swung round upon their pursuers, while from every crag and bush at the side of the gorge the concealed riflemen sprang into view—and the sputtering of the machine guns swept the advancing column with a volley.

We could see the American line checked as with the buffet of a great wave, men and horses rolling in the road. Through the smoke one saw the grey-haired leader, dismounted, his uniform torn, his hat gone, but still brandishing his sword and calling his orders to his men, his face as one caught in a flash of sunlight, steady and fearless. His words I could not hear, but one saw the American cavalry, still unbroken, dismount, thrown themselves behind their horses, and fire with steady aim into the mass of Mexicans. We could see the Mexicans in front of where we stood falling thick and fast, in little huddled bundles of color, kicking the sand. The man Pete had gone down right in the

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A. 65



foreground and was breathing out his soul before our eyes.

"Well done," I shouted. "Go to it, boys! You can lick 'em yet! Hurrah for the United States. Look Raymon, look! They've shot down the crew of the machine guns. See, see—the Mexicans are turning to run—at 'em, boys!—they're waving the American flag! There it is in all the thick of the smoke! Hark! There's the bugle call to mount again! They're going to charge again! Here they come!"

As the American cavalry came tearing forward, the Mexicans leaped from their places with gestures of mingled rage and terror as if about to break and run.

The battle, had it continued, could have but one end.

But at this moment we heard from the town behind us the long sustained note of a steam whistle blowing the hour of noon.

In an instant the firing ceased.

THE BATTLE stopped. The Mexicans picked themselves up off the ground and began brushing off the dust from their black velvet jackets. The American cavalry reined in their horses. Dead Pete came to life. General Villa and the American leader and a number of others strolled over towards the boss, who stood beside the fence vociferating his comments.

"That won't do!" he was shouting. "That won't do! Where in blazes was that infernal Sister of Mercy? Miss Jenkinson!" and he called to a tall girl, whom I now noticed for the first time among the crowd, wearing a sort of khaki costume and a short skirt and carrying a water bottle in a strap. "You never got into the picture at all. I want you right in there among the horses, under their feet."

"Land sakes!" said the Sister of Mercy. "You ain't got no right to ask me to go in there among them horses and be trampled."

"Ain't you paid to be trampled?" said the manager angrily. Then as he caught sight of Villa he broke off and said: "Frank, you boys done fine. It's going to be a good act, all right. But it ain't just got the right amount of ginger in it yet. We'll try her over again, anyway."

"Now, boys," he continued, calling out to the crowd with a voice like a megaphone, "this afternoon at three-thirty—Hospital scene. I only want the wounded, the doctors and the Sisters of Mercy. All the rest of youse is free till ten to-morrow—for the Indian Massacre. Everybody up for that."

IT WAS an hour or two later that I had my interview with Villa in a back room of the little *posada*, or inn, of the town. The General had removed his ferocious wig of straight black hair, and substituted a check suit for his war-like costume. He had washed the darker part of the paint off his face—in fact, he looked once again the same Frank Villa that I used to know when he kept his Mexican cigar store in Montreal.

"Well, Frank," I said, "I'm afraid I came down here under a misunderstanding."

"Looks like it," said the General, as he rolled a cigarette.

"And you wouldn't care to go back even for the offer that I am commissioned to

make—your old job back again, and half the profits on a new cigar to be called the Francesco Villa?"

The General shook his head.

"It sounds good, all right," he said, "but this moving picture business is better."

"I see," I said. "I hadn't understood. I thought there really was a revolution here in Mexico."

"No," said Villa, shaking his head, "been no revolution down here for years—not since Diaz. The picture companies came in and took the whole thing over: they made us a fair offer—so much a reel straight out, and a royalty, and let us divide up the territory as we liked. The first film we done was the bombardment of Vera Cruz—say, that was a dandy—did you see it?"

"No," I said.

"They had us all in that," he continued. "I done an American Marine. Lots of people think it all real when they see it."

"Why," I said, "nearly everybody does. Even the President—"

"Oh, I guess he knows," said Villa, "but, you see, there's tons of money in it and it's good for business, and he's too decent a man to give it away. Say, I heard the boys saying there's a war in Europe. I wonder what company got that up, eh? But I don't believe it'll draw. There ain't the scenery for it that we have in Mexico."

"Alas!" murmured Raymon. "Our beautiful Mexico. To what is she fallen! Needing only water, air, light and soil to make her—"

"Come on, Raymon," I said, "let's go home."

Into the Abyss

Continued from page 67.

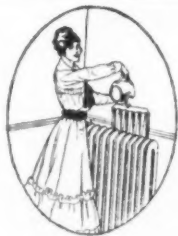
turned the lamp off and allowed his eyes to grow accustomed to the profound obscurity.

IN THIS he was wise. After some minutes the velvety blackness became a translucent blackness, and then far away, and as faint as the zodiacal light of an English summer evening, he saw shapes moving below. He judged these creatures had detached his cable and were towing him along the sea bottom.

And then he saw something faint and remote across the undulations of the submarine plain, a broad horizon of pale luminosity that extended this way and that way as far as the range of his little window permitted him to see. To this he was being towed, as a balloon might be towed by men out of the open country into a town. He approached it very slowly, and very slowly the dim irradiation was gathered together into more definite shapes.

It was nearly five o'clock before he came over this luminous area, and by that time he could make out an arrangement suggestive of streets and houses grouped about as a vast roofless erection that was grotesquely suggestive of a ruined abbey. It was spread out like a map below him. The houses were all roofless inclosures of walls, and their substance being, as he afterwards saw, of phosphorescent bones, gave the place an appearance as if it were built of drowned moonshine.

Among the inner caves of the place waving trees of crinoid stretched their tentacles, and tall, slender, glassy sponges



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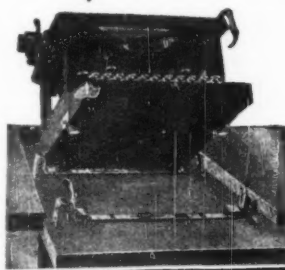
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shot like shining minarets and lilies of filmy light out of the general glow of the city. In the open spaces of the place he could see a stirring movement as of crowds of people, but he was too many fathoms above them to distinguish the individuals in those crowds.

THEN slowly they pulled him down, and as they did so the details of the place crept slowly upon his apprehension. He saw that the courses of the cloudy buildings were marked out with beaded lines of round objects, and then he perceived that at several points below him in broad open spaces were forms like the encrusted shapes of ships.

Slowly and surely he was drawn down, and the forms below him became brighter, clearer and more distinct. He was being pulled down, he perceived, towards the large building in the centre of the town, and he could catch a glimpse ever and again of the multitudinous forms that were lugging at his cord. He was astonished to see that the rigging of one of the ships, which formed such a prominent feature of the place, was crowded with a host of gesticulating figures regarding him, and then the walls of the great building rose about him silently, and hid the city from his eyes.

And such walls they were, of water-logged wood, and twisted wire rope and iron spars, and copper, and the bones and skulls of dead men.

The skulls ran in curious zig-zag lines and spirals and fantastic curves over the building; and in and out of their eye-sockets, and over the whole surface of the place, lurked and played a multitude of silvery little fishes.

And now he was at such a level that he could see these strange people of the abyss plainly once more. To his astonishment, he perceived that they were prostrating themselves before him, all save one, dressed as it seemed in a robe of placoid scales, and crowned with a luminous diadem, who stood with his reptilian mouth opening and shutting as though he led the chanting of the worshippers.

They continued worshipping him, without rest or intermission, for the space of three hours.

MOST circumstantial was Elstead's account of this astounding city and its people, these people of perpetual night, who have never seen sun or moon or stars, green vegetation, nor any living air-breathing creatures, who know nothing of fire, nor any light but the phosphorescent light of living things.

Startling as is his story, it is yet more startling to find that scientific men, of such eminence as Adams and Jenkins, find nothing incredible in it. They tell me they see no reason why intelligent, water-breathing, vertebrate creatures inured to a low temperature and enormous pressure, and of such a heavy structure, that neither alive nor dead would they float, might not live upon the bottom of the deep sea, and quite unsuspected by us, descendants like ourselves of the great Theriomorpha of the New Red Sandstone age.

We should be known to them, however, as strange meteoric creatures wont to fall catastrophically dead out of the mysterious blackness of their watery sky. And not only we ourselves, but our ships, our metals, our appliances, would come

raining down out of the night. Sometimes sinking things would smite down and crush them, as if it were the judgment of some unseen power above, and sometimes would come things of the utmost rarity or utility or shapes of inspiring suggestion. One can understand, perhaps, something of their behaviour at the descent of a living man, of the things a barbaric people might do, to whom an enhaloed shining creature came suddenly out of the sky.

AT ONE time or another Elstead probably told the officers of the *Ptarmigan* every detail of his strange twelve hours in the abyss. That he also intended to write them down is certain, but he never did, and so unhappily we have to piece together the discrepant fragments of his story from the reminiscences of Commander Simmons, Weybridge, Steevens, Lindley and the others.

We see the thing darkly in fragmentary glimpses—the huge ghostly building, the howling, chanting people, with their dark, chameleon-like heads and faintly luminous forms, and Elstead, with his light turned on again, vainly trying to convey to their minds that the cord by which the sphere was held was to be severed. Minute after minute slipped away, and Elstead, looking at his watch, was horrified to find that he had oxygen only for four hours more. But the chant in his honor kept on as remorselessly as if it was the marching song of his approaching death.

The manner of his release he does not understand, but to judge by the end of cord that hung from the sphere, it had been cut through by rubbing against the edge of the altar. Abruptly the sphere rolled over, and he swept up, out of their world, as an ethereal creature, clothed in a vacuum, would sweep through our own atmosphere back to its native ether again. He must have torn out of their sight as a hydrogen bubble hastens upwards from our air. A strange ascension it must have seemed to them.

The sphere rushed up with even greater velocity than, when weighted with the lead sinkers, it had rushed down. It became exceedingly hot. It drove up with the windows uppermost, and he remembers the torrent of bubbles frothing against the glass. Every moment he expected this to fly. Then suddenly something like a huge wheel seemed to be released in his head, the padded compartment began spinning about him, and he fainted. His next recollection was of his cabin, and of the doctor's voice.

But that is the substance of the extraordinary story that Elstead related in fragments to the officers of the *Ptarmigan*. He promised to write it all down at a later date. His mind was chiefly occupied with the improvement of his apparatus, which was effected at Rio.

It remains only to tell that on February 2nd, 1896, he made his second descent into the ocean abyss, with the improvements his first experience suggested. What happened we shall probably never know. He never returned. The *Ptarmigan* beat about the point of his submergence, seeking him in vain for thirteen days. Then she returned to Rio, and the news was telegraphed to his friends. So the matter remains for the present. But it is hardly probable that any further attempt will be made to verify his strange story of these hitherto unsuspected cities of the deep sea.

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shot like shining minarets and lilies of filmy light out of the general glow of the city. In the open spaces of the place he could see a stirring movement as of crowds of people, but he was too many fathoms above them to distinguish the individuals in those crowds.

THEN slowly they pulled him down, and as they did so the details of the place crept slowly upon his apprehension. He saw that the courses of the cloudy buildings were marked out with beaded lines of round objects, and then he perceived that at several points below him in broad open spaces were forms like the encrusted shapes of ships.

Slowly and surely he was drawn down, and the forms below him became brighter, clearer and more distinct. He was being pulled down, he perceived, towards the large building in the centre of the town, and he could catch a glimpse ever and again of the multitudinous forms that were lugging at his cord. He was astonished to see that the rigging of one of the ships, which formed such a prominent feature of the place, was crowded with a host of gesticulating figures regarding him, and then the walls of the great building rose about him silently, and hid the city from his eyes.

And such walls they were, of water-logged wood, and twisted wire rope and iron spars, and copper, and the bones and skulls of dead men.

The skulls ran in curious zig-zag lines and spirals and fantastic curves over the building; and in and out of their eye-sockets, and over the whole surface of the place, lurked and played a multitude of silvery little fishes.

And now he was at such a level that he could see these strange people of the abyss plainly once more. To his astonishment, he perceived that they were prostrating themselves before him, all save one, dressed as it seemed in a robe of placoid scales, and crowned with a luminous diadem, who stood with his reptilian mouth opening and shutting as though he led the chanting of the worshippers.

They continued worshipping him, without rest or intermission, for the space of three hours.

MOST circumstantial was Elstead's account of this astounding city and its people, these people of perpetual night, who have never seen sun or moon or stars, green vegetation, nor any living air-breathing creatures, who know nothing of fire, nor any light but the phosphorescent light of living things.

Startling as is his story, it is yet more startling to find that scientific men, of such eminence as Adams and Jenkins, find nothing incredible in it. They tell me they see no reason why intelligent, water-breathing, vertebrate creatures inured to a low temperature and enormous pressure, and of such a heavy structure, that neither alive nor dead would they float, might not live upon the bottom of the deep sea, and quite unsuspected by us, descendants like ourselves of the great Theriomorpha of the New Red Sandstone age.

We should be known to them, however, as strange meteoric creatures wont to fall catastrophically dead out of the mysterious blackness of their watery sky. And not only we ourselves, but our ships, our metals, our appliances, would come



What's This About Turning Spare Time Into Money?

So inquired W. McD. Tait of Alberta in response to our advertisement in MacLean's. Our plan of multiplying profits looked good to Tait and he started work—spare time at first but has since developed a profitable business of his own.

Would the same proposition we made to Tait appeal to you? A pleasant out-door occupation—constantly meeting the biggest and best people?

If you would like to work up a profit-producing business of your own and will look after the local renewals and new subscriptions we will pay you liberally.

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raining down out of the night. Sometimes sinking things would smite down and crush them, as if it were the judgment of some unseen power above, and sometimes would come things of the utmost rarity or utility or shapes of inspiring suggestion. One can understand, perhaps, something of their behaviour at the descent of a living man, of the things a barbaric people might do, to whom an enhaloed shining creature came suddenly out of the sky.

AT ONE time or another Elstead probably told the officers of the *Ptarmigan* every detail of his strange twelve hours in the abyss. That he also intended to write them down is certain, but he never did, and so unhappily we have to piece together the discrepant fragments of his story from the reminiscences of Commander Simmons, Weybridge, Steevens, Lindley and the others.

We see the thing darkly in fragmentary glimpses—the huge ghostly building, the howling, chanting people, with their dark, chameleon-like heads and faintly luminous forms, and Elstead, with his light turned on again, vainly trying to convey to their minds that the cord by which the sphere was held was to be severed. Minute after minute slipped away, and Elstead, looking at his watch, was horrified to find that he had oxygen only for four hours more. But the chant in his honor kept on as remorselessly as if it was the marching song of his approaching death.

The manner of his release he does not understand, but to judge by the end of cord that hung from the sphere, it had been cut through by rubbing against the edge of the altar. Abruptly the sphere rolled over, and he swept up, out of their world, as an ethereal creature, clothed in a vacuum, would sweep through our own atmosphere back to its native ether again. He must have torn out of their sight as a hydrogen bubble hastens upwards from our air. A strange ascension it must have seemed to them.

The sphere rushed up with even greater velocity than, when weighted with the lead sinkers, it had rushed down. It became exceedingly hot. It drove up with the windows uppermost, and he remembers the torrent of bubbles frothing against the glass. Every moment he expected this to fly. Then suddenly something like a huge wheel seemed to be released in his head, the padded compartment began spinning about him, and he fainted. His next recollection was of his cabin, and of the doctor's voice.

But that is the substance of the extraordinary story that Elstead related in fragments to the officers of the *Ptarmigan*. He promised to write it all down at a later date. His mind was chiefly occupied with the improvement of his apparatus, which was effected at Rio.

It remains only to tell that on February 2nd, 1896, he made his second descent into the ocean abyss, with the improvements his first experience suggested. What happened we shall probably never know. He never returned. The *Ptarmigan* beat about the point of his submergence, seeking him in vain for thirteen days. Then she returned to Rio, and the news was telegraphed to his friends. So the matter remains for the present. But it is hardly probable that any further attempt will be made to verify his strange story of these hitherto unsuspected cities of the deep sea.

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"Examine your skin closely tonight"

Whatever is keeping you from having
the charm of "a skin you love to touch"
it can be changed!

TOO often we stand back from our mirrors, give our complexions a touch or two of the mysterious art that lies in our vanity cases—and congratulate ourselves that our skins are passing fair.

If we never came under any closer inspection than we do in our own mirrors, this method would be well and good.

Go to your mirror now and examine your skin *closely*. Really see what others see! Find out just the condition it is in.

Whatever the trouble is, you can make your skin what you would love to have it. Like the rest of your body your skin is continually and rapidly changing. As old skin dies new forms. *This is your opportunity.*

Make a daily habit of the Woodbury treatment given here. It will free your skin every day of the tiny old, dead particles and keep the new skin so active that it gradually takes on the clearness, freshness and charm of "a skin you love to touch."

Use this treatment once a day

—preferably just before retiring. Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now, with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. If your skin is thin or rather sensitive, substitute a dash of ice water for the application of the ice itself.

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You will feel the difference the first time you use this treatment. Use it persistently and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater loveliness which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six week's of this treatment. Get a cake today and begin at once to get its benefits for your skin.

Send today for "week's-size cake"

For 4c we will send a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this famous skin treatment. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2602 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario, Canada

Tear out this cake and put it in your purse as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today at your druggist's.



